BLUE & WHITE

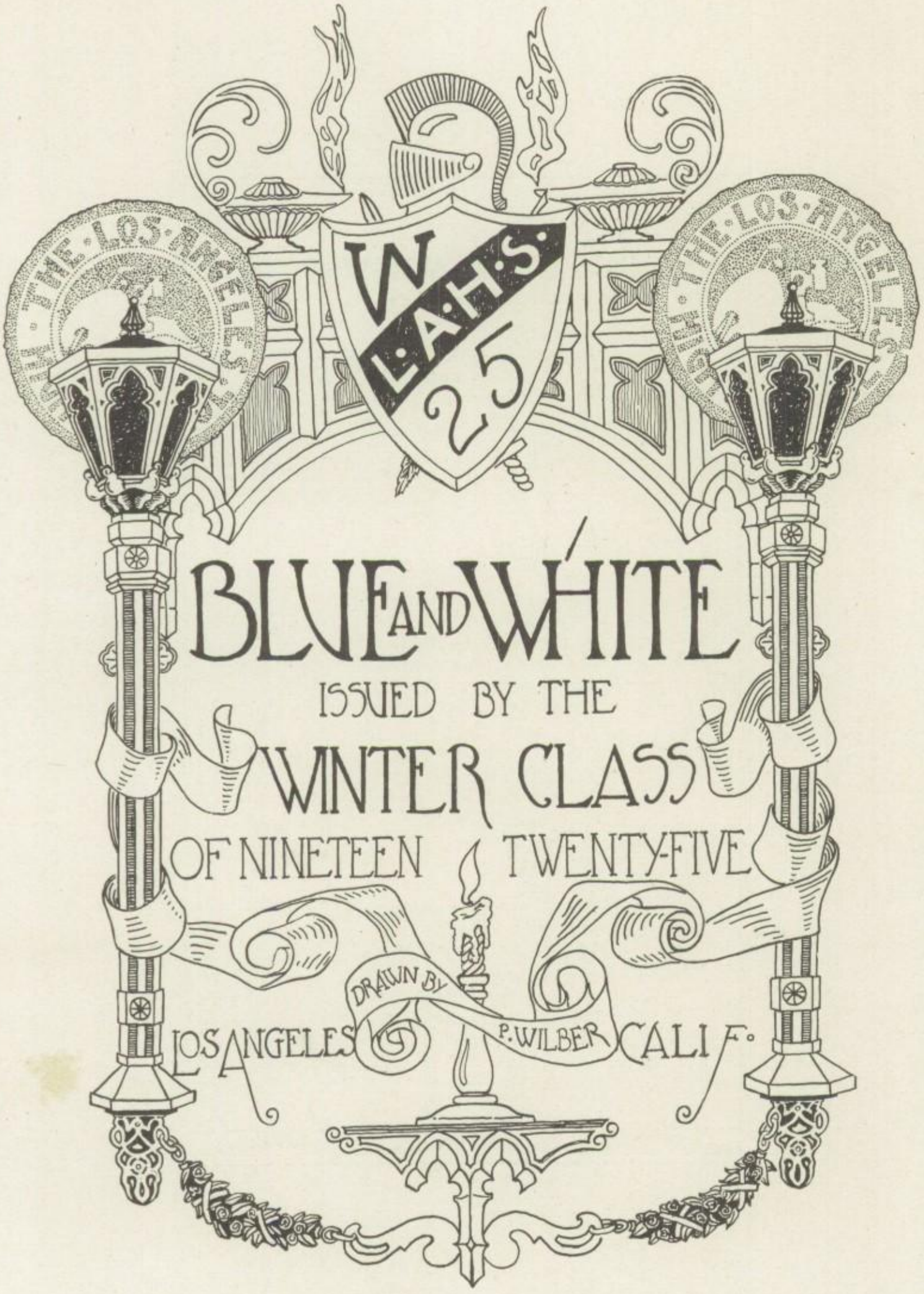
Winter 1025

10.00 SEJ

Signatures

Ex-Libris
HAL. PRICE

Poetry Edition


THE·LOS·ANGELES·
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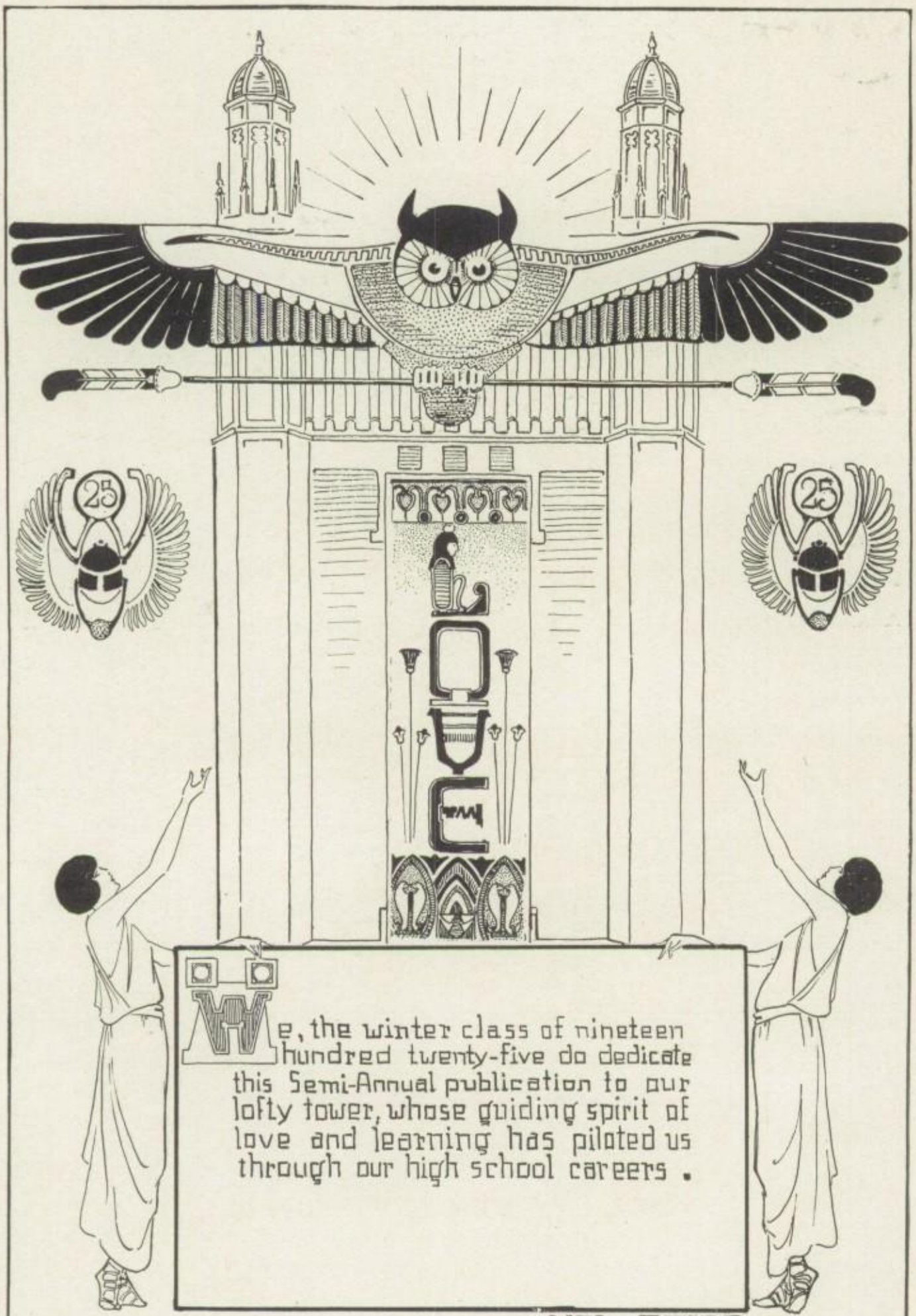
THE·LOS·ANGELES·
BLUE AND WHITE
ISSUED BY THE
WINTER CLASS
OF NINETEEN TWENTY-FIVE
DRAWN BY
P. WILBER
LOS ANGELES CALIF.

THE TOWER AT SUNSET

By Chester Loomis

Sunset. . . . . .
Against a sombre sky
The Tower stands
Haloed in crimson light.
It seems
Lonely. . . . . .
As though
It missed
The hurrying
Feet,
That pass
And repass
Through the long day.
It casts
A melancholy spell
On those who watch;
And makes us long
For school days,
And comrades,
And friendships made
And broken
In its shadow. . . . . .
It seems to say
"I am in your hands
My sons.
My joy
Comes from you
And my sorrow."
High up a light appears,
Night descends
And I leave the Tower
To its dreaming.

WINTER '25



We, the winter class of nineteen hundred twenty-five do dedicate this Semi-Annual publication to our lofty tower, whose guiding spirit of love and learning has piloted us through our high school careers.

HAL. PRICE

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THE SPIRIT OF THE HILL

Dear Editor of the Blue and White:

Your invitation to write a greeting for your Semi-Annual has excited great pride and trepidation: pride that I may have a tiny share in your book, and trepidation lest I may not give you the message worthy of the feeling I hold for Los Angeles High School.

The Spirit of the Hill was the phrase that came to typify the Spirit of Los Angeles High School in the old days on the hill. The phrase was the title given by the class of Winter '14 to a pageant presented as their Senior B program. In this pageant the Spirit of the Hill symbolized Progress, Tolerance, Service, Joy. The Spirit of Progress planted the flag of freedom, cleared the way for the Pioneers in Education, and later pushed them out to their present site looking toward the snowcapped foothills. The Spirit of tolerance was shown in the comraderie with Indian, Mexican, Spaniard, and finally in the larger life of the school and community. The Spirit of service was represented in the work of the thousands of Alumni in the field of the world, from the first class of eight in the early days, to the large numbers of the present time. And Joy, the ever present companion of Youth and Progrss, was found in accomplishment, in victory on athletic field, in forum, and in classroom.

But futile are all attempts to depict in pageant or to express in words the Spirit of the Los Angeles High School. It is known only to the initiate and must be experienced to be appreciated.

You have the Spirit of the Hill still with you, though I understand that Spirit presides in The Tower. Perhaps nowhere in all the world is there any better opportunity than you have in Los Angeles High School, for young people to light their torches with the unconquerable Spirit of Progress, of Tolerance, Service, and of Joy, and the Spirit of the Hill.

Yours sincerely,
Juliette Pierce

HOW TO KILL POETRY

I understand that the edition of the Semi-Annual in which these lines appear is to be devoted mainly to the subject of poetry. The aim of the publication, I am informed, is to imbrue, or imbrew (I forget which is correct) the readers with the spirit of poetry.

It is a task in which I am glad to cooperate. Poetry to me has always been something between a passion and an appetite.

Had circumstances been favorable I think I would certainly have become a poet myself. What the consequences of this would have been to the world at large it is not for me to say. But such poetic genius as I possessed was killed for me forever by studying poetry at school.

I am quite sure that no such methods as those by which I was taught are still surviving. But as there may be some slight traces of the evil even now, it is well to hold up my experience as an awful example.

When I went to school poetry was dealt with by the literature teachers in exactly the same way as a compound of gasses was treated in the chemistry department. It was broken up, analysed, labelled, examined, and finally reduced to the form of solid matter.

Let me take as an example a well known stanza of which the melody and the pathos, even after the professor has done his worst with it, still linger in the mind.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Now follows the professorial analysis:—

Boast. How do you distinguish **boast** and **boost?** Would it be an improvement to say "The boost of heraldry?" If so, why?

Heraldry. What is the Greek for this?

All that beauty. Question,—all **what** beauty?

Awaits. What is the predicated and what is predicated? Lead **but to** what is the difference between **but to** and **but in?** Which is preferable here?

Final Question. Write of the life of the poet Gray, being particular to remember that his grandfather was born in Fareham, Hants, or possibly in Epsom, Salts.

The moral of which, my friends is meant to be that there is nothing to be done with poetry except to read it, and appreciate it and feel it. All else is artifice and Sham. If you don't like it, let it alone. The are many people who don't like oysters and can't eat tomatoes. And if a professor ever asks you to give six reasons why a poem is beautiful, shoot him on the spot.

With which and my blessing I wish your Semi-Anual every success.

Stephen Leacock.

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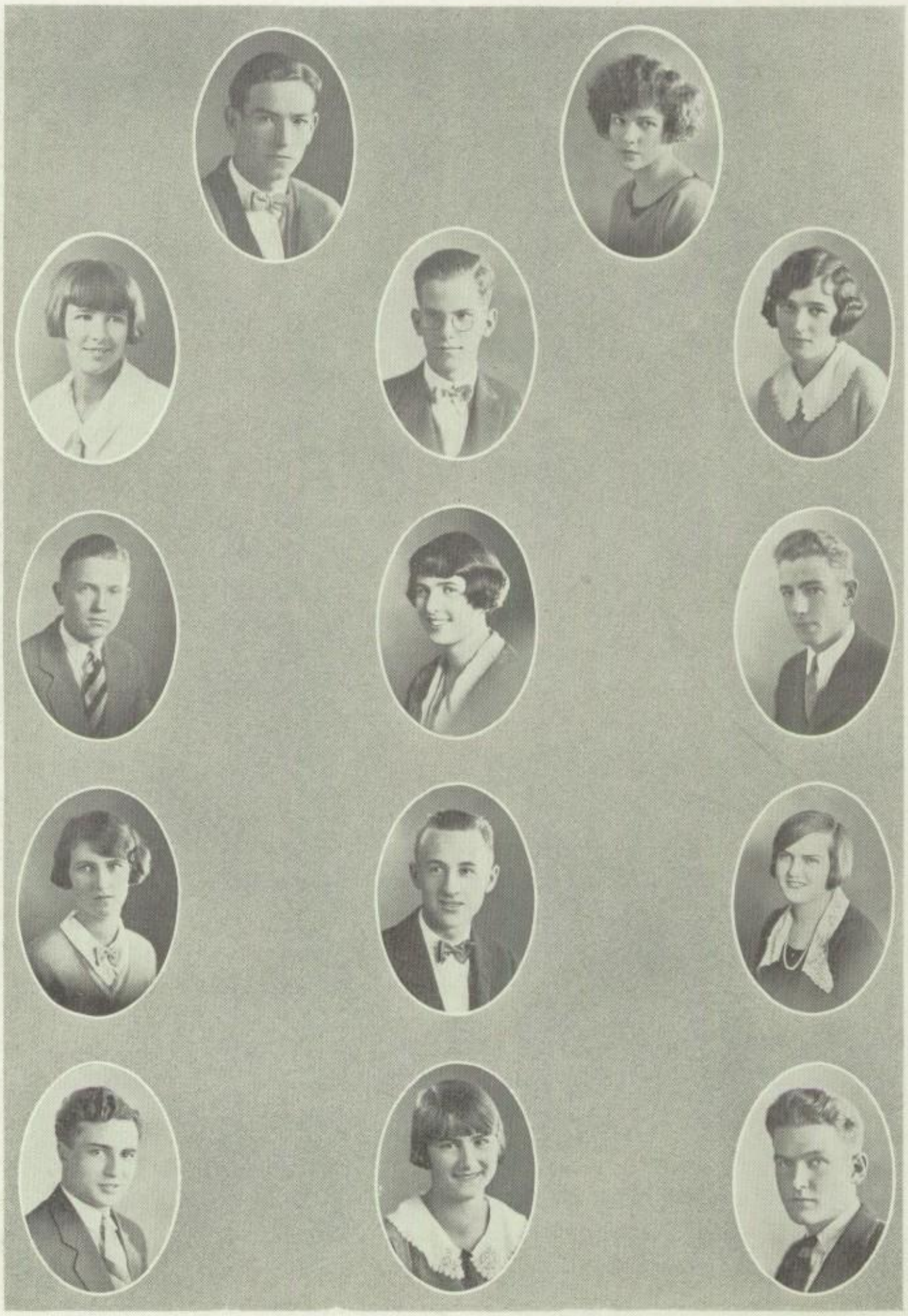

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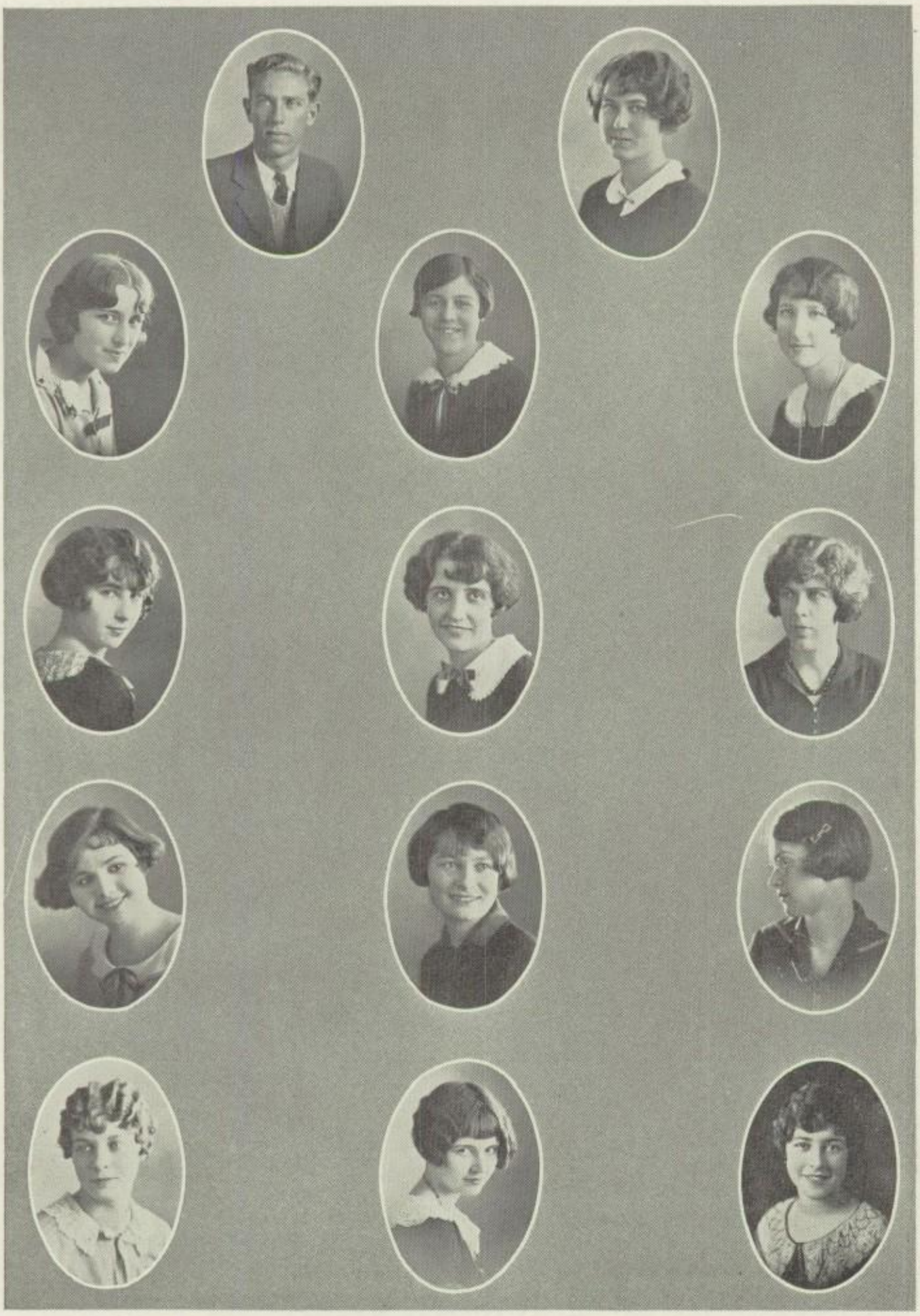


Milton Slotkovitz *Ruth Conklin*

Artemie Alsop
Wanda Hill
Betty Morley
Betty Sander

Helen Wright
Sylvia Hickey
Margaret Bunn
Theo Stewart

Ruth Reavis
Ruth Rhea
Nellie Smith
Harriet Segall

THE SPIRIT OF THE TOWER

Margaret Peck

Enthroned in fog do hoary headed gods
Of ages past and ages yet to come,
Trampling the flight of gayer, skyward minds,
With boots of creeds and virtues old and worn,
Stand guardian of those turrets, towering, brown,
And guide the souls adrift beneath that roof,
That long has sheltered both the high and low
And sheltering, has brought forth the high?

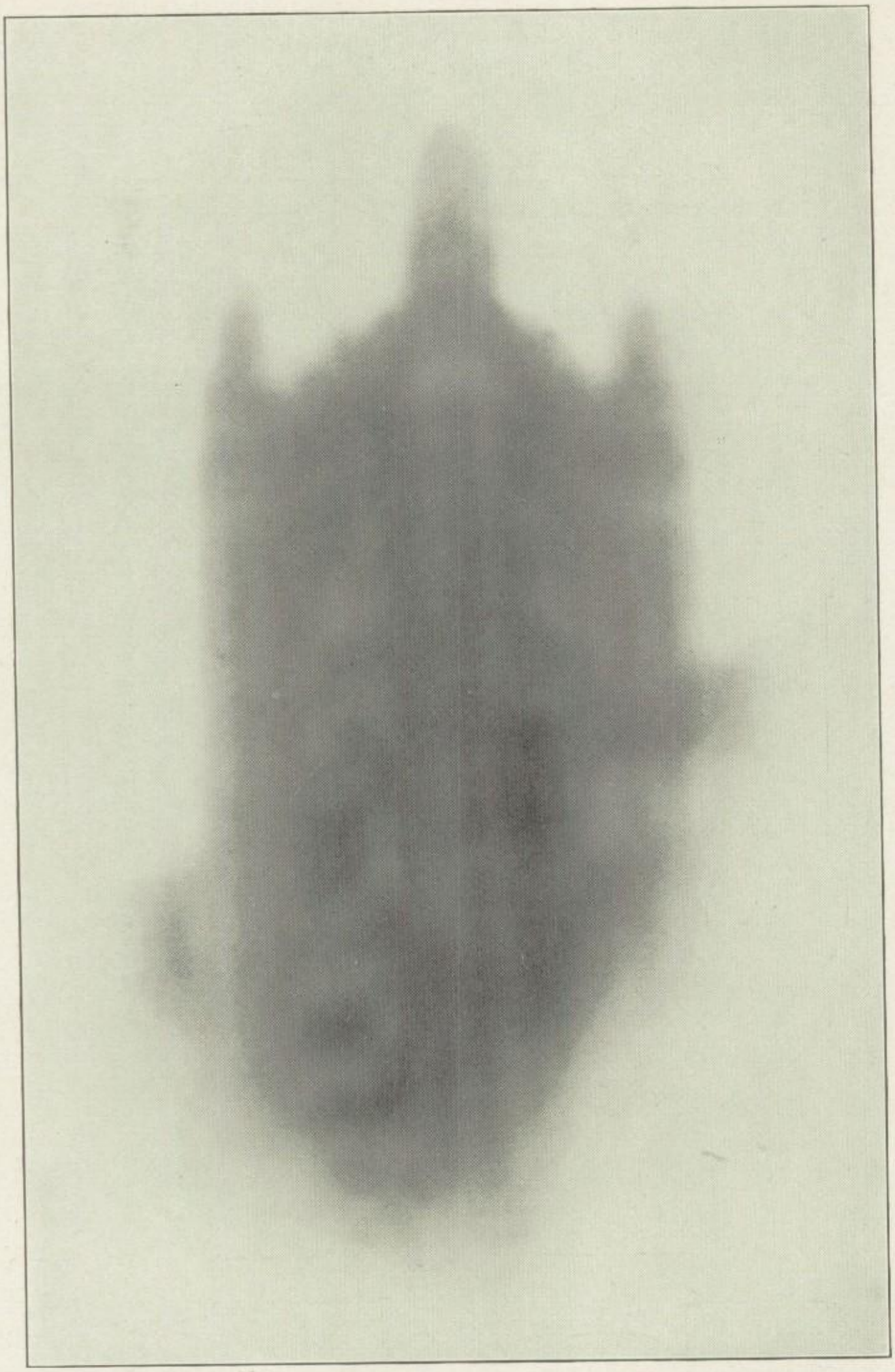
Does wisdom sit, the ponderous judge of all
That here transpires, and keep the records in
Her stately hand? Or does cool virtue guard
Those treasured walls that link the earth and sky?
Or is it Truth or Life or Love or Fate
Or even Time that views the lives of many?
No, these may find their own and separate nook,
For tower and books have witnessed gentler hand
As jocund youth, the spirit of L. A.,
Has watched and felt, and having known, has written.

Here battle of the hand and heart and brain
Have equal place. Here victory of the field
Shares notice with a lengthy task well done.
Here writes the scholar and musician gay,
Here drops the burden of some striving soul.
The merry and the weary all are one,
No notice here is given of place or creed,
The plodding and the brilliant, brothers are,
And brothers in the tower write side by side.

On with the numbers and the buildings grow
The ideals; and each deed of love, set down
As faithfully as it is done, pays homage
To the doer. A lonesome classmate cheered,
An equal honor to the hungry fed,
Those who obey the laws as great as those
Whose task it is to rule. Here honor shines,
And truth, each page ablaze with youthful glory.

For years our tower has rested in the clouds
And yearly, marked the progress of L. A.,
Took notice of the carefree entrants many,
And watched their sad departure one by one.
For years, none here have entered but the young
Save youth who serving youth has turned to grey.

Here read of love, and friendships constant, true.
Here, find the ending of four happy years.
Here, when our class has passed from out the door
Will others be recorded. May they all
Prove faithful, so that pages yet to come
Outshine the greatest deeds the Tower has known.



MING HAO-JAN

"The sun has set behind the western slope,
The eastern moon lies mirrored in the pool;
With streaming hair my balcony I ope,
And stretch my limbs out to enjoy the cool.
Loaded with lotus-cent the breeze sweeps by,
Clear dripping from tall bamboo I hear,
I gaze upon my idle lute and sigh;
Alas no sympathetic soul is near.
And so I doze, the while before mine eyes,
Dear friends of other days in dream clad
forms arise."

FACULTY

THE PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

My dear friends of the Winter Class of 1925:

In all ages people have been wont to seek the high mountains for inspiration. In those countries where the horizon was an unbroken line people raised toward the sky temple domes and cathredral spires to direct their eyes and lift their souls upward.

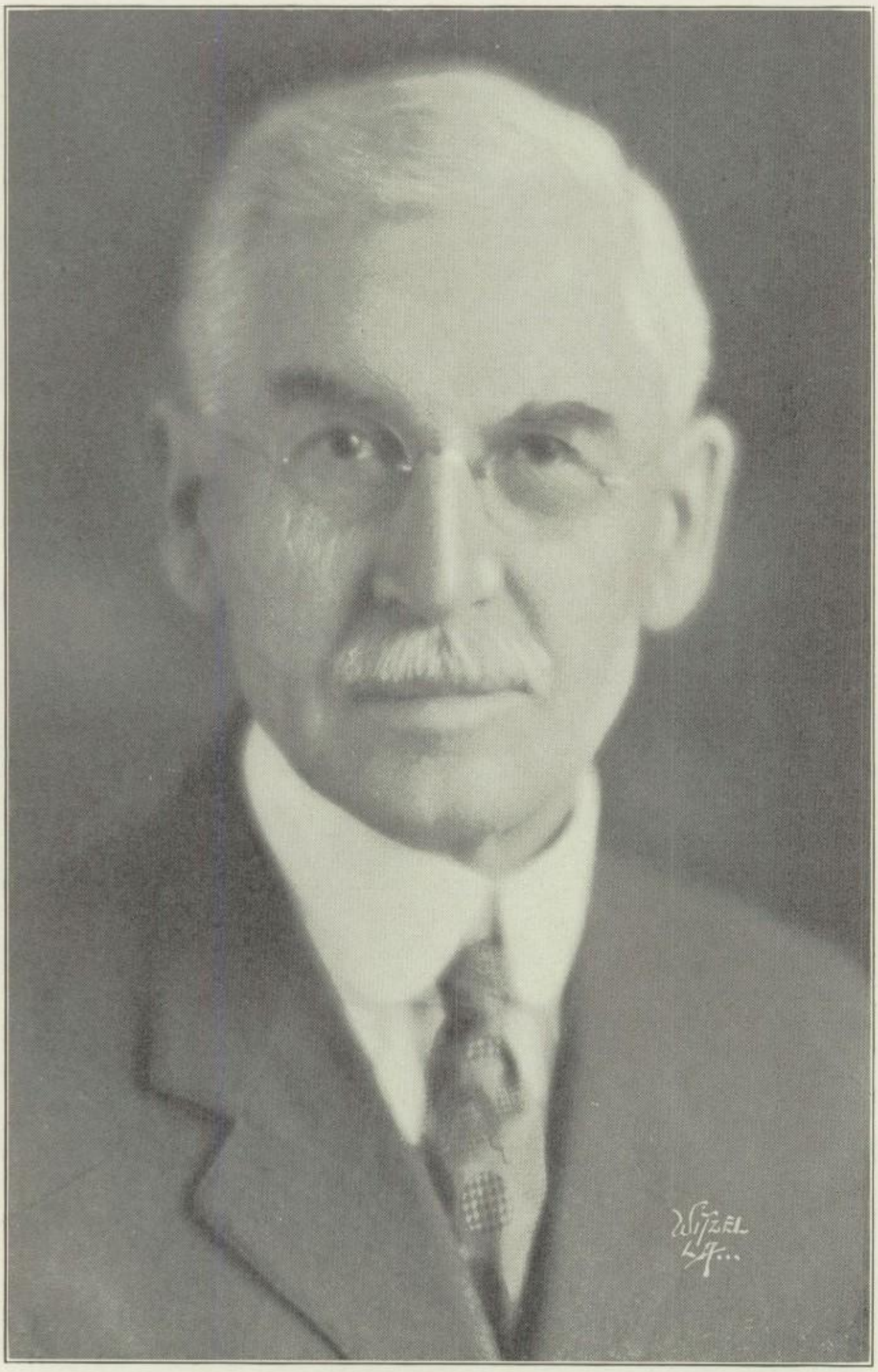
In recent times many colleges and high schools have added the tower as a token of high thinking and worthy aspiration.

It is a fine thing for this class to cherish the beautiful tradition that there resides in the tower of our school a spirit that looks lovingly down upon the throngs of boys and girls that come and go with the passing years. It is well that you dedicate your semi-annual to this protecting spirit.

To me it is a pleasant thought that you young people think of this spirit as representing eternal youth. May you never lose your love for youthful things; for simple and natural pleasures, for adventure, for romance, for Knightly deeds; for the beautiful legends that have floated down the centuries; for the musical poems breathed into the world from time to time to gladden the hearts of men.

The Spirit of the Tower stands for the enjoyment of life and of the beautiful things of the world, but it also stands for self-mastery and for useful service. Happy are they who can find equal joy in the mastery of life's difficulties, in the performance of homely duties, and in the gratification of the desire for wholesome pleasures of life.

Sincerely,
W. H. HOUSH



MESSAGE OF MISS WOLVERTON

Dear boys and girls of Winter '25.

Right wisely have you chosen that the thread of poetry shall run through this books of yours, your final greeting for the towered home of your high-school years. I say you have chosen wisely. For as you go out from us into your later years, out from the guardianship of the tower with its upward reach to beauty, all your friends will be wishing you what you will be wishing for yourselevs—prosperity. Yet what shall it profit you if you gain the whole world and lose your own souls? Keep alive and cherish the poetry in yourselves. However mute inglorious Miltons you may be, life will be a deeper, finer thing if through all its stress and strain there still glows within your hearts the poet's capacity to feel great beauty and great truth.

Always your friend,
Sarah F. Wolverton

THE SPIRIT OF THE TOWER

Very happily the Winter Class of '25 has chosen as the main topic of its Semi-Annual "The Spirit of the Tower."

The Spirit of the Tower is one of the most sacred traditions of the Los Angeles High School. Those of us who had the opportunity and privilege of being a teacher or a student at the old school located on Fort Moore hill, will well remember the beautiful ivy-covered tower that was the outstanding architectural feature of the old building. There were so many myths, stories, sonnets, and poems written about the ivy-covered tower, with its belfry and clock, that it has become a part of the treasured history of the Los Angeles High School.

When we moved to our beautiful new location, with its ample campus, one of the thoughts in the minds of those of us who had a hand in planning the new building was that we must have a tower in the new building that would ever keep before us the Spirit of the Tower. Because of lack of money it was feared at one time that the tower, as originally planned by the architect in conference with Mr. Housh and other members of the Faculty, would have to be shortened about twenty or twenty-five feet. Mr. Housh, however, with the backing of the Faculty and aided by prominent members of the Alumni, and with an enthusiastic conviction that our new building must not be erected without the tower being built to its full height, finally won over the members of the Board of Education to his way of thinking. Additional money was appropriated by the Board, and the tower as it now stands is one of the masterpieces of architecture and is as near perfect as human intellect and heart can plan.

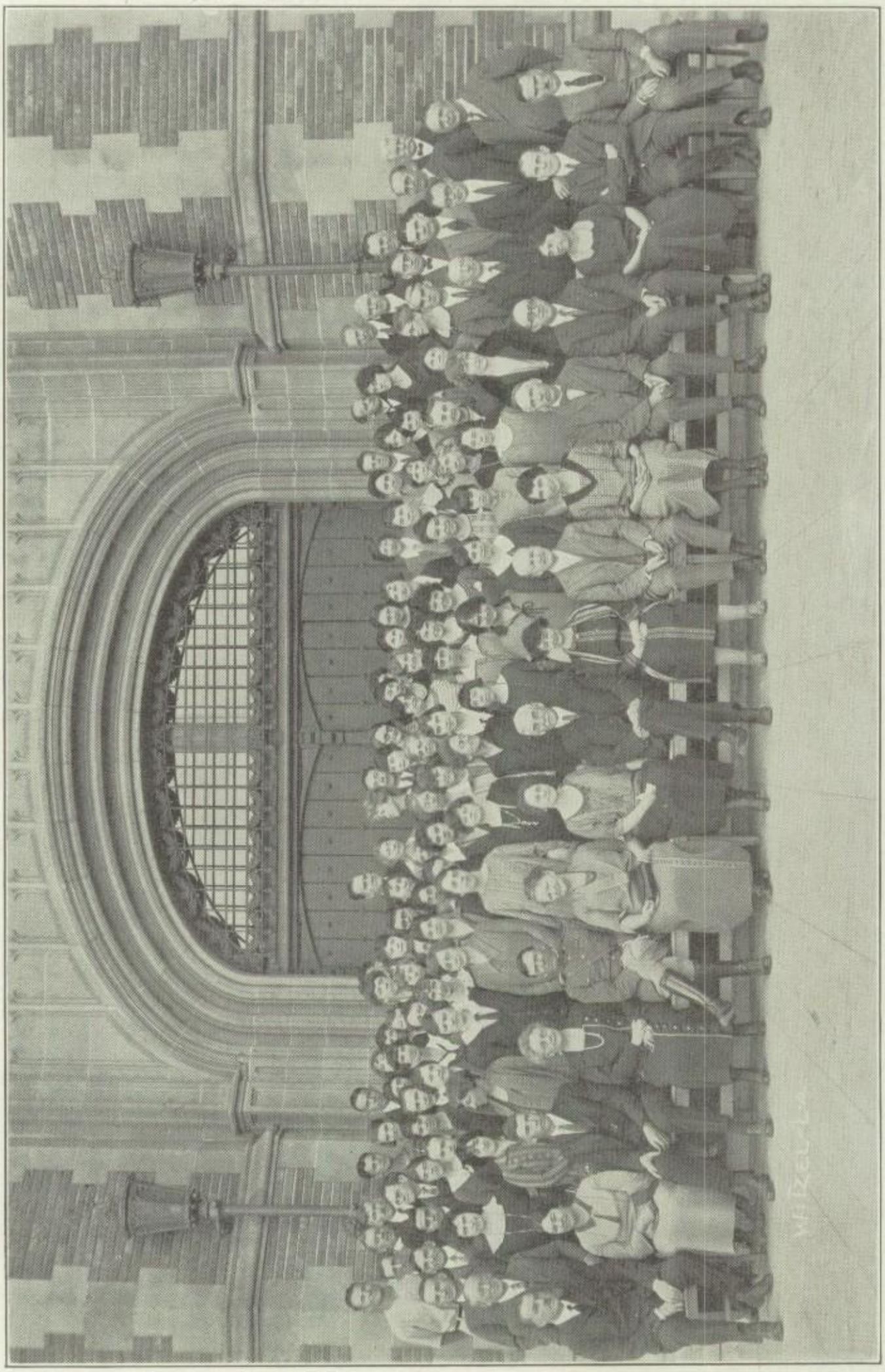
It is my heartfelt wish that the beautiful Spirit of the Tower, with its lofty ambitions, with its beautiful spirit of service, may be an impelling force for good in the lives of the boys and girls who are now students in the Los Angeles High School.

Very truly yours,
E. W. Oliver.

Vice Principals

Miss Wolverton

Mr. Oliver



FACULTY

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S. F. WOLVERTON—VICE PRINCIPAL
E. W. OLIVER—VICE PRINCIPAL

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IRWIN, AUDREY
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PIPAL, EMILY
LEHMAN, ALICE
EVANS, PEARL
PETERSON, LEONA

RODGERS, FLORENCE

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KIRKPATRICK, BRUCE W.
MUNSEY, R. EARL
RICH, ED. G.

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WOODSHOP AND STAGE CREW

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SWETT, ALBERT A.

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ROYAL B. FIELD
ORVILLE R. FISHER

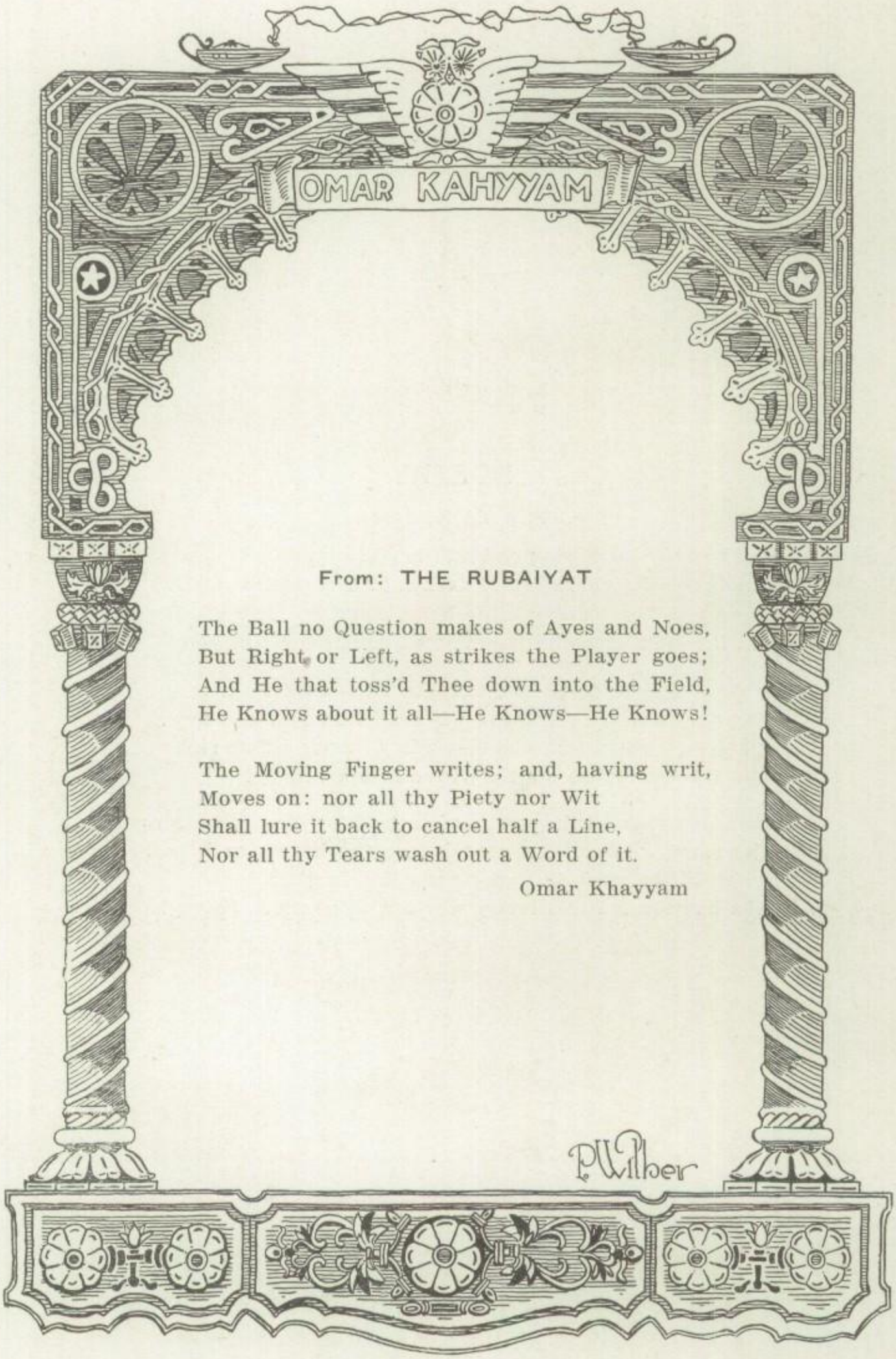
POETRY

Virginia Robinson

A bit of verse, a bit of song, a bit of laughter gay,
A friendly word to change the dark into a gleaming day,
Tender smiles that carry all the heart could ever speak—
And all the elfin wisps of dreams we humans love to seek!

Little coral specks of clouds, caught in the evening blue,
The joy of youth in everything when all its hopes are new,
The magic of a moonlight night—a misty star-drenched sky,
And ah, the sweetness angels weave into a lullaby!

Far names that thrill the seeking heart with gypsy calls to roam,
Yet the safety and contentment before the hearth at home!
The glory of the sun's last rays upon the dancing sea—
Ah, God has blessed this lovely world with so much poetry!

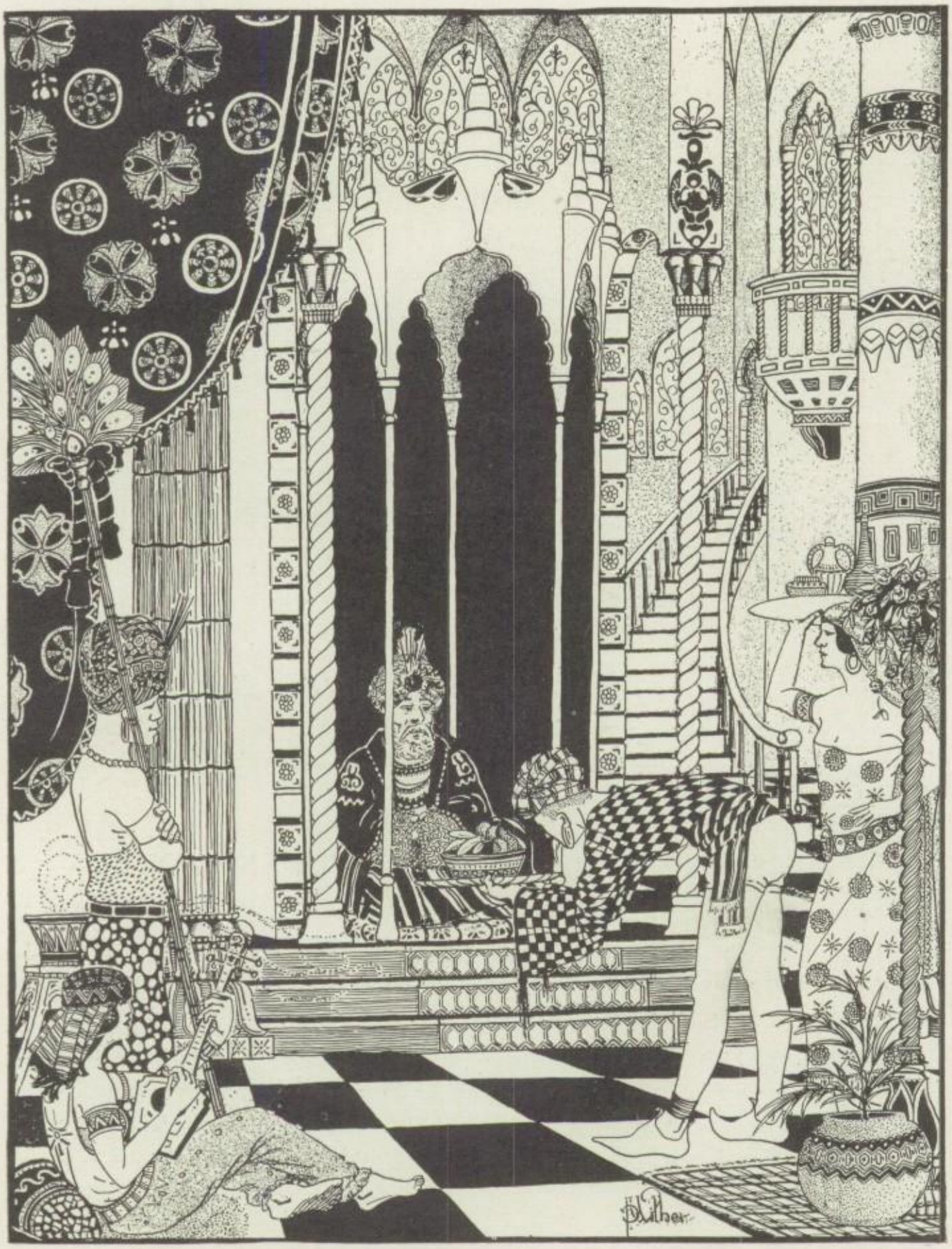


From: THE RUBAIYAT

The Ball no Question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Right or Left, as strikes the Player goes;
And He that toss'd Thee down into the Field,
He Knows about it all—He Knows—He Knows!

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.

Omar Khayyam



ADMINISTRATION

MESSAGE OF PRESIDENT OF STUDENT BODY

Fellow Students:

This year, similar to all previous years, has been most fruitful for L. A. In athletics, we have been inferior to none if not superior. In other scholastic events, we have been no less successful.

To me, as your President, this term has been full of surprises and enjoyable experiences, never before equaled in my school or life career.

As it is an old and well known truth that in union there is strength, I wish to thank each and every member of the L. A. student body for his cooperation and unswerving allegiance to the ideals of L. A.

Arthur Park

Division Presidents

Lester Gibson *Annabel Wagner*

MESSAGE OF BOYS' PRESIDENT

Fellow Students:

It has been an honor as well as a pleasure to act as Boys' Division President this year. This has been a very successful year for L. A. and has only been possible through the help and cooperation of the Student Body. I hope you will support next semester's officers as well as you have this year's officers.

Lester Gibson.

MESSAGE OF GIRLS' PRESIDENT

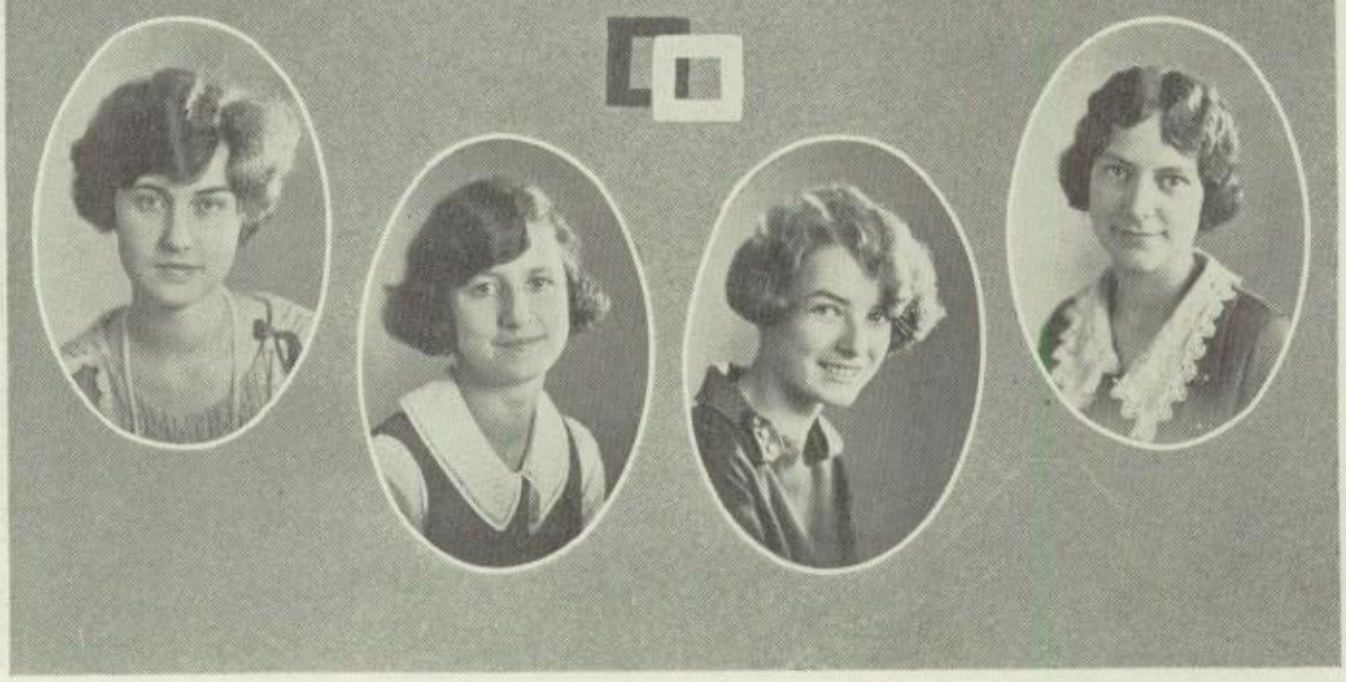
Fellow Students:

It has indeed been a great joy and honor to work with you this term. I believe the Student Body realizes the exceptionally splendid and active work the girls of the Cabinet have done. They have proved this organization to be invaluable to our great institution.

I wish to express my appreciation for your earnest cooperation. My only regret is that my term is ended, but I leave with most sincere wishes that the succeeding Cabinet will have from you even greater support to accomplish more distinct service.

Sincerely,
Annabel Wagner.

Girl's Cabinet



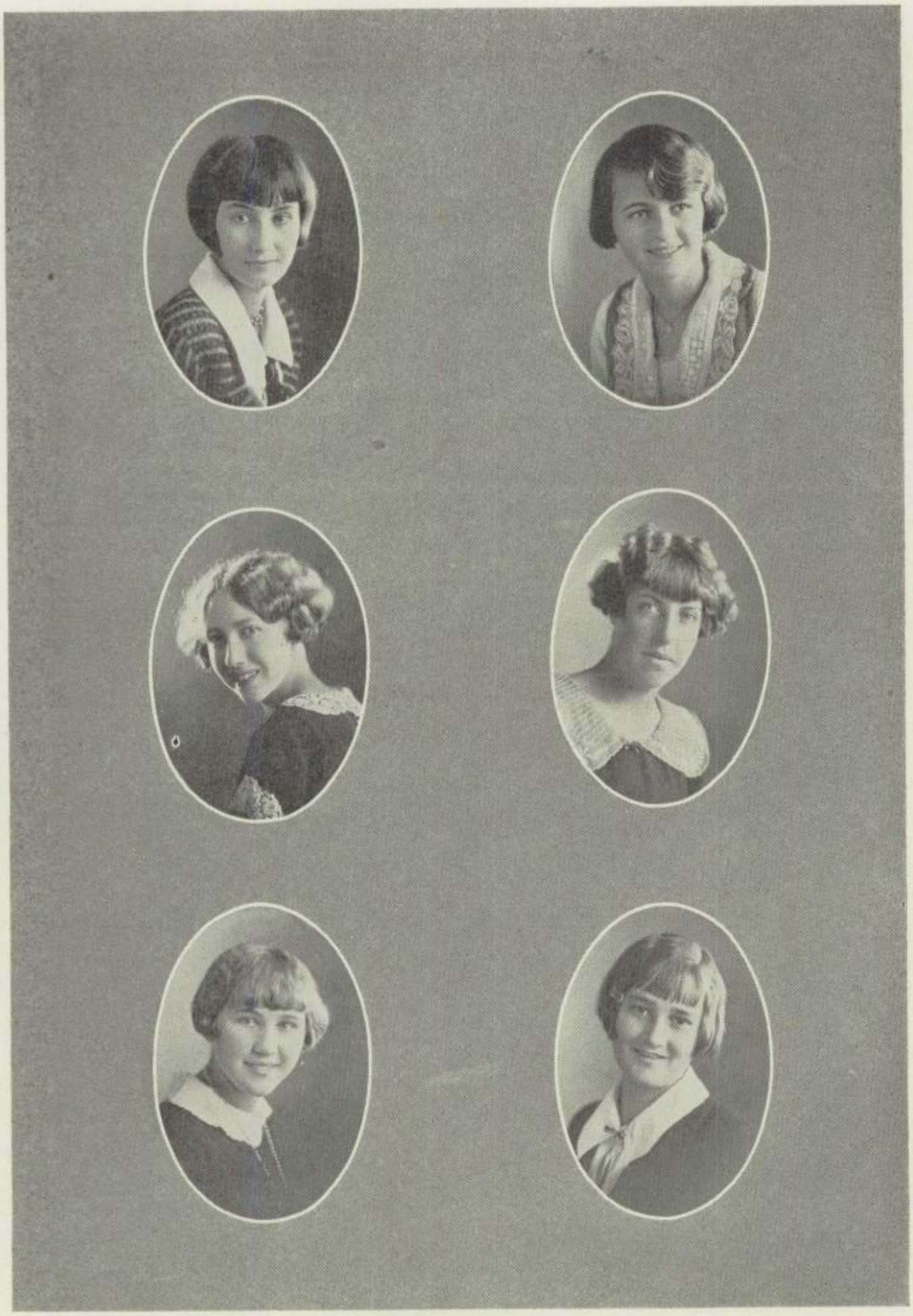
Annabel Wagner *Edith Clayton* *Virginia Kellogg* *Victoria Schuck*

Since the organization of the Girls' Cabinet in 1918, it has proved valuable as an executive board in the affairs of the girls' student body. Its purpose is to promote co-operation and better social relationship among the girls of the school, and to act as an advisory board to Miss Wolverton, girls' vice-principal, in student body affairs.

The officers are:

President: Annabel Wagner.
Vice President: Victoria Schuck.
Secretary: Virginia Kellogg.
Treasurer: Edith Clayton.

The members are: Helen Bell, president of the Girls' Senior Board; Marian Buck, Door Committee; Edith Clayton, House and Grounds Committee; Virginia Kellogg, Welcoming Committee; Gladys Patz, president of the Girls' Athletic Association; Marylyn Powers, Santa Fe Committee; Victoria Schuck, Philanthropic Committee; Virginia Steeley, Costume and Pom Pom Committee; Anna Trapnell, Point System Chairman; Annabel Wagner, president of the Girls' Student Body.



Helen Bell
Marian Buck
Anna Trapnell

Marylyn Powers
Gladys Patz
Virginia Steeley

Girls' Senior Board

Helen Bell

Amanda Strong *Laura Belle Mateer* *Rose Dimond* *Betty Price* *Elizabeth Ki'patrick*

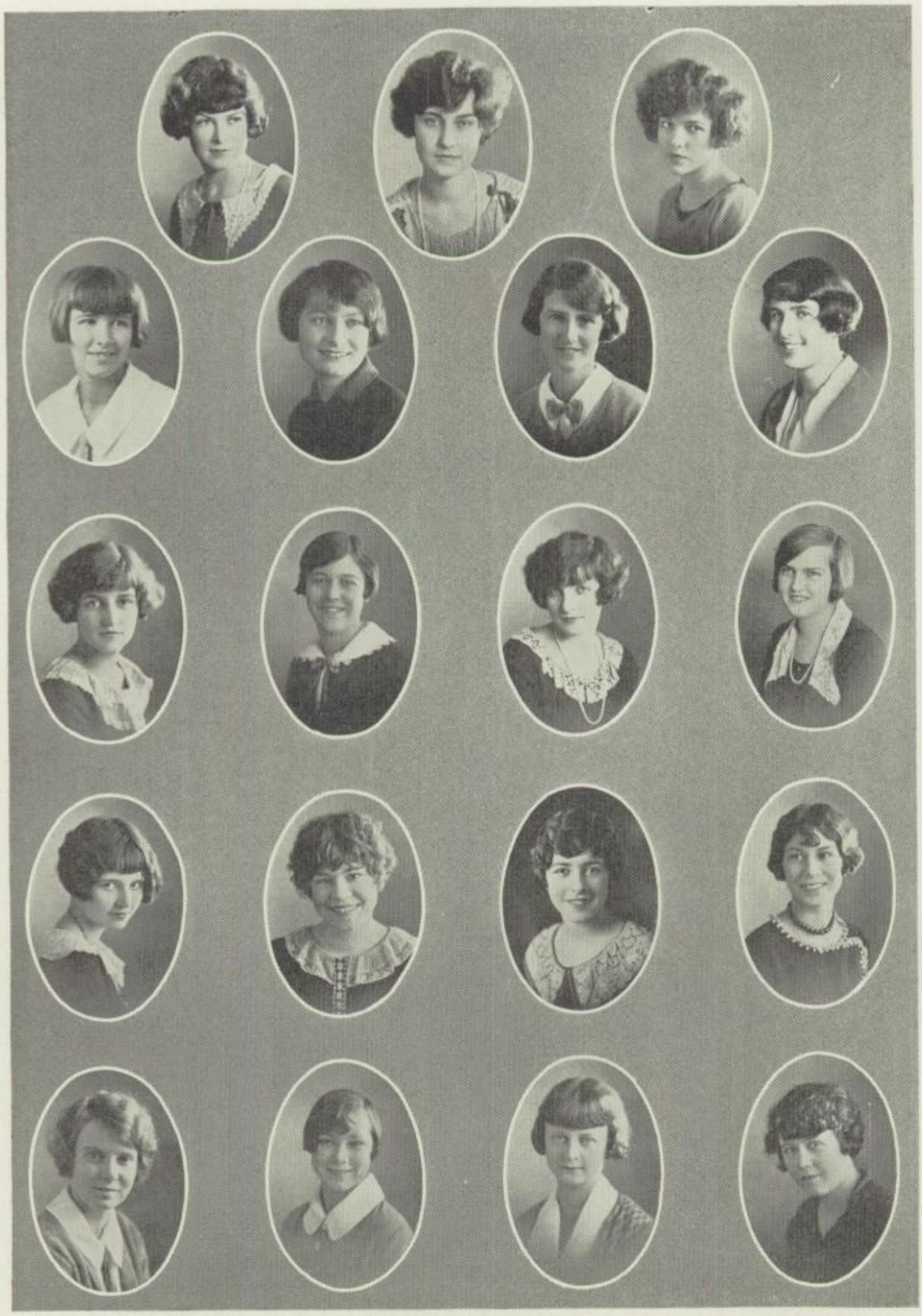
The aim of the Girls' Senior Board is to mete justice in all cases of discipline under its jurisdiction, and to encourage in the students the ideals of our school expressed in our motto, "Obedience to law; respect for others; mastery of self; joy in service; these constitute life."

Under the capable leadership of Helen Bell we have endeavored to bring about a greater sympathy between the girls of the Student Body and the Board, resulting in a greater understanding and finer spirit of co-operation.

The officers for this term were: Helen Bell, President; Rose Dimond, Vice President; Amanda Strong, Secretary and treasurer; Laura Belle Mateer, Prossecuting Attorney; Betty Price, Public Defender; Elizabeth Kilpatrick, Sergeant at arms.

The Senior A members are: Helen Bell, Margaret Bunn, Rose Dimond, Irene Griffiths, Helen Henderson, Hallene Hill, Laura Belle Mateer, Grace Shattuck, Amanda Strong, Edith Schulz, Annabel Wagner, Sylva Weaver, Dorothy Webb, Helen Wright, Nellie Rhea.

The Senior B members are: Roberta Alberti, Christina Ballreich, Ruth Gortikov, Elizabeth Kilpatrick, Ruth Paine, Betty Price, Harriette Segall, Dorothy Servis, Theo Stewart, Marian Watson.



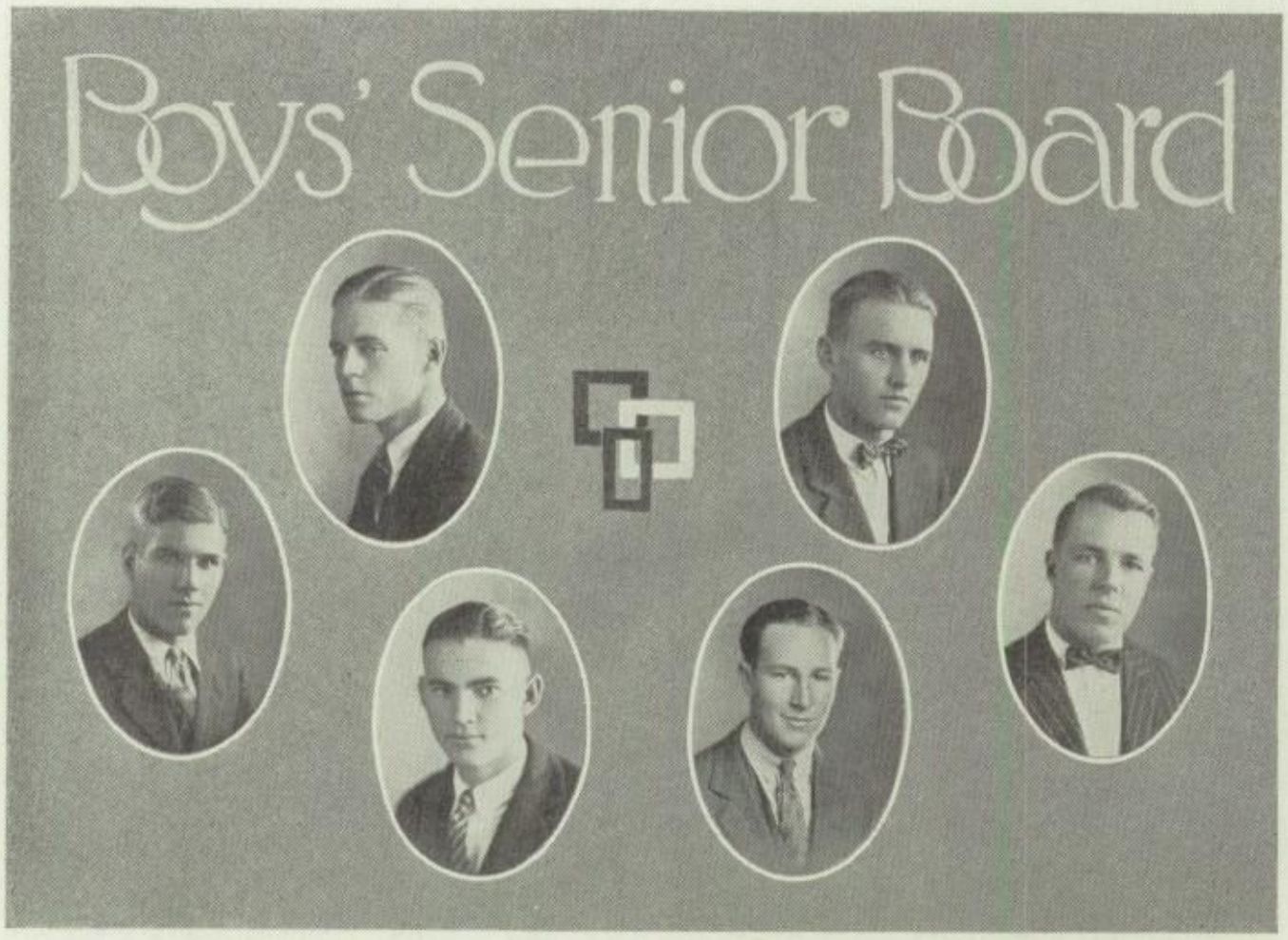
Sylva Weaver — *Annabel Wagner* — *Hallene Hill*

Irene Griffiths — *Margaret Bunn* — *Grace Shattuck* — *Helen Henderson*

Edith Schultz — *Roberta Albertie* — *Dorothy Webb* — *Nellie Rhea*

Theo Stewart — *Helen Wright* — *Harriet Segall* — *Dorothy Servis*

Ruth Paine — *Marian Watson* — *Ruth Gortikov* — *Christina Ballrich*



Millard Rogers — *James Melton*

Tom Middleton — *Art Park* — *Jack Armstrong* — *Meyers Butte*

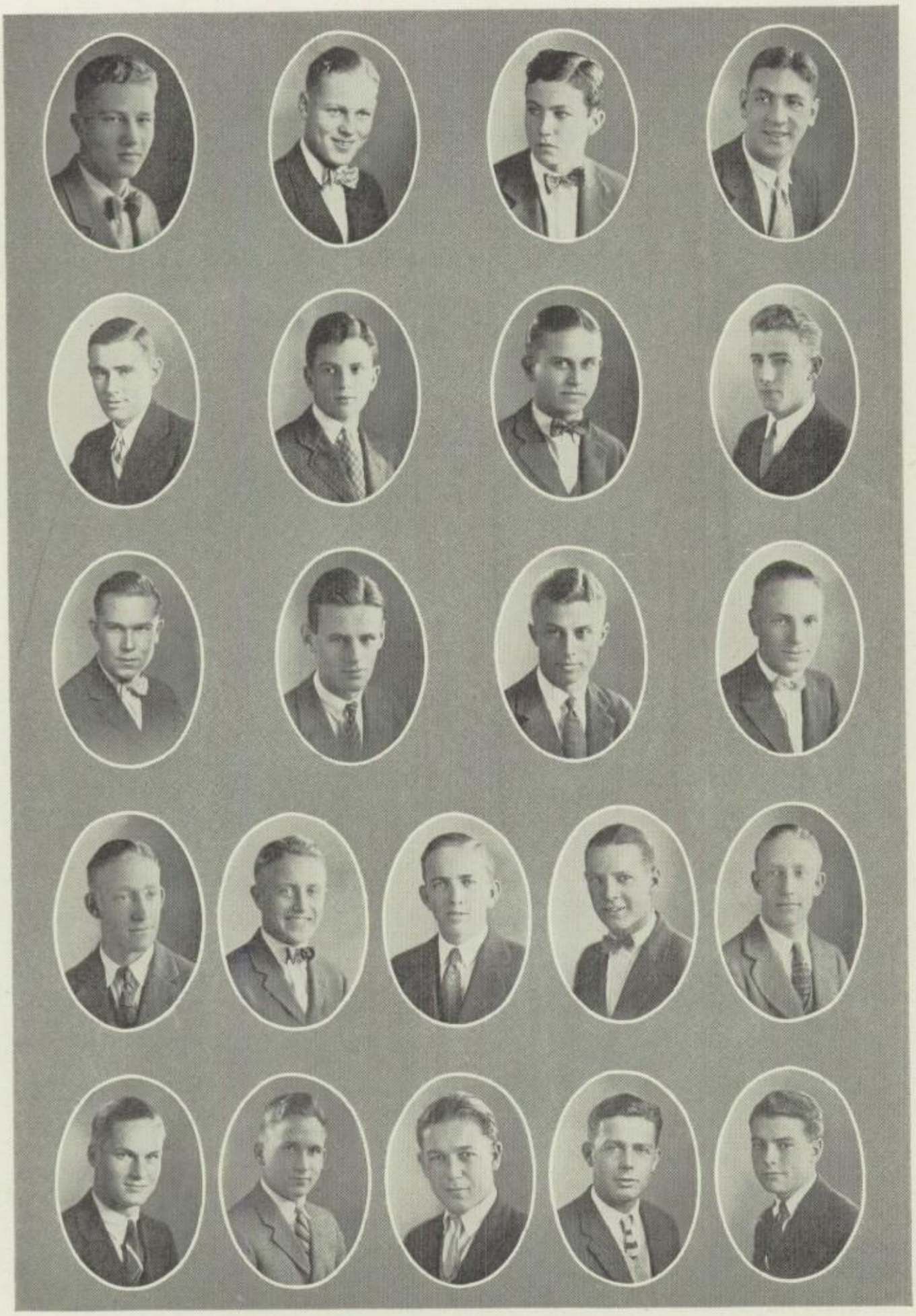
The plan of senior control was adopted by L. A. in 1912. This system of supervision with its policy of striving to prevent rather than punish has proved to be entirely successful.

The board this term endeavoring to continue this policy has adopted a helpful attitude toward the boys of the school.

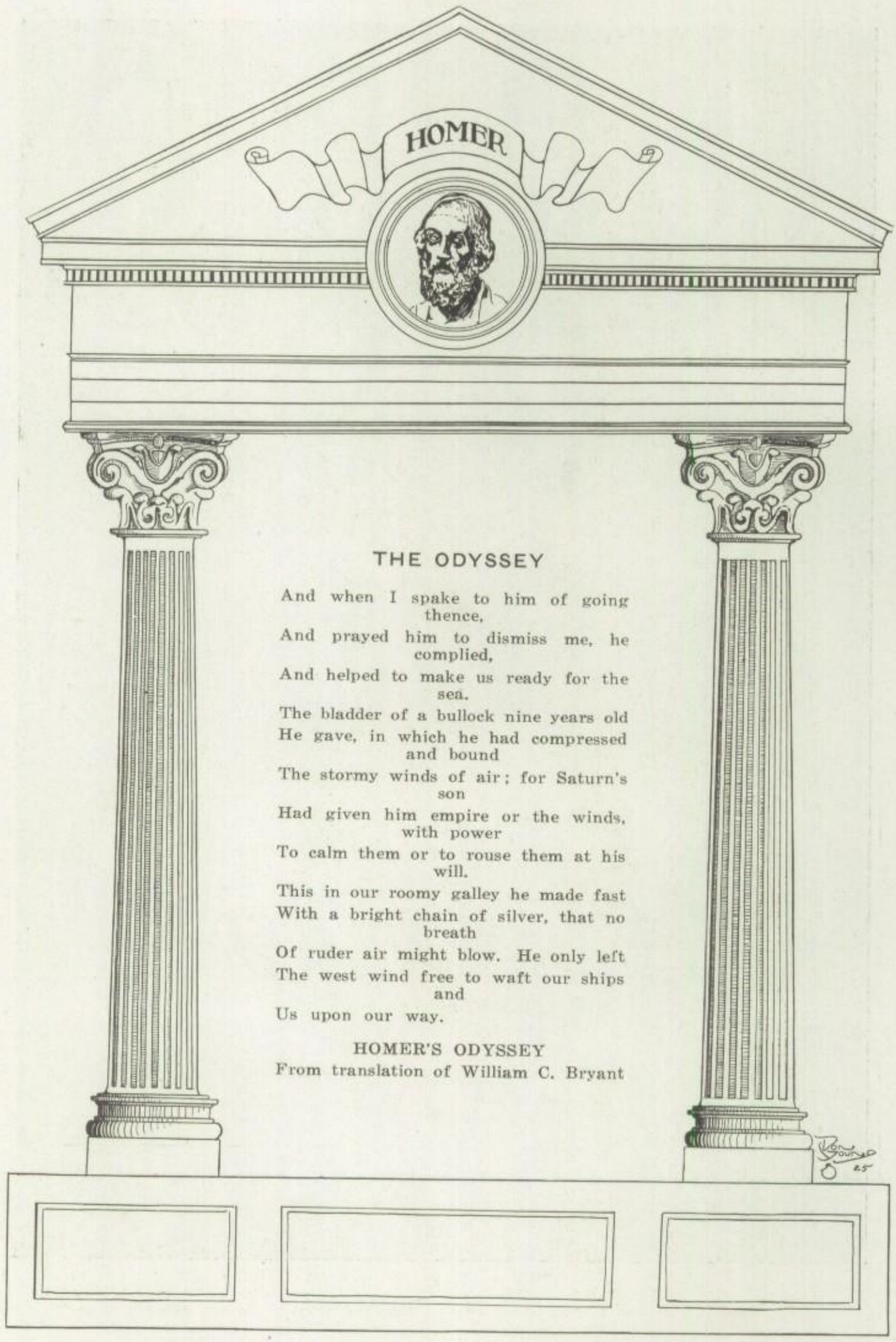
The officers this term are:

President: Millard Rogers.
Vice President: James Melton.
Secretary-treasurer: Tom Middleton.
Sergeant at Arms: Myers Butte.
Public Defender: Jack Armstrong.
Prosecuting Attorney: Art Park.

Members: Jack Armstrong, Myers Butte, Bernard Bierlick, Theodroe Drake, Vivian Drake, Harold Eaton, Lester Gibson, Ben Gorchakoff, Marvin Hewett, Star, Stanley Jewell, Fred Kraft, Leon Levi, Henry Luitwiler, Julius May, Dick McKee, Major Maloney, James Melton, Tom Middleton, Edward O'Donnell, Art Park, Millard Rogers, Richard Spicer, Don Young, Fred Zeller, Phil Casper, Jack Dales, Jack London, Bill Post, Stan Mullen.



Fred Kraft — *Lester Gibson* — *Edward O'Donnell* — *Julius May*
Dick McKee — *Leon Levi* — *Bernard Bierlich* — *Marvin Hewett*
Don Young — *Stanley Mullen* — *Henry Luitwiler* — *Jack Dales*
Vivian Drake — *Harold Eaton* — *Phillip Casper* — *Jack London* — *Theodore Drake*
Stanley Jewell — *William Post* — *Ben Gorchakoff* — *Fred Zeller* — *Major Maloney*

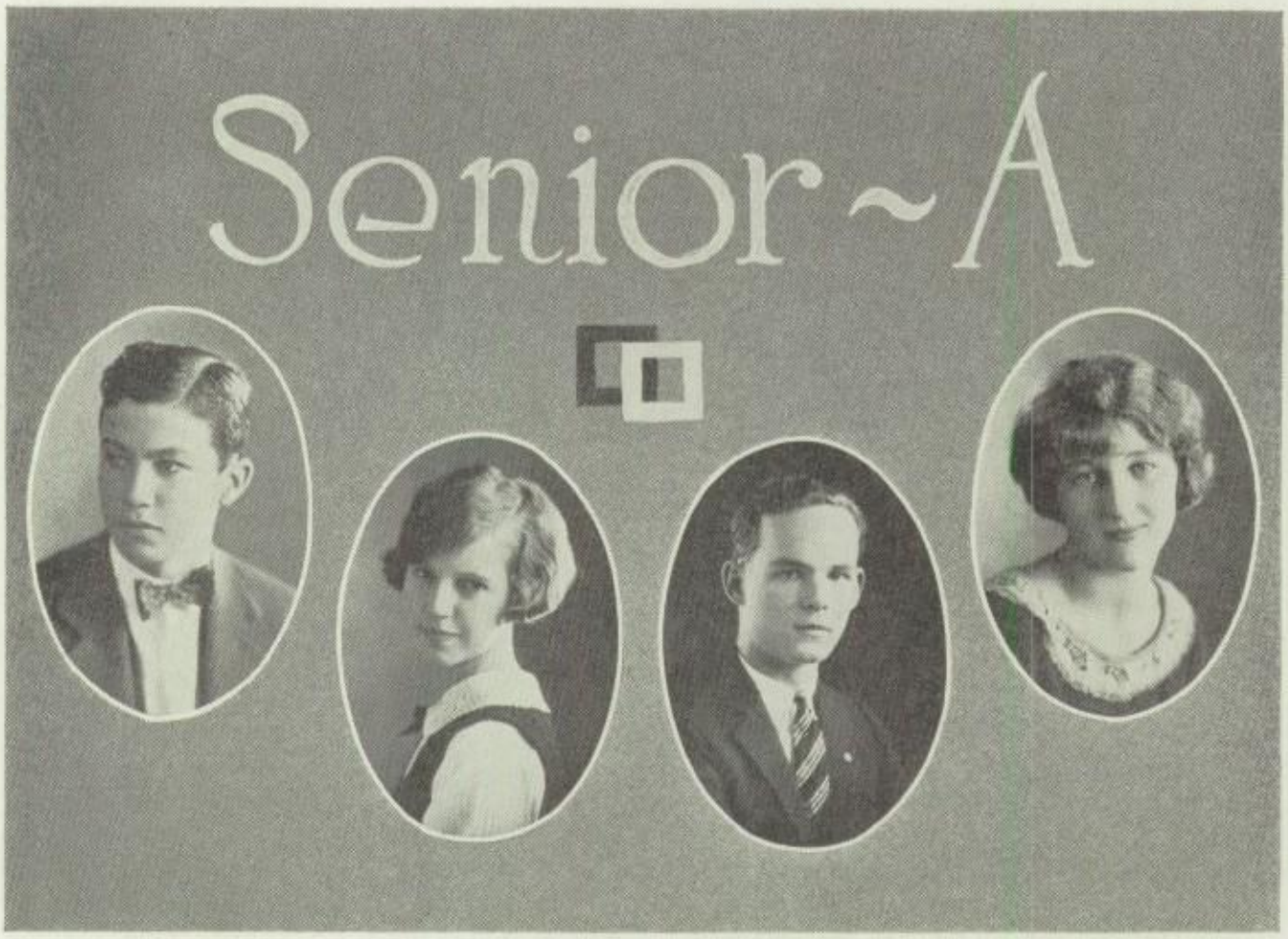


THE ODYSSEY

And when I spake to him of going thence,
And prayed him to dismiss me, he complied,
And helped to make us ready for the sea.
The bladder of a bullock nine years old
He gave, in which he had compressed and bound
The stormy winds of air; for Saturn's son
Had given him empire or the winds, with power
To calm them or to rouse them at his will.
This in our roomy galley he made fast
With a bright chain of silver, that no breath
Of ruder air might blow. He only left
The west wind free to waft our ships and
Us upon our way.

HOMER'S ODYSSEY
From translation of William C. Bryant

SENIOR-A



Edward O'Donnell *Laura Belle Mateer* *Max Winter* *Sue Duncan*

CLASS OF W'25

We, the class of W'25, are just returning from a cruise of four long years. Though many are the storms we weathered and hard were our duties, we shall always remember the fine fellowship of our crew of two hundred and seventy-two, and the good times we had together. Some of these pleasures took the form of the Senior A and Senior B day and the Senior A Vaudeville and Play. However, now that we are drawing into port, we shall receive our reward, our Graduation Diplomas, and the crew will be disbanded. Maybe never again shall we see our friends, but we will by no means forget them. We shall also recall that it was largely due to our two kind, faithful captains, Miss Lavayea and Miss Lockwood, that we arrived safely at our port.

The success of the last lap of our journey was due also to the fine co-operation and ability of the crew. This crew or class had an unusual amount of musical, dramatic, and athletic ability. The musical talent was shown in the Vaudeville and the Opera, the dramatic talent in the Senior A Play and Shakespearean productions, and the athletic ability was shown in the fine work of the Team in the games of this year. The officers of this remarkable class are:

President: Edward O'Donnell.
Vice President: Sue Duncan.
Secretary: Laura Belle Mateer.
Treasurer: Max Winter.

Frank Albanese

Full many hours you did beguile
With your serene and cheerful smile.

Dorothy Adams

She loves to laugh when work's done well
And in her studies does excel.

Artemie Alsop

Accomplished in most everything,
But we like best to hear you sing.

Donald Angus

"What ho! The guard" Our major cries,
"With rascals I can't sympathize."

Simon Ariel

When Simon grows to man's estate
He'll be a great success, just wait.

Gwendolyn Anderson

A voice that rises high and true
Has she, and eyes of bluest blue.

Mabel Armstrong

Petite in stature, not in mind
Or heart. She's all true blue, you'll find.

Annette Arnest

In Shakespeare roles she'll make her name
And be a star of footlight fame.

Alfred Asake

"Of his port as meek as a mayde,
He never vileinye ne sayde."

Joseph Barabe

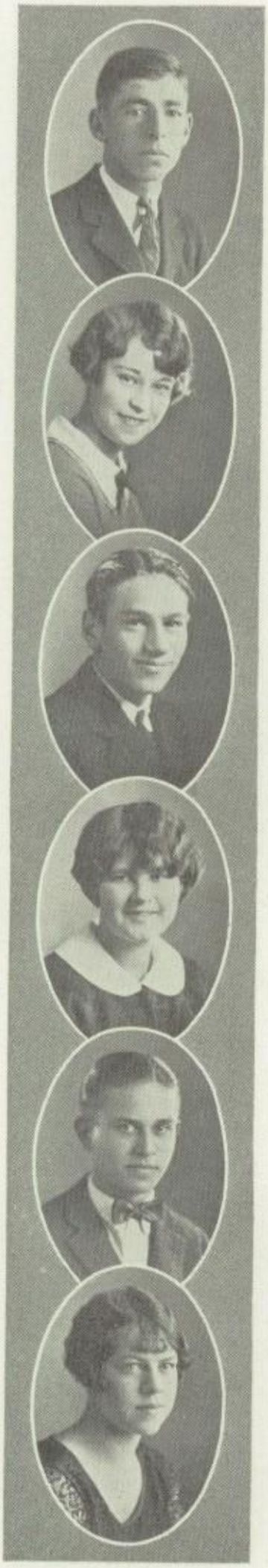
O Mercury, where is thy fame?
Our Joe can match your speed we claim.

Elizabeth Arnold

A girl who does her work with care,
Would we her good fortunes share.

Cecilia Barteau

At crossword puzzles she's a wonder.
"Oh what's a synoym for 'blunder'?"



Charles Beall

The sport he tackles best of all
Is good American football.

Helen Baxter

A very lovely girl we'd say,
So gaze upon her while you may.

Theodosia Bean

Pep and fun and jollity,
A happy personality.

James Beazley

A cheerful face wins many a mile.
My lad, you have a winning smile.

Louis Bernstein

He neatly sets the type apace
And both his hands do seem to race.

Helen Bell

Renowned in honors by the score
And coming years will bring her more.

Lillian Bennett

In crossword puzzles take the prize;
We won't compete with you, we're wise.

Frances Berman

A saucy young miss with "gray" blue eyes
Who loves to tease and seem to be wise.

Bernard Bierlich

His gleaming hair does boast no curls
And sure, he is not shy of girls.

Raymond Branson

In Raymond lie our fondest hopes
To delve into life's broader scopes.

Agnes Bexten

A busy, helpful, charming lass,
A bright and shining light in class.

Dorothy Bixler

In acting she puts the whole of her heart,
And well she does each Shakespearian part.

William Brehm

Some poet said that "Life is real"
And William thinks so too, we feel.

Lucile Boline

In Latin she never was much of a shark
For why should she worry o'er Caesar and Mark?

Paula Burton

Just dance away for fame has beckoned,
And you'll be a Pavlowa second.

Evans Briegleb

To you our thanks are most profound,
You got the Annuals scattered 'round.

Donald Brown

A chemist you will surely be
So good you are in chemistry.

Margaret Bunn

So full of fun, so happy, sunny,
And adorable, we love you, Bunny.

Helen Caldwell

She loveth Chaucer for to read
And she can do it well indeed.

Alberta Carlson

They'll feel the loss in Senior Glee
Of Alberta's voice so sweet and free.

Ralph Brown

Though slow and calm you take your way,
You'll need more speed some future day.

Myers Butte

When the other team is fighting hard
It's nice to know we've Myers as guard.

Florence Carter

She thinks a lot, she's very wise,
And goodness! What a pair of eyes!

Margaret Carter

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will
Be wise." Of those we've had our fill.

James Camplin

Fair-headed and full of fun, you see
The leader of the Senior Glee.

Ruth Conklin

Very reserved, she seems to me
A model of propriety.

Helen Conway

In stature tiny; charming and coy,
Good in her lessons, to many a joy.

Wade Church

In this old world of smiles and pouts,
It's quality, not size that counts.

Brant Clark

A verray parfit gentil youthe,
Who loveth alway righteous truthe.

Georgia Cooley

A lovely girl we've all admired
Whose pleasant ways are much desired.

Mary Virginia Cooper

In literature a shining light
Both prose and verse well does she write.

Evelyn Crop

Oh, do not worry, little maid,
You will earn all A's, be not afraid.

Milton Cohen

You'll be a man of great affairs
With your calm and earnest airs.

Melvin Cohn

Good natured humor and a smile
Makes everyday more well worth while.

Florence Dawson

With the thought of work well done,
She well enjoys her hour of fun.

Caroline DeLong

A splendid help to her class was she,
So charming to know, so fair to see.

Joseph Conley

Expound your views, O blithe young man.
Convince us all. You surely can.

Rose Dimond

A rose indeed, so sweet is she;
A diamond too in brilliancy.

Pearl Dorfman

Her strength of will and depth of thought
Will make her far and widely sought.

Harry Cottingham

O time, turn backward in thy flight!
Make Harry study just one night.

Ray Cronemiller

In music Ray does quite excel,
He plays the fiddle very well.

Sue Duncan

Our vice prexy, a singer too.
We will remember always Sue.

Camille Edger

A charming Juliet you made.
And how we listened when you played.

Evelyn Edlund

Your violin will be a key
And open fame's doors easily.

Ronald Davis

"Handsome is as handsome does"
By this boy's actions proven was.

Donald Dorris

A ladies man, there is no doubt,
For where he is there's a girl about.

Winfred Eike

In hair and eyes, in cheeks and skin
She's surely Helen's would-be twin.

Eugenia Ellison

Now money means a lot to her,
For she's a class room treasurer.

Farrer Edson

Deep views are you wont to expound;
Your ideas seem to know no bound.

Margaret French

At shooting "bull's eyes" she's the best
In all the wild and wooley West.

Anna Friedland

A careless child, but ne'ertheless a mightly,
A mighty sweet one too, I guess.

Paul Edwards

"In business as in life," says Paul,
"There should be fair exchange for all."

Marshall Elliot

In class he very thoughtful looks,
Though oft forgets to bring his books.

Clara Frischling

In this she has the rest of us foxed.
Complexion comes to her not boxed,

Lucile Germain

The years she studied mucic a pleasure.
To her we wish success in full measure.

Helen Gilbert

She took the roll in English class
And all the honors too, bright lass.

Joe Enright

A study shark perhaps you're not,
But being dumb can't be your lot.

Saburo Fujise

His eyes bespeak a brilliant mind,
More shining orbs you'll rarely find.

Harriet Glick

A brilliant girl who studies hard,
And gets all A's on every card.

Genova Goodenow

So quiet she seems, so still and wise,
Till we see the twinkle in her eyes.

Walter Funk

Upon you long dil old Sol smile,
Your envied tan will last awhilie.

Doris Gregory

Four years ago our Doris came
In rea.ms of knowle.lge to seek a fame.

Anna Louise Griffin

Though meek and modest as can be
She's quite a student, isn't she?

Worth Gaylord

The wild air waves your whims obey
Since radio has come to stay.

Stanley George

At all times a good sport is he,
Distinguished in persistency.

Irene Griffiths

Well does she dance and swim and sing,
Such verstaile miss is a very rare thing.

Lillian Haber

For selling things she has the knack;
She can sell anythng from a house to a tack.

Lorraine Hamilton

A society bud of charm and wit,
No matter where she makes a hit.

Lester Gibson

When in the world a place you fill,
Be "Little Mary Sunshine" still.

Alphonso Gonzales

There's in his eyes a merry gleam
Although he serious would seem.

Marjorie Harriman

Lucky class are we to have one so bright
As to edit alone the Blue and White.

Dorothy Heitcamp

To see you and not see Ida there
Is very, very, very rare.

Jack Griffin

A sonnet we would write for you,
Too much to say in verses two.

Ferrol Henderson

Her favorite sport is playing baseball,
In G. A. A. she excels them all.

Helen Henderson

When you're at U. S. C., my dear,
Be just as nice as you've been here.

George Hanson

Though pompadours may go or stay,
Your sideburns will remain alway.

James Hartley

A general he's sure to be
He rose so high in R. O. T. C.

Sylvia Hickey

Of "Warhorse Hickey" loud we boast,
She helped us with the "vodvil" most.

Hallene Hill

In this dear girl of all renown
Brains and beauty both are found.

Ida Hill

A dashing girl who's full of pep,
A loving child, so watch your step.

Gustave Hayman

"Al that he might of his teachers hente,
On books and lernynge he it spente."

Henry Hayungs

And when the band begins to play,
Hear Henry's sax is clear as day.

Wanda Hill

Since way, way back in the B9 days
You've helped us in so many ways.

Viola Hirsch

She can dance and dance and dance some more,
This girl with her hair like copper ore.

John Heinson

Yes, he is Johnny on the spot,
He helps around the school a lot.

Helen Hobson

In English she's as good as any
And in reading Chaucer excels full many.

Dorothy Hueston

"A greater glory dims the less."
But never fades thy worthiness.

Marvin Hewitt

Get 'em young and treat 'em rough,
And teach the babes to strut their stuff.

George Hinsche

The very spirit of the tower
Inspires him in his work each hour.

Jean Hunsinger

Her eyes are a most amazing blue
And she always has a smile for you.

Evelyn Israel

Sincere in all she undertakes,
Always a great success she makes.

Alice Johnstone

She smiles at you from eyes of blue,
In manner stately, in friendship true.

Warren Hopkins

"Why yes, I'll do it, certainly."
He's quite obliging, isn't he?

Albert Isgur

Ready to help one all the while,
A sense of humor too, a smile.

Grace Jones

A girl with eyes of brown, and braids
That make her not like other maids.

Charlotte Kafka

Gracious manners, quiet airs,
Are aids in meeting life's great cares.

Elmer Jones

Life makes you love "chivalrie,
Trouthe, honour, fredom, and curtesie,"

Aiko Kamayatsu

Right out of mud she makes things grow
And bakes them. Pottery, you know.

Elsie Kent

An inspiration to each one,
Cheerfully her work is done.

Vernon Keene

In football he is surely "kneene,"
A harder fighter ne'er has been.

Fred Kelley

The way of scholarship is hard
But study brings its own reward.

Elizabeth Kirk

As a student they say she's one of the best,
She makes all "recs," never flunks in a test.

Alberta Klingstein

Although she's small she's bright and sweet,
A joy for all of us to meet.

Evelyn Kline

She maketh of brave hearts a toy
With her "smyling, simple and coy."

Charles Kerlee

Blondes are fickle, so they say,
I wonder—you seem so blase.

Leo Kirschbaum

In parliamentary drill in Forum
His arguments sway all the quorum.

Lucille Klopp

To be original is her aim,
Her boyish haircut brought her fame.

Myrtle Korn

A black haired girl who's full of fun,
When she comes in it's just begun.

John King

Unruffled by both praise and blame,
We hope you'll always be the same.

Marion Laffoon

Now be not bashful, quiet one,
We know your work has been well done.

Mildred Lamb

She's meek and gentle as her name
Her unshorn locks bring her great fame.

Wallin King

A truer friend is nowhere found
Though one may search the whole world round.

Edward Kirby

From laughter one becomes quite fat;
Your solemn face will spare you that.

Isabel Leet

A charming girl who likes to see
How very gracious she can be.

Betsy Levy

She likes to have her work done well,
Such worthiness will surely tell.

Margaret Lillig

Life does not seem to worry you
But quiet down some day, pray do.

Milton Klein

Of talents you have quite a few,
A singer, student, and actor too.

Fred Kraft

A wililng worker with six feet
Of brawn and grit. He's hard to beat.

Imogene Marshall

Romance about you seems to play
And signs of early love we'd say.

Carolyn Mason

The glitter in your dark brown eyes
Was made for laughter, not for sighs.

Leon Levi

Leon knows all the "tricks of trade,"
But plays when work away is laid.

Laura Belle Mateer

To know her is to love this lass
Who wrote the minutes of our class.

Kathryn McGarrell

Let Science claim thee for her work,
But laughter round thine eyes does lurk.

Chester Loomis

A cynic you would fan be thought
Who counts the world and all as nought.

James Lowers

A hard worked student is James Lowers
He studies, oh, just hours and hours.

Kathryn McGee

New smells and frightful messes make
Perhaps a prize at Chem you'll take.

Zelva McGinnis

Zelva has a boyish bob;
To keep it cut is quite a job.

Marjorie McKay

Interiors you will make smart
By making this your future art.

Schild Lufkin

He mixes colors skillfully
And paints things wonderful to see.

Henry Lutweiler

'Tis said he is a "better half"—
At football, so you need not laugh.

Jane McNaughten

A subtle something seems to say
You're growing finer every day.

Beatrice Miller

The subtle arts of science learn
But 'tis your smile that makes us yearn.

Withenbary Lyster

Your name sounds as if you'd be
Famous some day. We'll wait and see.

Louise Miller

A lady fair beyond compare
Whose beauty makes us stop and stare.

Mary Moore

How far the candle throws its beams
How like a noble deed it seems.

William Mabee

You dance too well for anything,
Not only that but you can sing.

Charles Major

We all tried to write you a verse
This one is bad, the others worse.

Betty Morley

In Glee Club you have won your way
Into our hearts forever to stay.

Maxine Muchnic

The Shakespeare class had lots of luck.
To have you for the sprightly Puck.

Mattie Nelson

She studied nights till very late,
That she with "recs" might graduate.

Carrol Manley

To man's estate does he aspire,
And dark moustaches his desire.

Julius May

He was right there in every play,
Remember how we yelled for May.

Sarah Nelson

She studies, we all know, a lot
At Chemistry problems she's on the spot.

Helen Nihill

You're noted for your willingness
To prove yourself all friendliness.

Clarence McDermott

A clever boy in every way
He'll make a great success some day.

Elizabeth Norton

You've won respect from every soul
While reaching onward toward your goal.

Thelma Ochiltree

Still waters run, oh, very deep
And wise men their own counsel keep.

Jimmie Melton

Through "end," the "center" of every play,
And could he kick the ball? "Oh 'thay!"

Luther Merrill

With weather problems do not cope,
Just keep on hand some Ivory Soap.

Marion Parker

Pep and fun and jollity
A happy personality.

Gladys Patz

Oh Molla, we have heard your fame,
But here is one disputes thy claim.

Marjorie Pellatt

Quite sober you have always been
For Science seems your utmost sin.

Tom Middleton

The pigskin likes your taking way;
It's deeds that count, not words, they say.

Dana Mills

With Dana we can sympathize
In his struggle to grow wise.

Leah Phillips

The domicile you will make bright,
So decorate with all your might.

Beatrice Pollitzer

"Benynge and wonder diligent,
In adversitee ful pacient."

Douglas Montgomery

The best of actors, far you'll go.
"Wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

Jessie Prelusky

Dark hair surrounds a lovely face
And slender tallness lends her grace.

Elizabeth Priseler

Your virtues many, yet you shine
In none so much as this—your line.

Clarence Mouck

Your lucky star will son shine bright
And be ambition's guiding light.

Senzo Murakami

The time he walked a long, long way
Was not from choice, so people say.

Ruth Reavis

Let music be your guiding light,
Your piccolo play every night.

Nellie Rhea

Nellie with her camera "snapping"
Caught us all when we were napping.

Ruth Rhea

Writing ever was her sphere
The Blue and White did hold her dear.

Harris Newmark

The wildest sheik in the town
He'll be unless he settles down.

Joseph Newmark

We see your sweaters, then no more,
For stronger men than we they'd floor.

Edith Rickard

"O lady Edythe, give us grace,"
In your kind heart find us a place.

Vivian Rothschild

In school you've shown yourself to be
The girl we like for company.

Stephen Newmark

A handsomer lad you never did see
With "lokkes crulle" as can be.

Ceclia Russo

So small of stature, sweet of smile,
How many hearts you will beguile.

Mildred Ruthbard

Frivolity thy name should be,
O follower of Tersichore.

Paul Nimmer

Be called the "fairest of the fair"
In mind as well as shade of hair.

Harold Oakley

Good youth you're witty, now be wise,
Scorn dizzy socks and jazzy ties.

Betty Sander

With dancing, song and laughter gay
This maid has chased the hours away.

Gertrude Saunders

So quiet, unassuming, dear,
We'd hardly guess that you were near.

Helen Schaffer

Dark haired maid, be careful, do,
Or Cupid may entangle you.

Edward O'Donnell

The pilot of the Senior A's
He's brought us safe through stormy days.

Maurice O'Haver

Everyone likes Mickey so
They say they hate to see him go.

Louise Schneider

Be faithful, wise, and just, and true.
For "if gold ruste what shall yren do?"

Maxine Schneider

In future years as well as now
You'll be as fair and true, I trow.

David Ordway

In tennis lies this lads ambition,
Steadfast in face of opposition.

Edith Schultz

"All the world's a stage," they say,
And here's a heroine for our play.

Virginia Scott

An actress fine and clever she,
When fortune smiles she'll famous be.

Arthur Park

This leader of the Roman horde
Has gained great fame, the scribes record.

Stanley Pearson

The cinder path he follows well.
A future Paddock? Who can tell?

Leah Seidman

Too much you would yourself efface,
But all have marked your steady pace.

Grace Shattuck

So many things she does so well
Which one is best is hard to tell.

Carol Sievwright

An artist and a writer too,
Fortune can but be kind to you.

Alvin Pierce

Young man, do you aspire to speed?
To carbohydrates pay more heed.

Harold Price

Somewhere within the Hall of Fame
There'll be a picture with your name.

Marie Silverton

A brilliant head inside and out,
A future likewise bright, no doubt.

Lillian Slingsby

Long may you bask in fortune's smile,
Good luck you'll have for quite a while.

Thomas Ransom

Now "when a feller needs a friend,"
Just go to Tom; your woes will end.

Nellie Smith

A quiet, unassuming girl,
A trait that's scarce as finest pearl.

Nancy Strandland

Bright of mind and fair of face,
In our hearts a worthy place.

John Ray

A boy who tries as hard as he can
To seem to be a 'bold, bad, man."

Willard Reynard

A busy man, he always seems.
Has little time for mere day dreams.

Amanda Strong

A charming personality
Is joined with rare ability.

Bernice Summerfield

Debating never is a loss
Some day 'twill prove that you are boss.

Elizabeth Sundberg

You've heard it said, "Naught's had. all's spent
Where desire is got without content."

Chester Russell

Your optomistic beaming face
Gives you on earth an honored place.

John Ruwe

No doubt he'd lead a life more gay
If lessons were not in the way.

Josephine Teachout

Right fond she is of song and dance.
This maiden tall with piercing glance.

Helen Thompson

In manner quiet and charmingly shy,
And she walks so softly by.

Frederick Scott

Prompt, reliable, on the spot,
A worthy lad is Frederick Scott.

Helen Thorsheim

She sticks to Winnie just like glue.
You just can't separate those two.

Dorothy Tinsley

Some office will this typist grace,
Full fair of charm and sweet of face.

Sam Skoss

Well we know you by your smile,
A carefree child and free from guile.

Mliton Slotkovitz

If racy sweaters had a race,
Why all of yours wou'd win first place.

Anna Trapnell

Efficient, quiet, and sincere,
A charming girl from all we hear.

Ann Trombatore

Small and jolly and full of fun,
There's no better under the sun.

Dorothy Turton

A worker full of energy,
Thy path of life will easy be.

Van Smart

In R. O. T. C. great your fame,
Scholarship too. What's in a name?

Alexander Smith

He's not too bashful or too bold,
He's just exactly right, I'm told.

Cynthia Veatch

With Cynthia and Marion near
Of our falling to sleep no fear.

Annabel Wagner

As President we love her well,
But most of all as Annabel.

Walter Smith

Walter's an athletic boy,
Your hopes in him he'll not destroy.

Bonnie Wallace

A bonnie lass is Bonnie dear,
Full many hearts she'll break, we fear.

Aikon Watanabe

The charm of the East around her clings
And dreams of distant lands she brings.

Raymond Stafford

You'll rise to fame and Broadway lights,
And we'll buy tickets for first nights.

Earl Stone

A precious stone indeed is he,
Personification of brilliancy.

Reba Waugh

The mighty Shakespeare thee has claimed
Thine art will make thee greatly famed.

Sylva Weaver

Even though one search the whole world round
No dearer girl than Tib is found.

Dorothy Webb

Her quiet smile has won its place in mem'ry
In mem'ry through school we race.

Wilbur Stump

A wholesome grin you're noted for,
Good natured too. Why ask for more?

Fred Sturdy

When interviewed he spoke most wise:
He said, "It pays to advertise."

Sophie Weisberg

A gym class we have heard you say
You'd like to have. Alack-a-day!

Jessie White

Neither borrower or lender be,
For loans may lose a friend for thee.

Robert Sweeney

Robert is a fine young lad
Best pal a "feller" ever had.

Margaret White

We like to see your sunny smile
Your dimples do us all beguile.

Helen Wolf

A quiet, gentle lass you are
We'll think of you e'en from afar.

Marvin Totten

Despite thy wordly, blase guise,
We know you're striving to be wise.

Eugene Wyman

A question? Do not ask it me.
Eugene will answer truthfully.

Helen Wright

Debating seems to be your line;
Stand fast, don't be a clinging vine.

Virginia Young

So full of life and friendly fun,
A friend and pal to everyone.

Marguerite Pann

High ideals which win respect,
Great things of you we shall expect.

Bernard Weinberger

There is no doubt that he's some sheik,
This dark eyed lad with hair so sleek.

Max Winter

If Winter comes then Mick comes too
And what Max does Mick's sure to do.

Fannie Zlotnik

Speak forth your mind, O wise of thought
Bold Anthony will be as nought.

Dudley Wright

For "smyling he was al the day;
As fresh as is the month of May."

Walter Erlinger

He's not too fast nor yet too slow,
Always ready to stay or go.

Margaret Peck

Hypatia in the days of old
Is like our Margaret so we're told.

Fred Hodge

Peggy Hamilton should go
To you to know what clothes to show.

Robert Schurmer

It's true he likes the great white lights
But he stays home and studies nights.

Larry O'Sullivan

Very bashful, I am told;
So nice a boy should be more bold.

Morris Howell

Lo! Here we have a scribe. He's quite
An asset for the Blue and White.

Homer Smith

A modest youth in words and ways,
He justly earns his classmates' praise.

Elsa Castner

A reserved young person people say,
Who dresses in the latest way.

Milton Levitt

The long and short of it is that
He is too tall to be too fat.

Jack Shaw

A worthy member of our class;
In loyalty none may surpass.

William Warren

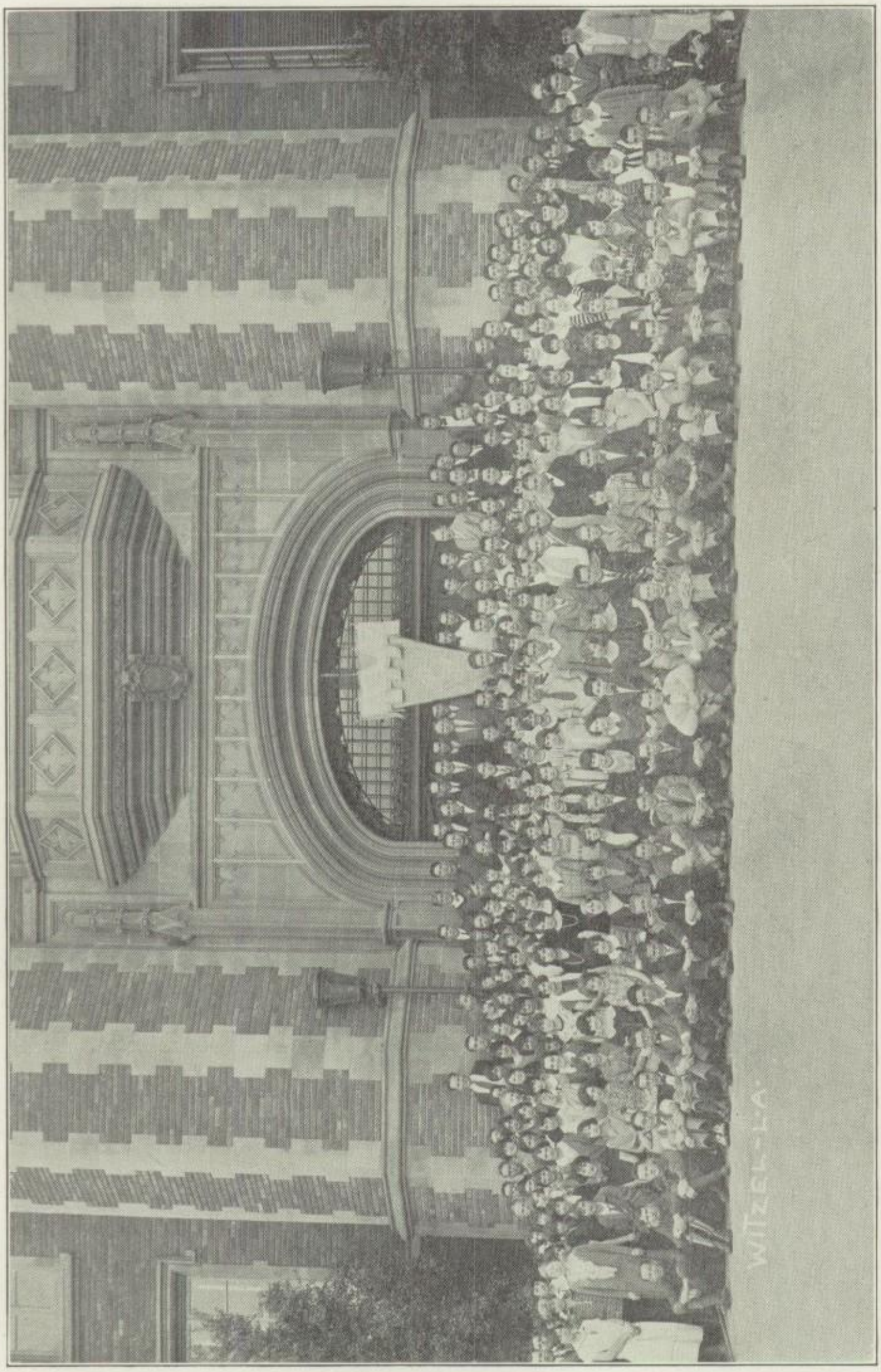
A heavy line, the same to all,
But what's the difference if they fall.

Fritzi Wacker

Vivacious Fritzi, fond of fun,
Would like to dance from sun to sun.

Milton Zuker

Meek manners and a modest mien
Are in this day quite seldom seen.


WIZELLA

SONNET TO WINTER

Jack Johnson

The trees are drap'd with cloaks of georgeous white,
The cloaks thou weavest with thy fleecy flakes
That make the meadows seem like dazzling lakes
Of richest ermine, with a touch of night.
The tallest peaks must yield before thy might,
And bow proud heads. until thy army makes
Of barren rock a heavean so fair it takes
The breath of those who chance to see the sight.

O, Winter, with what joy I greet thee now
As welcome change from summer's sweltering heat.
How glad am I to know that thou art here!
The lines of care have left my weary brow
As on the pane I hear the sound of sleet.
Winter, most glorious season of the year!

PARTED

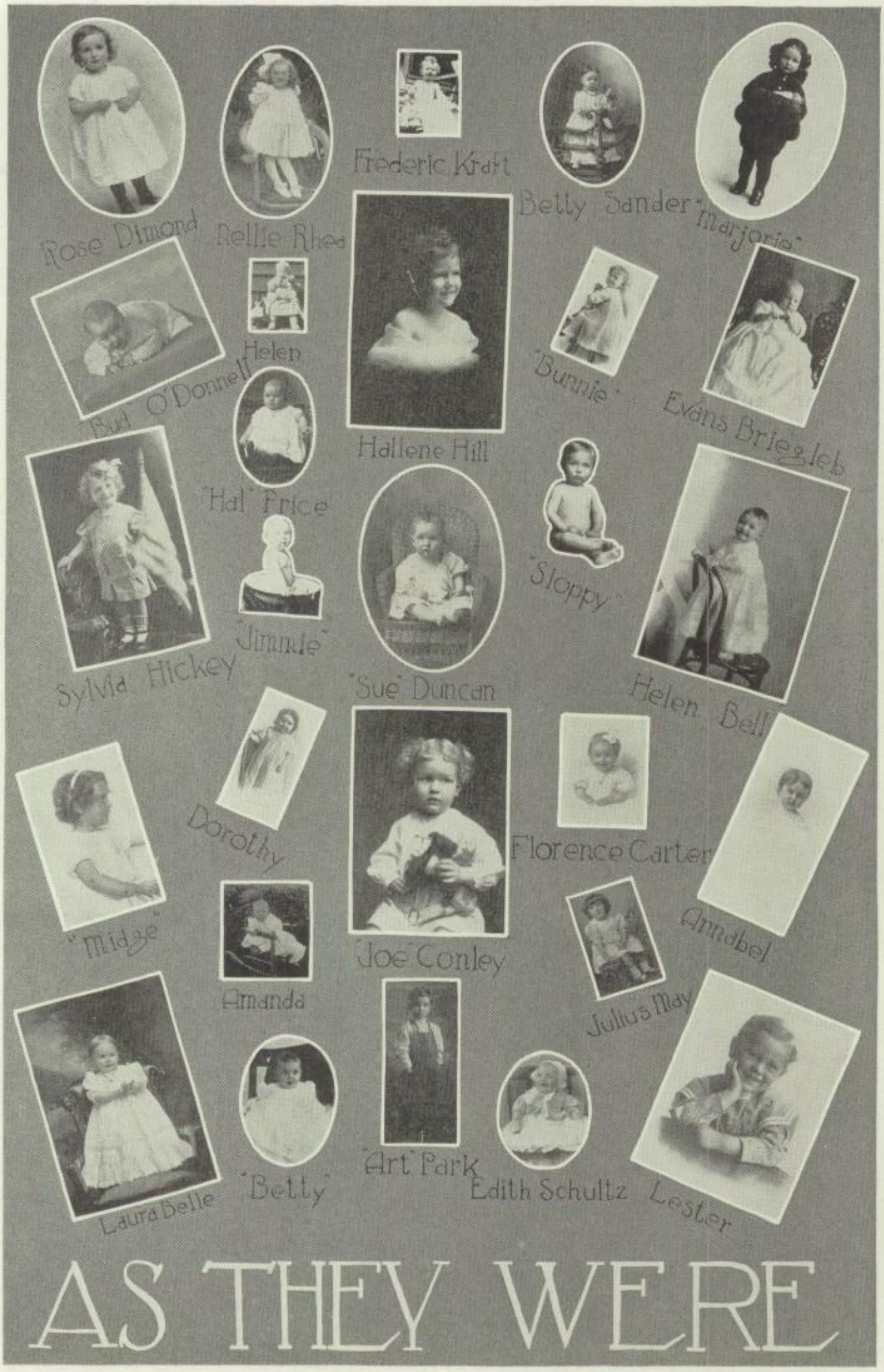
Bernice Palmer

Where is the touch of your hand in the dew-spangled dawn?
The thrill of a warm, trusting life near my own, that it brought?
Alas, like the soft shining dew, it has faded and gone,
And left but the quivering sweet of the touch in my thought.

Where is the smile you so gently bestowed at the noon?
The brightness of which shamed the glorious sun's gaudy gleams?
Where is the bliss of delight that departed so soon,
And left in its place but the strains of a song in my heart.

Where is the song that you sang in the eve's dusky thrall?
When we met in the midsummer's ecstasy, only to part?
Alas, it has fled, like the quivering leaves of the fall,
And left but the dim, bitter-sweet of a smile in my dreams?

WINTER '25



AS THEY WERE

WINTER '25

NAL. PRICE

AS THEY (the staff) MAYBE

CLASS WILL

We, the class of Winter 1925, being of a mind to alleviate the sufferings of the Senior B's caused by our departure, declare this to be our last will and testament: (Thank goodness!)

In a generous spirit of self sacrifice, we bequeath to the school our beloved teachers, Miss Lavayea and Miis Lockwood.

Art Park leaves his independence to Stanley Pomeroy. This is subtle.

Annabel Wagner leaves her charming personality to the next Girls' Division President.

Lester Gibson bequeaths his youthfulness to Roberti Alberti. This is ingenious of his since Roberta doesn't need it.

Amanda Strong leaves the trials of the editor to Harriette Segall and Theo Stewart.

Bud O'Donnell leaves his prodigious height to Dick McKey.

Helen Bell leaves her frivolous nature to Violet Graham. We hope this will enable Violet to overcome her extreme bashfulness.

Hal Price leaves his artistic temperamnt to Betty—just to keep it in the family.

Rose Dimond wants to leave her fast reputation to Laird Doyle. Not that he needs it but Rose just feels benevolent.

Marjorie Harriman leaves her ability to carry on successfully the affairs of the Blue and White to the next harassed editor.

Sylva Weaver (and Jimmie) leave their many cups to add to Janet Farrington's (and Joy's) colection. If the showcase in the hall were ours we would leave that too try to accommodate them.

To Ruth Gortikov, Micky Watson, and Christina Ballreich, Helen Henderson leaves her sweet disposition. There is plenty to go 'round.

Sue Duncan leaves her long hair to all the Senior B girls who are letting theirs grow. Names withheld because of lack of space.

Jimmie Camplin leaves his distinguished air to the Drake twins so that we can distinguish one from the other. (There will be no more puns after this.)

Fred Sturdy, wishing to grow up before he enters college, leaves his childish ways to Eldred McGreal although Mary Lott needs them almost as much.

Myers Butte leaves his conservative ideas to Elizabeth Kilpatrick.

Grace Shattuck leaves her fondness for speed to Al Cramer, hoping thereby to enable him to get to class on time in the coming term.

Since we feel that the best dramatic talent is leaving the school we have persuaded Raymond Stafford, Virginia Scott, and Douglas Montgomry to leave theirs with Mrs. Webb to develop in the young hopefuls in her Shakespeare class.

To Henry Garner, Jimmie Melton leaves his baby talk.

Fred Kraft leaves his ability to live above material things, both literally and figuratively, to Billy Ramsaur.

To Don Young, Bill Warren leaves his skill in "tripping the light fantastic," his handsome appearance, and his magnetic personality. With the start Don has already along these lines he should be the Beau Brummel of the class.

Laura Belle Mateer parts with her quiet efficiency in order to benevolently bestow it on Mary Alice Shryer.

Donald Angus leaves hs executive ability to Virginia Wilson.

Max Winter leaves the dues he didn't collect to someone who doesn't need any money. We can't think of anyone who answers to this description.

Bernard Bierlich leaves his nomination speeches to Victoria Schuck.

Maurice O'Haver wills the bright cracks he refrained from making to Ruth Paine. Never mind, Ruth, you don't need anything anyway.

Julius May leaves his sophistication to Virginia Kellogg.

We asked William Mabee and Tommy Middleton what they wanted to leave and they said they'd rather leave the school.

Betty Sander leaves her use of the expression "uh-huh" to John Prescott. Since he has so few words in his vocabulary he will appreciate this valuable addition.

Edith Schultz bequeaths her dimples to Stanley Mullni to make him even more attractive than before.

To Dorothy Service, Ruth Conklin leaves her tact and diplomacy. One can't have too much.

Jimmie Beazley leaves all the surplus jokes of the Annual to Leland Auer who will generously distribute them among his less fortunate classmates.

Chester Loomis leaves his invaluable "savoir faire" to Ethel Emerson. Since she is planning to lead a wild life next term, this may come in handy.

Evans Briegleb leaves the numerous clever signs with which he decorates the Annual office to Winifred Semmence. Winifred, it is said, believes in signs, so this is appropriate.

Sylvia Hickey leaves to Stanley Jewell her ability to put things over.

Dorothy Turton leaves her success in getting pictures taken for the Annual to hose people who didn't succeed in getting into the Senior B panorama more than once.

Betty Priseler leaves her ability to win all the prizes in birdge to Malvina Pozzo.

Nellie Rhea bequeaths her dignity to Virginia Krischbaum who will of course need it if she aspires to the rank of Senior A.

Dorothy Webb bequeaths her business-like walk to Jack Hanrahan who will doubtless use it to good advantage.

David Ordway leaves the tennis balls he has lost around the campus to anyone who can find them.

Earl Stone leaves the memory of his thrilling jump into the orchestra pit in the Senior A vaudeville to the school. May they never forget it.

Charles Kerlee bequeaths his most distinctive style of dancing to Jimmie White who, with this distinct adavantage over his classmates should prove most unusually popular.

Jean Robertson should be the happiest girl in the class of S'25. Hallene Hill was finally persuaded to leave her Southern accent, and Jean in the joyful receiver.

Upon Kathleen Fitz Margaret Bunn bestows her blue eyes. We couldn't think of anything Kathleen didn't have except blue eyes, so we immediately satisfied this need.

Joseph Conley leaves his brilliant inspirations to Martha Woodhead.

(Signed) CLASS OF WINTER 1925

Witnesses:

MISS LOCKWOOD

MISS LAVAYEA

SENIOR A EDITORS (Attorneys-at-Law)

CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

8—School! Aha! The enemy overtaketh us for another year.

9—Vacation again. Yes, they worked us so hard yesterday that we had to rest today.

11—Isn't life sweet? We were given our books this morning.

12—Defense Day. Mr. Andrew J. Copps, Jr. and Margaret Peck were the speakers at the aud.

15—Jimmie Camplin is the first entrant in the Blue and White Yell contest. Good luck, Jimmie!

18—Teacher, I lost my program. Will you sign it anyway? Program day has its hardships, allright.

19—The Big Sisters had a real struggle finding their little sisters under the new system.

22—The Forum Society is again in progress.

23—Aren't we lucky? The World Flyers passed over our school and we were allowed to go into the yard to watch them.

25—The Cinema Club had its first meeting today. Buster Keaton in "Our Hospitality" was the feature.

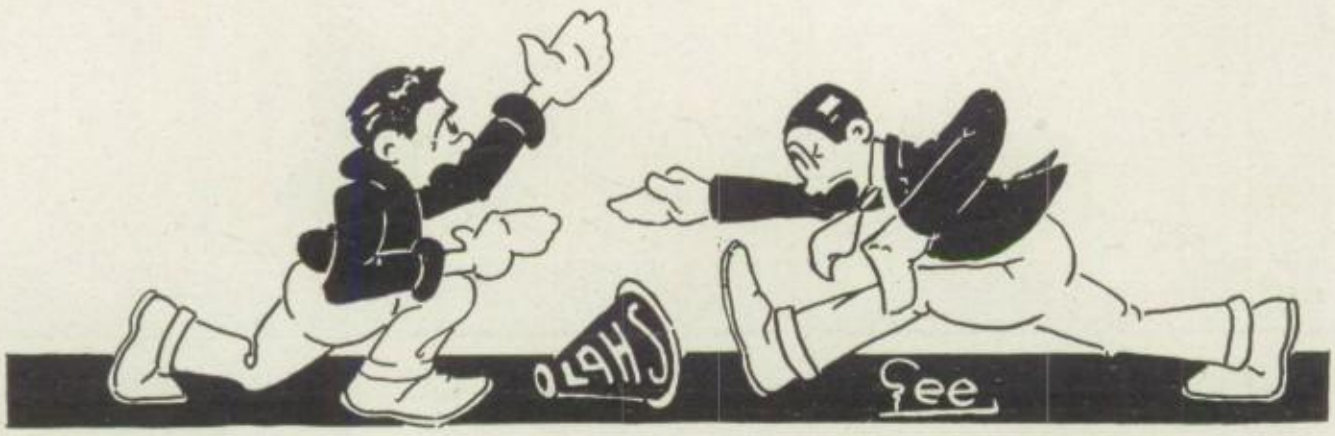
26—Hooray! The new Semi-Annual Staff assembled for the first time. Aren't we a fine looking crowd, though?

30—I brought my apple, did you? The Midnight Mission Drive is on in full force.

OCTOBER

1—I take great pleasure in—Nomination of officers of the biggest and best class ever graduated from L. A. High, W'25. (Hat's off!)

2—I nearly forgot. The Senior B's have their nominations. Best wishes, dear little inferiors!



3—Ali Bevo, Ali Bivo. The yell leader tryouts held today. It certainly was hot in those bleachers, though.

6—The Secretaries and Treasurers held their first meeting at Roll Call and Mr. Housh honored them with a speech.

8—Dr. Davidson gave us instructions in "How to Become Citizens" at the aud this A. M.

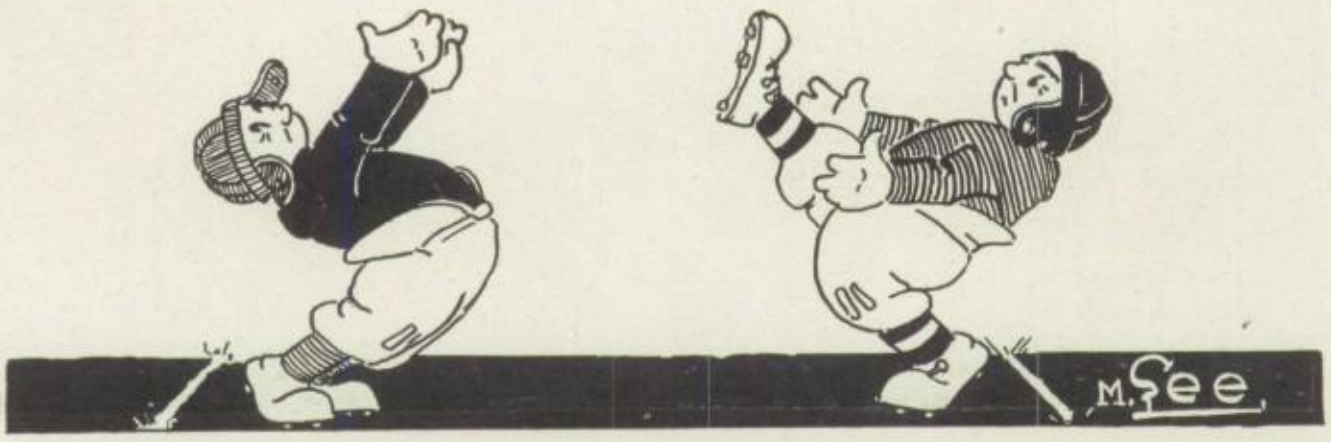
The Cinema Club presents "Heritage of the Desert.'

9—Good for you, Miss Blythe. The new music club is now on its way.

10—What do you think? We finished nominations today. It's too bad a few more couldn't have run.

13—"Smile now. See the pretty birdie? That's right." Oh, these awful pictures. Witzel's have started the job of giving the finishing touch to every charming Senior A.

16—The Shenandoah, in all its glory, passed over our upturned heads on its way north.



17—Blue and White Day comes but once a year and it's here once more. L. A. beats Franklin in the first game of the year, 21-0.

22—So Lester Gibson wants to be on the Girls' Graduation Dress Committee? Well, Lester, we don't want pastel shades.

The Annual Santa Fe aud call took place this A. M.

23—Mr. Housh spoke to the honorable Senior A's at Roll Call.

24—The dear, darling little Senior B's decided they would be grown up for a day, and so had a dance in the gym.

28—The Cinema Club presents Will Rogers in "Two Wagons, Both Covered," and there was an orchestra 'n everything.

29—Roosevelt-Navy Day. Mr. Marshall Stimpson spoke in the aud.
The Big and Little Sisters have another spree.

30—The Tower Luncheon was great. We surely did feel big way up there in the air.
Meanwhile the rest of the school had a rally.
"Beau Brummel" visits by way of the Cinema Club.

31—"An' the Goblins 'll get you ef you don't watch out." Halloween.
L. A. wins over Hollywood, 7-0.

NOVEMBER

4—Coolidge? No! La Follette? No! Davis? No! Senior A's? Yea bo!
School Day at the Broadway Department Store.

5—Judge Harvey and Mrs. Bradley spoke at the Community Chest aud.

6—Senior A committees named at Roll Call.
Miss Olga Steeb entertains the Music Club.

7—Weather: fair; feeling: fine.

9—First rain of the season. We'd nearly forgotten what rain is like.

10—Dr. Millikan's representative speaks to the Science Club.

11—The Forum Society has charge of the Armstice Day and Mr. Leslie Brigham sings, "Recessional."

12—Oh boys! The girls were locked in the Board room today! Thrilling!

13—A peppy rally was held for the Manual game. A jazz orchestra played and Field Thompson spoke.

14—Did Manual win? No, sir! They lost by 6 points.

18—We felt so sorry for the Senior B's that we had to give them the favor in the debate today.

Ten weeks are now over and we got our p's and q's.

19—Dr. Dexter of Whittier College spoke at the girls' aud and Mr. Walter Camp was the main speaker at the boys' aud.

Separate meetings were held to decide on girls' Graduation Dresses and the Senior A-B contest.

20—Yes, this is me. We had our get-acquainted party at Roll Call.
The Senior Orchestra gave a program for the Music Club.
The Scribblers Club visited the Hollywood Penpointers Club.

21—Of course we defeated Roosevelt, 38-19.

26—Very exciting was the rally for THE game.

27—Turkey Day. Poly and L. A. tie 7-7, but we aint gonna tie no more. We hope you got that Turkey dinner, Mr. Reilly.

DECEMBER

2—Periclean aud call. Mrs. Dorsey is the main speaker.

3—The A11's win the semi annual debate over the B11's.

4—The Music Club presents an Alumni program.

5—More rain in the A. M. (at night).

8—Good for the chemistry students. They really have a dance.

10—The Secretaries and Treasurers are not to be outdone. They also have a dance.

12—Mr. Reilly plays Santa Claus at the Santa Fe School.
Hurrah! Two weeks vacation.

17—The wise owls of the California Scholarship Federation have their annual banquet at Pomona.

25—WELL I WONDER!

27—The Blue and White Weekly gves its annual Alumni dinner-dance at the Mary Louise.

31—We make our New Year's resolutions.

JANUARY

1—New Year's Day. Resolutions broken.

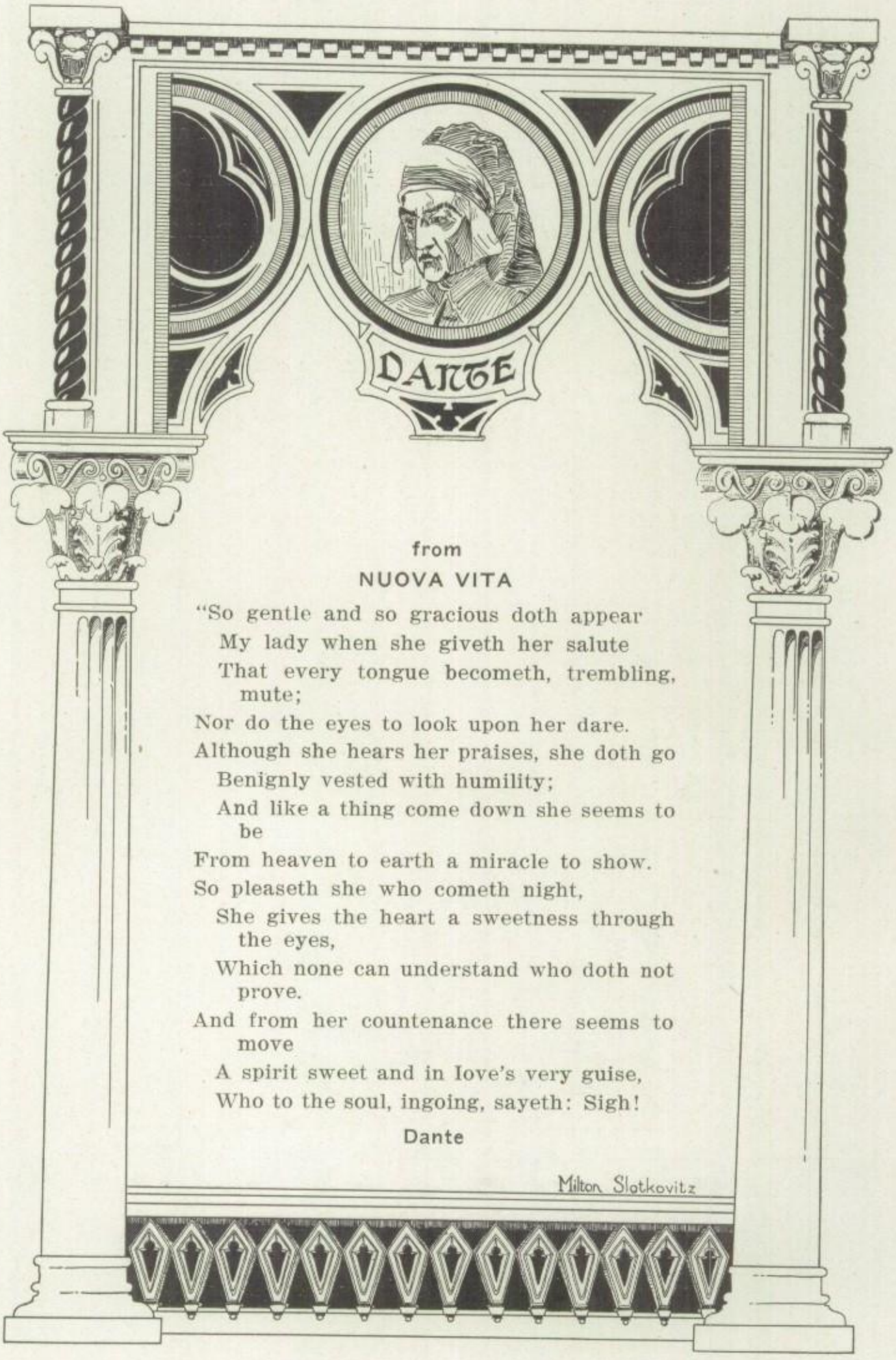
2—The best Vaudevil ever, presented by the Senior A's.

10—The Shakespeare class presents "Romeo and Juliet."

12—The Semi Annual goes to press, we hope.

28—Star and Cresent Day.
We get our annuals, maybe.

30—Ship Ahoy! We are off on the voyage of LIFE. Good-by.



from

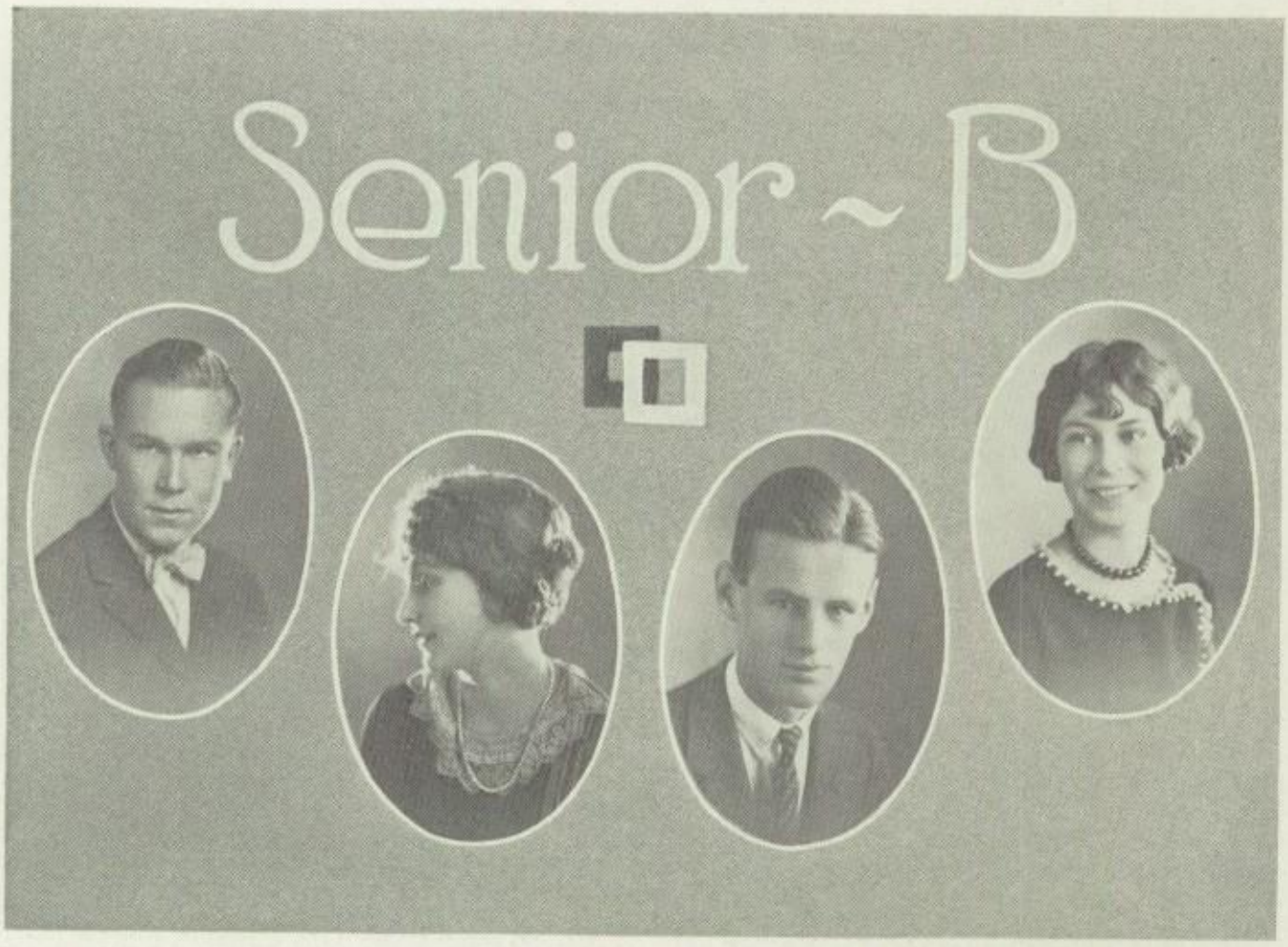
NUOVA VITA

"So gentle and so gracious doth appear
My lady when she giveth her salute
That every tongue becometh, trembling, mute;
Nor do the eyes to look upon her dare.
Although she hears her praises, she doth go
Benignly vested with humility;
And like a thing come down she seems to be
From heaven to earth a miracle to show.
So pleaseth she who cometh night,
She gives the heart a sweetness through the eyes,
Which none can understand who doth not prove.
And from her countenance there seems to move
A spirit sweet and in Iove's very guise,
Who to the soul, ingoing, sayeth: Sigh!

Dante

Milton Slotkovitz

SENIOR ~ B



Donald Young *Elizabeth Kilpatrick* *Stanley Mullen* *Dorothy Servis*

CLASS OF S'25

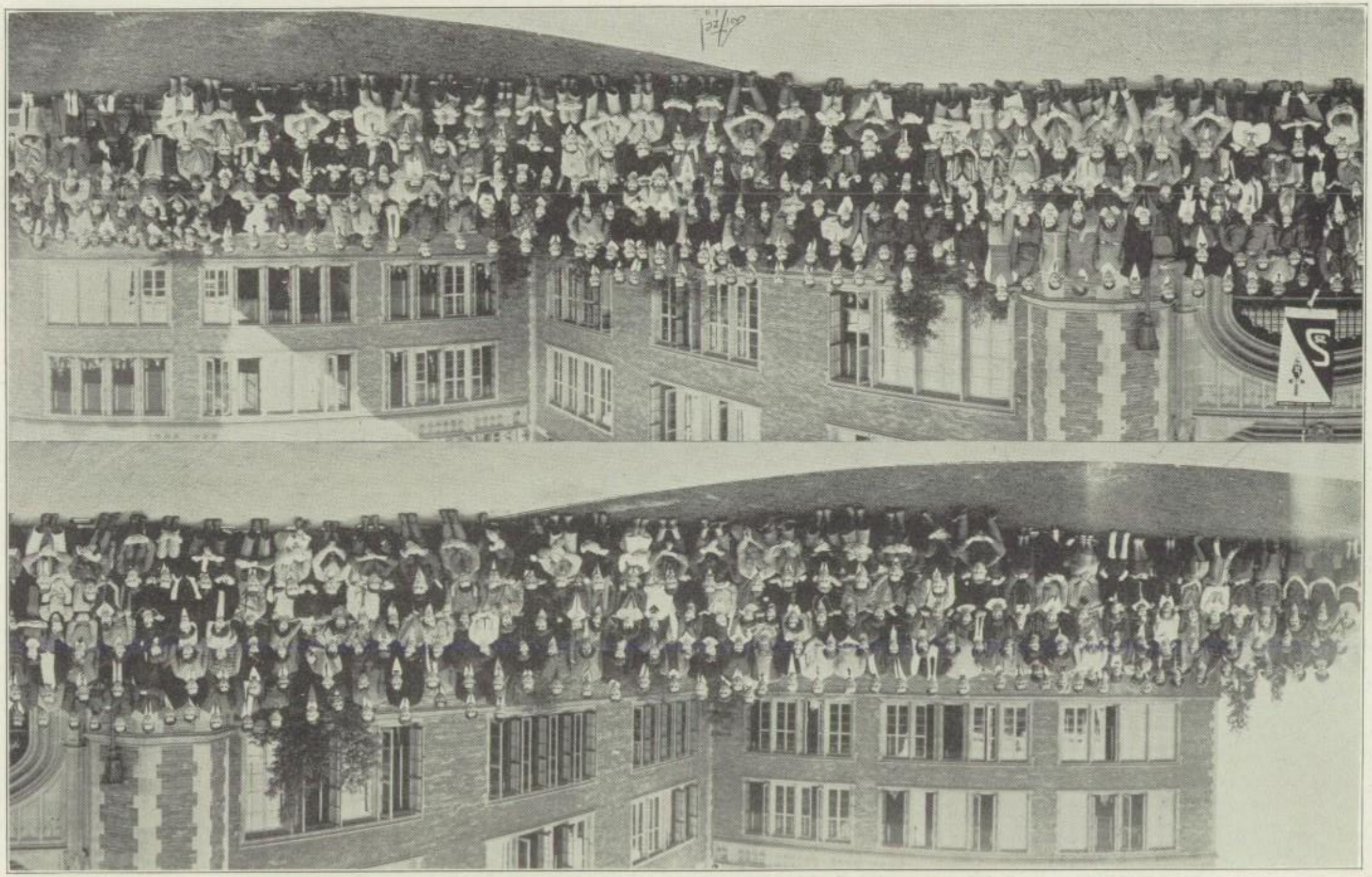
Not only is the class of S'25 distinguished by its numbers but also by its spirit and life. For quickly organizing a successful get-acquainted dance was given in the early part of the term.

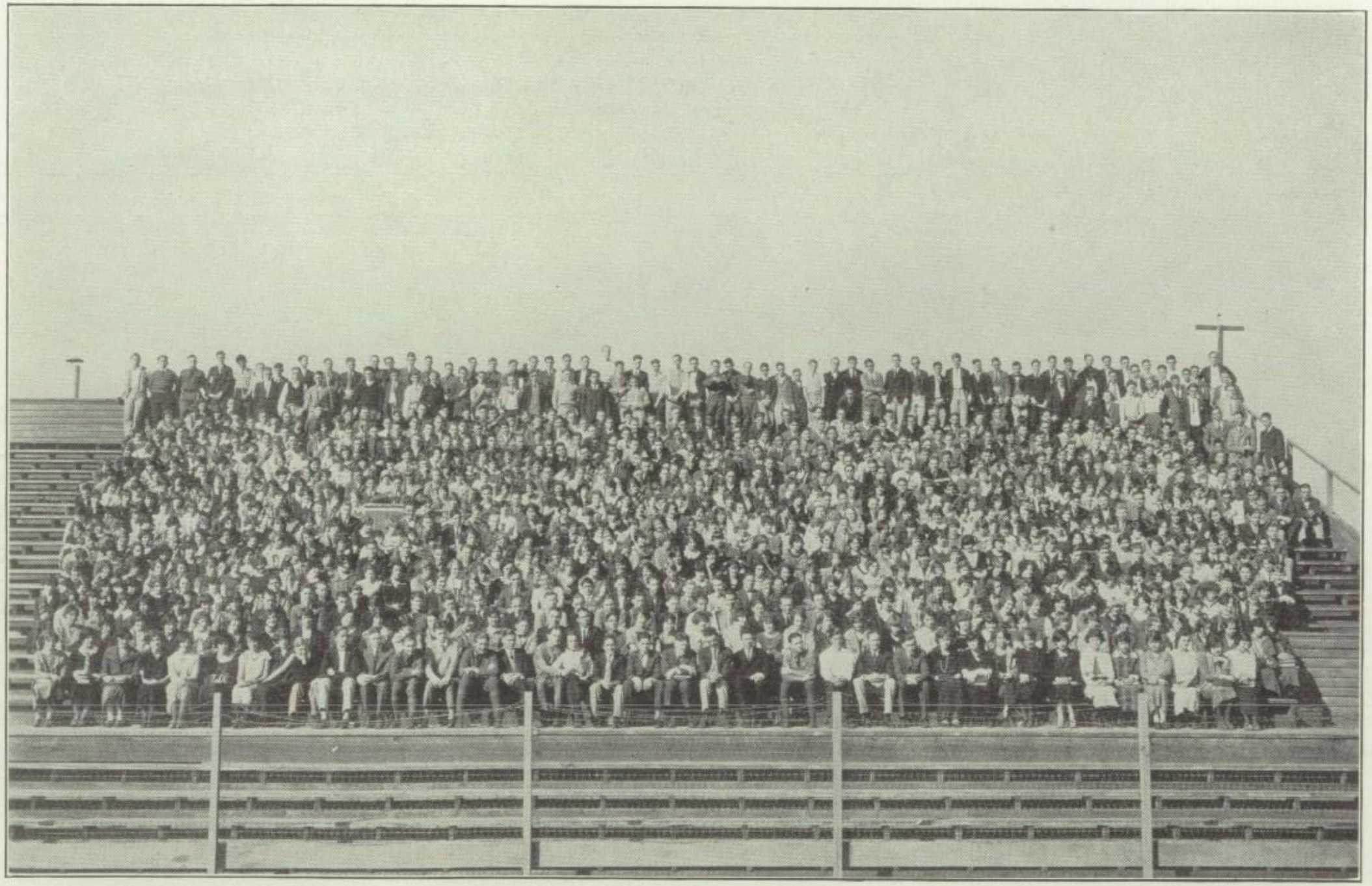
A unique pin in the shape of a dagger was chosen to be worn on the class colors of orange and white.

As there is so much talent in the class, the programs given in the weekly class meetings were unusually interesting and the semi-annual Star and Cresent dance was a most enjoyed event.

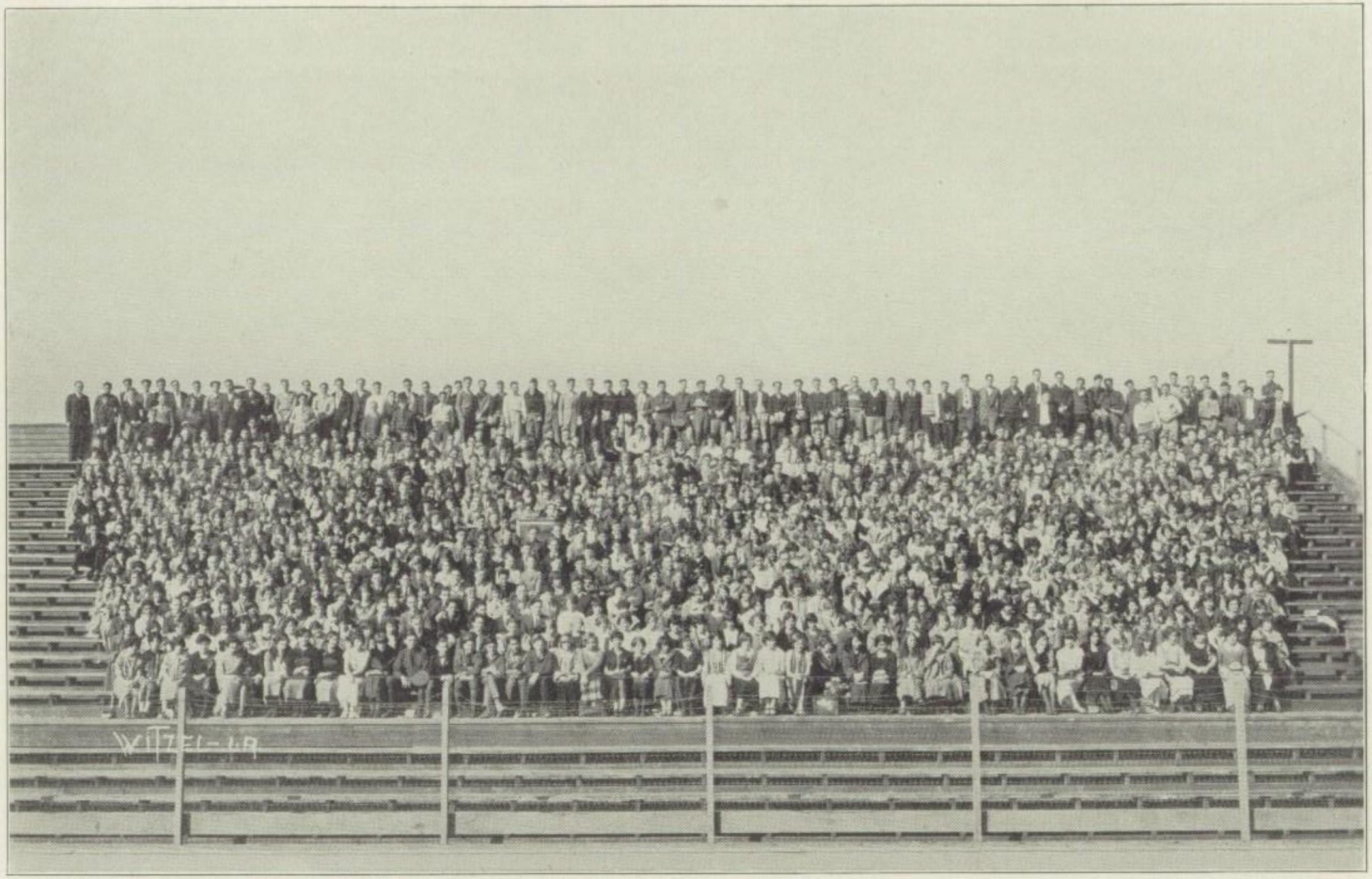
The class had for its officers this semester:

Don Young: President.
Dorothy Service: Vice President.
Elizabeth Kilpatrick: Secretary.
Stanley Mullen: Treasurer.





ELEVENTH GRADE



TENTH GRADE

BECALMED

Hal Price

Becalmed: and gentle zephyrs flapped the idle sails.
Becalmed: beneath the sunset's fading glare that hails
The sailor from the western sky,
Where sinks the light of day to die;
But dying, casts its filament of gold
Upon the low hung clouds longer to hold;
In graceful dips we rode each mighty swell
With each succeeding wave we rose and fell.
As rhythmically they came and passed,
Each one more soothing than the last.
They held within their hollowed depths deep blues,
And deeper greens, now toned to slate-like hues;
And patterned foam of fleecy white,
And basins black as inky night.
So, drowsy with the motion, I lay there
Upon the deck, content to let the air
In salty freshets waft along
My vision of the sea's own song:

With my motion,
I, the ocean,
Rock to slumber,
Lull to sleep,
Calm, all, under
Twilights' dreamland,
Sailors on the briny deep.

Gently breathing
With the heaving
Of my bosom,
Rock to sleep,
Rock to slumber
All my seamen
Out upon the briny deep.

In the twilight,
When the sky-light
Fades to slumber
In the west,
I will rock them
In my cradle,
For the eve'n time is best.

ALUMNI

MESSAGE OF THE PRESIDENT

The Alumni of the Los Angeles High school feel a loyalty to that institution as is seldom found in connection with a preparatory school. There are many reasons why this is so. The school bears the name of the city we are identified with. The principalship of Mr. Housh represents a long continued school policy rarely ever equaled. Above and beyond these reasons there is the spirit which has always existed among the rank and file of the student body. Whether in the classroom, on the platform, or on the athletic field, "Do your best " is the principle which governs.

The result of such thought is bound to manifest itself for the honor and glory of the school. The interest we feel in based upon a solid foundation.

In behalf of the Alumni Association we are glad to greet the graduating class and to tell them of the pride we feel in the work which has been done during the period they have been part of the student body.

Marshall Stimson
President L. A. Alumni Ass'n.

POSTING AT L. A.

Bailey, Thomas F.
Baker, Dorothy M.
Bemis, Florence M.
Boyer, Lucille V.
Brick, Lenore
Cotte, Renee F. D.
Elliot, Merion E.
Emerson, Jeane M.
Engdahl, Laurence W.
Frankel, Philip A.
Fitzgerald, Kathleen
Graham, Donald W.
Hall, Mary Capitola
Harlan, Martha A.
Hauerwaas, Evelyn A.
Hill, John D.
Horgan, Edythe L.
Israel, Ruth
Jones, Eleanor L.
Kerckoff, Herman, H. Jr.
Klien, Hazel M.
La Brucherie, Hortense A.
Lee, Marvin N.
Meunier, Frank C.
Mills, Eleanor V.
Moss, Billy
Revell, J. Clifford
Stoneman, George
Sylvester, Harry
Wilder, Doris E.

SOUTHERN BRANCH OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Aldrich, Mellisa
Anderson, Karin E.
Beck, Julius V.
Beckwith, Marguerite
Berges, Ellen
Berry, Dorothy V.
Bishop, Imogene
Boqua, Reginald A.
Boyd, Bernadine W.
Brown, Elizabeth
Bunnell, Eleanor H.
Ciprico, E. Fernanda
Colwell, Catherine
Coolidge, Julia
Cooper, Rose
Corbaley, Mary E.
Crabtree, W. Marshall
Crane, Helen A.
Crippen, Arthur R.
De La Vergene, Paul K.
Dove, Virginia E.
Dow, R. Getchell Jr.
Emerson, Ruth E.
Evgstead, Marjorie
Ferrington, Ethel L.
France, Marion
Franks, Olive F.
Froelich, Marion
Frost, Ruth S.
Garnier, Dorothy V.
Getty, Fern
Gough, Madelin R.
Gros, Charles S.
Guthrie, Helene
Hammer, Ruby F.
Heber, Bernice L.
Heber, Jessica H.
Hoke, Esther V.
Holt, James H.
Hoover, Edith Doreen
Hoover, Jane
Horton, Dorothy E.
Hunter, Paul R.
Huxley, Carroll M.
Isenberg, Janet
Jones, Alace M.
Kohn, Lillian,
Korstead, Emily
Larson, Leigh Marian
McCoy, Virginia
Mitchell, Ellen R.
Mitchell, Esther C.
Moorehead, Rose
Myerson, Joseph
Parrett, Robert H.
Pease, Helen
Pleasants, J. Gibson
Rhone, Caroline A.
Rishel, Luteva
Shearer, Mildred D.
Shull, Delia
Small, Helen M.
Stevenson, Virginia
Stuber, Alice P.
Tarkington, Ned H.
Tarnutzer, Byron W.
Thornley, John E.
Tregoning, Dorothy
Urtubees, Juanita E.
Varsaverian Ermance
Wardenberg, Bell J.
White, Arthur
Wiley, Janet
Worth, Lenore L.

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Aldhous, Fred E.
Ansley, Blanche E.
Auer, Mildred Maurine
Brown, Eileen
Campbell, Josephine G.
Dickson, Margaret L.
Dodge, Keith L.
Dyer, Bonar
Elias, Theo. E.
Elmquist, Paul W.
Faudoa, J. Augustine
Ferris, Thelma M.
Finn, Virginia I.
Gattone, Edmond
Gluck, Lorraine
Grannis, Edward W. Jr.
Greene, Carroll G.
Greenwood, June
Haskell, James D. (Dental College)
Humrichouse, Rose
Jacobson, Joseph
Johnson, Irene
Krystal, Sidney D.
Michael, Mary Elizabeth
Northmore, Mildred
Pabst, Bill
Partington, Julia M.
Rogers, John (Commercial College
Savard, Verna S.
Summerfield, E. Jean
Tyler, Wilson G. Jr.

AT STANFORD

Austin, Frederick L.
Bullis, Jack A.
Crebs, Wiliam J.
Edson, Charles F.
Harris, Robert H.
Hollingsworth, William I.
Post, Hoyt G.
Staub, Jack G.
Thornton, Edith
Vanden Akker, Kryne

WORKING

Akers, Mary E.
Barsumian, George
Baxter, Frank E.
Gerstenkorn, Henry A. Jr.
Goldstein, Isabel B.
Goldthwiate, Francis

Bennett, Violet N.
Berg, Laurena
Bethke, Robert Wm.
Bible, Harriet J.
Boring, Lydia V.
Bradt, Robert W.
Bryant, David L.
Burton, John
Bush, James H.
Callaway, R.
Cravens, Florence
Erwin, Nellda W.
Field, Margaret
Fraley, James B.
Freeman, Arthur J.
Gallen, Frederick R.
Gayman, Chas. W.
Gonzalez, Emilio A. Jr.
Gottier, Evelyn W.
Gradwohl, Leo S.
Hall, Roland
Hefferman, Alice
Herman, George
Hickox, Hazel M.
Hill, Raymond C.
Mueller, Charlotte
Porter, Frank W. L.
Riches, R. Melvin
Sussman, Belle
Swetow, Earl
Wallace, John
Werner, Josephine
Wertman, Rebecca
Work, Marian

AT HOME

Alexander, Frances E.
Augspurger, Hilda C.
Babcock, Alyce O.
Bennett, Violet N.
Blackmer, Hardin C.
Burge, Anita
Chase, Lucy P.
Cruzen, Isobel
Cummings, Edward H.
Davis, Barbara A.
Dixon, Grace I.
Drumm, Frances
Fish, Dorothy G.
Flaxman, Max
Frankhouse, Marguerite Mary
Friess, Lucille M.
Germon, Marie T.
Gladstone, Fannie
Goldsmith, Jeannette H.
Hughes, Osee M.
Kilton, Luretta A.
Lane, Frances A.
McCluer, Betty B.
Nelson, Mary Jane
Norfleet, Frances
Northrup, Edith L.
Osterloh, "Teddy"
Riley, Pauline
Ross, Frances
Shonehair, Maxine
Stanley, Maxine G.

MISCELLANEOUS

Badham, E. Dick—Pomona.
Barnett, Blonch—Eloy, Arizona.
Beck, Bertha—Miss Fulmer's Kindergarten School.
Bloomberg, Roslyn—Mac Kay Business College.
Cain, D. Julian — Cleveland, Ohio, School of Civil Engineering.
Carroll, John D.—University of Nevada.
Clark, Constance—Mill's College.
Clark, Myrtle, I.—Attending school in Fullerton.
Clarke, Frances P.—Business College.
Cobleigh, Olive I.—Business College.
Cohen, Jeanette D.—California Commercial College.
Colton, Virginia—Santa Barbara.
Cook, Ruth—Married.
Coppes, Josephine—Woodbury's Secretarial School.
Geopfert, Margaret A.—Business College.
Gerson, Cecil A.—U. C. at Berkeley.
Gyles, Walter B.—Visiting in San Jose.
Hall, Beatrix D.—Woodbury's Business College.
Heath, Helen—Dana Hall, Boston.
Hecox, M. Helen — L. A. Coaching School.
Jay, Donald F.—University of Washington.
Kuckenbecker, Mary A.—Business College.
Kavanaugh, Wilma E.—Costume Designing School.
Kern, K. Lolo—In Honolulu.
La Bine, Evelyn A.—San Diego Normal.
Lancester, M. Frances—Married.
Mayer, Mary D.—Cumnock.
Newmark, Norman—Princeton.

from

THE BALLADE OF THE BRIDEGROOM

At dawn of the day the hawk claps wing,
Beore the day his song to fling,
Moved by his life's nobility
Over you thus desire leads me,
Returns and to the lure sweeps he.
Joyous, and, striking towards you, fleet,
Swiftly to take love's food from thee.
Espoused for this do we two meet.

Dear one, my heart to thee shall cling
Ever till death makes his decree.
Olive to make the shadows flee.
Laurel all victory to bring:
Reason has written it that we
Ever shall find our life complete.
Devoted thus eternally,
Espoused for this do we two meet.

More—when to me comes suffering,
Fortune brings such fatality,
Before thy gaze all-conquering,
Driven like smoke by wind 'twil be.
And I will loose no husbandry,
Nor seed sown in thy garden sweet.
Its fruit shall hold my imagry.
Espoused for this do we two meet.

Villon

Edward Stodel

LITERARY

WEIRD WARES

Upper division prize poem

Virginia Scott

I would not to Araby
Nor any common land.
Nor south sea, nor north sea
Nor shining coral strand
Can offer the weird wares I crave,
And place them in my hand.

Sea foam and scarlet,
Star dust and mist,
Lost laughs and king's crowns,
Sweet lips unkissed.
Far lights—mourning music,
Gay perfumed gowns,
The look of a lover,
Night's hidden sounds,
Wine from Olympus,
Jade daggers and gold,
Dreams of all dreamers,
Rimes new and old,—
These things are fairest, yet seldom sold.

Prize Organization Story—Forum

By BERNICE PALMER

In the first place, his name was Theodore Hathaway, and he expected, in his perfectly innocent and goggle-eyed way for you to call him Theodore, which was bad; and in the second place, he spoke, as he would say, "his mother English with as perfect and correct enunciation as his faltering tongue would possibly permit," which was worse; but even then he might have passed unnoticed except for a few pitying glances, if it hadn't been for the composition. Good grief! how any normal being could burn the midnight oil writing poetry for English class when all that Miss Halbridge had asked for was prose, is more than I can see. But then, Theodore wasn't normal. He was, in his own polite, obscure way, mildly insane. And the worst part of it was that he was good-looking. The first two or three days I saw him I though him quite the cat's whiskers, but then, that was before I heard his voice. I'll never forget the shock my equilibrium had the first time I heard him speak. It was on the third day of the term when I met him in the hall, and I had called up my best smile and "hello" when he said very gravely, "Good mawning, Miss Charles, isn't it puffectly won-n-nderful outside today?"

However, to get back to the composition, Miss Halbridge had asked for a theme on our ideals. Now ideals are not particularly public affairs and one doesn't usually like to tell the world that, well, as Katey said, "one's ideal is to meet the Prince of Wales or Ramon Navarro," and besides, we all knew that Miss Halbridge had the perfectly autrocious custom of making the students read their compositions to the class. So of course we all wrote polite uninteresting little things and let the rest go.

Well, as per usual, as soon as class started, Miss Halbridge began to call on those who looked as though they were suffering more acutely than the rest, and before long her eye fell on Theodore who was passionately sharpening his teeth on the end of his pencil, and called on him. He marched up like a soldier and I couldn't help but feel sorry for him. He was so good-looking!

"Mine is a poem," he announced, and the class grew still as a ninth study hall, "and after considerable concentration, I have decided to entitle it, 'Alma Mater.'"

There was on impressive pause of expectancy and one or two premature giggles, and then he began in a deep melodramic voice,

"Ah, that I might sometimes be
A hero of humanity,
That in the course of human strife,
I, alone, might—"

His voice was drowned in a low gurgle of astonishment that swept into a titter of amusement. I turned to him pityingly, expecting to see him turn white and purple as any other boy would have done in the misery of that moment. But not Theodore—oh no. He stopped at the noise and looked up, a girlish blush tinting his cheeks, and then he smiled, quietly, modestly, a smile such as Washington might have used after Valley Forge, a smile befitting a great man who has done a correspondingly great deed.

Miss Halbridge sat dumbfounded while he went on to the end where he thundered out,

"Alma Mater, give me strength
To work, to live, to die—for thee."

He hung his head modestly at the sudden quiet and took his seat, and Miss Halbridge said abruptly, "We won't have any more compositions today, we—er—I'm afraid none of the rest will be able to come up to that one."

"My word, I hope not," somebody said at the back of the room, and the tension was relieved in a burst of laughter.

After class, Theodore walked down the hall with me. I was a trifle embarrassed, and I felt that walking beside him would sort of put me on the shelf too. We didn't say much but I noticed that he seemed bothered, so pretty soon I said, "You look as though you might burst by'n by if you didn't come out with it pretty soon." He looked sort of surprised and grinned sickly and finally blurted out, "Well, yes, that is—I did have something I intended to say to you. I would be greatly delighted to receive a little advice. You see, I have been considerably interested in the activities of the football team every night after school. The game, while a trifle rough, has a great deal of scientific value, and I have been considering going into the team. What do you think?"

Well sir, I was too thunderstruck to speak. Good grief! I could just see the coach's face. Why Theodore Hathaway had never played a game of football in his life.

"Why," I said finally, "I think they've got all the fellows they need this year," (I had a mental picture of the hundreds of boys who'd have given twenty years of their life to play on the team, and who could play too) "You see, they pick the team pretty carefully."

"Yes, I know," he said, "Well, never mind, it won't hurt to try."

"No," I said faintly, "It won't hurt to try."

What happened next I never did get quite clear. It seems that our team was all light that year, and the coach was wild for some real hefty guys. The big game of the year was with Westport and their team averaged fifteen or twenty pounds to the man more than ours. Now Theodore was tall, and Theodore was wiry, and on top of that, Theodore weighed about twenty pounds more than he looked and though he'd never played a game, he knew football from every angle. So the coach said he'd try him out.

It was the joke of the school. He was so serious, so sure he was going to play in all the games and do something big, and, as everybody said, "make himself the hero of humanity."

The first game of the year was with Central, and Theodore as a sub. never got a chance to leave the benches. Honestly, any ordinary guy they would have kidded the life out of, but he was so sorrowful looking that no one said a word.

The year had started off swell. We licked Central all hollow and expected to do the same to Ingleside next week. We did, but the victory was spoiled. The heavrest man on our Team was Tony Mann, halfback, and in the last quarter of the game he was tackled by about the whole team at once and had his arm broken. The coach was wild. Westport was all set and ready and here were we minus a halfback. It was awful. The week dragged by and we all knew that the halfback chosen, little Faraway, was about half the size of their men. We gave up hoping to win and only yelled at the rally for the team's sake. For it was a cruel blow. It would mean the loss of the city championship to Westport and we could already hear them crowing.

Friday came and the stand was packed. That's one law we have here, we die game. Wel, in the first quarter, little Faraway played hard, but it wasn't any use. We couldn't seem to make any yards at all, and to cap the climax, Westport scored a touchdown, which, however, didn't go over the goal.

Theodore sat on the benches and raved. Every once in a while he'd go rushing wildy over to the coach and come back like a whipped puppy. It was plain to see he wanted something and couldn't have it. The half came without any change in the score and Theodore still raved.

At the end of the third quarter, little Faraway was knocked out. The coach was calm with dispair, and he hesitated while Theodore begged, pleaded, and stormed, but he finally sent him in.

If we were blue before we were purple now. No one had the slightest hope or the slightest interest. The game was lost as far as we were concerned.

The last quarter came and a good deal of it passed while the Westport team wriggled down to our goal for another touchdown. We got the ball, though, before they got a chance, though we didn't have any hope of scoring, for the goal seemed miles away.

Then I saw Theodore getting ready—there was a pause, a rush, and he had the ball and was running, with five husky Westport men waiting in front of him. Well sir, they all met at once, and he went down with them on top like so many dominœs. He looked sore as he got up and I could just imagine him thinking of Alma Mater.

They started again and he got the ball same as before with the same five men waiting for him. He lowered down, aimed square and ran straight forward and just as the center man grabbed him, twisted first right, then left, and the two tackles met with him running free. He went down that field doing spiral nose dives all the way; he squirmed out of those fellows' hands like a jelly fish and they running after like steam engines. About two yards from the line two fellows caught up. He felt them and just as they grabbed he made a big leap. The ball went over and he went down under them. When the fellows came running up and pulled off those tackles, there he was lying as still as mud with his hands over the line. They shook him a bit thinking he didnt realize he'd done the deed, but he didn't move and they carried him off while the crowd went crazy.

The game ended seven to six, and just as we were leaving they brought Theodore out on their shoulders, yelling like mad. He was leaning back smiling that quiet, modest, smile that somehow seemed all right now, and I was thinking how we'd treated him sort of mean, when all of a sudden he saw me.

"Oh, I say, Betty," his stenorian voice boomed over the crowd, "would you wait a moment?" I waited while he jumped down and came to me while all the girls turned pale with envy. "They are honoring me with a football dinner this evening and I wondered if Imight have the pleasure of your company."
He saw my nod and was gone again, and feeling the staring eyes I swelled an inch higher.

After all, this hero stuff isn't so bad.

BROKEN ROMANCE

Prize Organization Poem—Scribblers

Doris Conner

Spanish garden, jasmine scented,
Window filled with sunset flame,
Black haired maiden from that window
Leaning as her lover came.

High gilt comb in raven tresses
'Round her shoulders, shawl of lace,
Shadowy fan of gay embroidery
Hiding half her blushing face.

Gay youth kneeling there before her,
Laughing eyed, guitar on arm,
Singing love-lilts in the twilight
To the maiden he would charm.

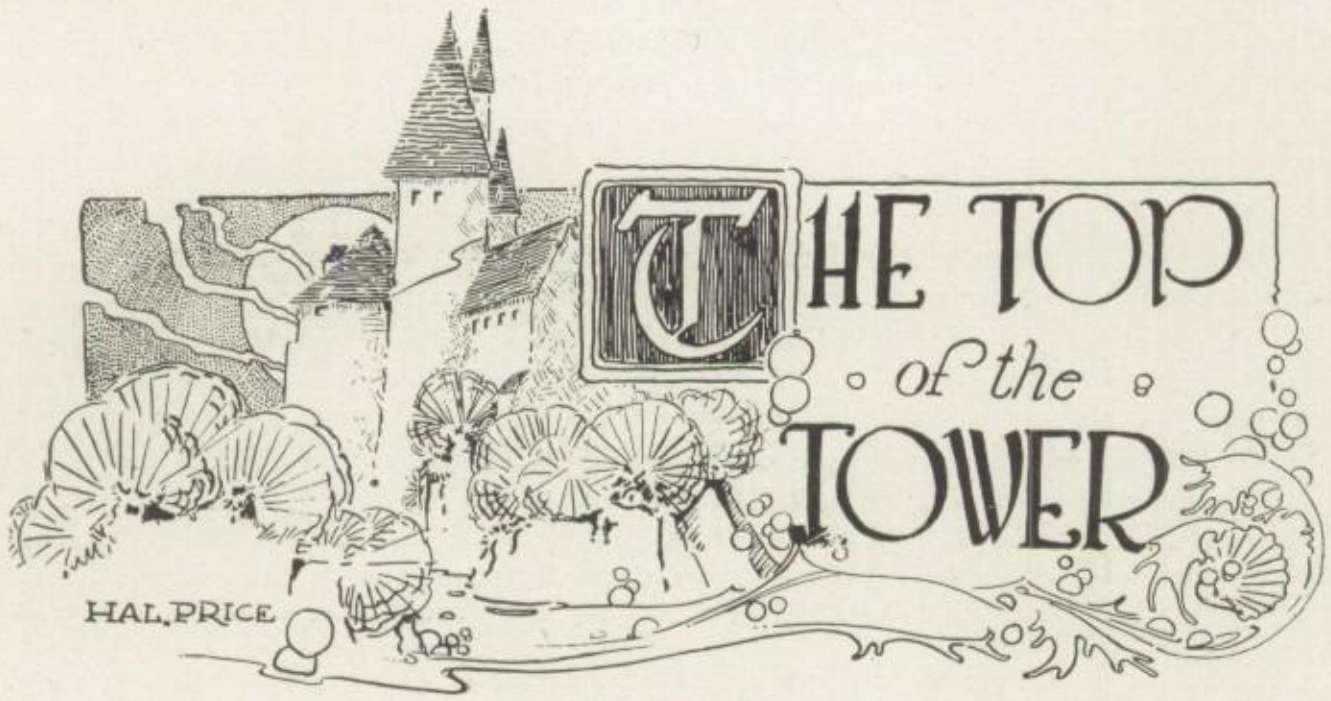
Roses nodding on the trellis
One she plucked and threw to him;
Laugh triumphant, soft guitar thrum
Then—silence in the starlight dim.

* * * * * * *

Out of the mist of a thousand years
Into the dawn of to-morrow,
Onward stalks Death, the spectre grim,
And his allies, War and Sorrow.

Thunder of cannons, clash of arms,
And driven back, wounded, and slain
By those pagans, the Moors, at Granada,
Were the valiant heroes of Spain.

There midst the gore on that battlefield
Many lives bravely came to a close;
Over one heart that would ne'er beat again
Was a crushed and faded rose.



THE TOP of the TOWER

Upper division prize story

RELMAN MORIN

"Alfred," the old man gazed fondly at his nephew, Alfred Emsworth, the rising young physician, "You're still a young man; take my advice and stay on the right side of your profession. Don't go off at a tangent and ruin your whole career with some foolishness that may cause a deal of trouble and will certainly give you a bad reputation with your fellow physicians."

"Trouble! Why Uncle, it'd mean no end of good to the world." The young man was terribly in earnest. He leaned across the table, clenched fists pounding its smooth mahogany surface. "My idea would change the entire modern social system. The human race would have time for the better things rather than spending nine-tenths its day grubbing out an existance. It's at least worth the attempt."

"What plans have you?"

"I believe it would be simple. Just a machine, an automaton controlled by electricity. Make muscles of steel and operate them on the same principle as in the human body. Let buttons control an electric current to take the place of nerve impulses and you have it."

Sir Jeremiah was a retired English physician. After a long successful career attending the wreckage of London's metropolitan life he had settled down in this ancient baronial castle on the Isle of Wight to spend his declining days. This young man, son of his dead sister, was all the sentiment left to him after the years of stark materialism. And now the boy had some crazy idea that might ruin his whole brilliant future.

Emsworth, despite his youth, had already made a name for himself in his profession. There was that affair of the grafted brain and the time that he kept the heart beating long after it left the body. Now he had a new and wilder idea—a human machine. Millford stood up.

"Alfred, this is not only a foolish impractical idea, but it might do a great deal of damage. I shall do my utmost to deter you. Will you consent to go to the Tower with me tonight?"

"Certainly, Uncle, but why?"

"My affair. I believe we have just time to dress for dinner," and he left the young man.

Emsworth followed him with a quizzical glance. "Wonder what he's thinking of," he murmered. Still he wasn't disposed to take the old man lightly, knowing his disposition. He went up to dress.

William, the valet, had just finished folding away his shirts and was preparing to leave the room when Emsworth said,

"You've been with my uncle a good many years, haven't you, William?"

"Yes sir, more than fifteen I believe."

"How long has he lived in this castle?"

"His lordship has often visited here from his London residence and stayed here more than a year once."

"Now William, tell me something: is there a room above this one and if not, where does the staircase at the end of the hall lead?"

"His lordship once had his laboratory in the tower above this room, sir. That staircase leads into the tower and thence to the laboratory."

"Does Lord Millford ever go up there anymore?"

The man paled slightly. "He has not been in the tower for several years, nor has anyone else. In fact, it is forbidden that anyone go up there."

"Why?" Emsworth was getting intensely interested and wanted to follow up the route.

I am not at liberty to tell you, sir. Except that something terrible happened up there, I can say no more."

"I see. All right, thanks, William. You may go."

The young physician mulled over the knowledge gained from William and tried to connect it with his promise to Lord Millford as he dressed, but couldn't make anything of the puzzle. He made a mess of his tie and realized that his hands were shaking with some emotion. William finally tied the tie for him.

Dinner was unusually quiet. Emsworth made one or two weak attempts at conversation which failed utterly before Millford's bleak answers. It was evident that his lordship was thinking hard, so the young man held his peace and waited results. Nothing was said of his idea. They had coffee and cigars in the library.

Millford smoked a cigar and leaned back eyes closed. Finally he said, "Alfred, you will go to your room and remain inside for two hours. Be here at eleven thirty exactly. We are going on a hazardous and bizarre adventure. Ring for William, if you wish anything." Emsworth consented and went to his suite.

He became engrossed in a book, and never noticed the passing of time until a knock on the door suddenly brought him back to this world. It was the impeccable William who brought the news that his lordship was waiting in the library for Mr. Emsworth and that it was quarter of twelve. The young man threw down his book and went down stairs.

On the second landing, a window was blown violently open almost in his face. A fierce gust of wind tore through and the wailing of a terrific wind storm sounded from the outside. The sea roared against the rock cliffs with a deep thunder. He heard the wind singing past the castle. Te old grey tower stood out like a ghostly watchman against the rifted clouds. Every stone seemed to cry out a tradegy. Emsworth shivered slightly and closed the window.

Lord Millford was standing with his back to the fire as the young man entered the library.

"Enjoy yourself, Alfred?"

"Very much, Uncle. I got interested in a wild sort of a story. Some American writer, Poe I believe his name was. Quite off the beaten path. By the way, did you know a storm has arisen?"

"Yes, ghastly night, isn't it? Still it's the right sort of setting for our adventure. I'm sure it will impress you all the more. By he way, Alfred, your heart's all right, isn't it?"

"Sound as a top, why?"

"You look flushed. Well, are you ready?"

"Just a moment, Uncle. I want to know what this is you're going to do. What are you going to show me?"

"A terrible mistake."

"Why?"

"To save you from making a similiar one."

Emsworth looked his uncle over closely but the old man seemed the same as usual. There had never been insanity in the family or he might have worried a little.

"Well," said Millford after a moment, "Are you ready?"

"Quite."

"Then follow me. Wait, have you an electric torch?"

"In my wardrobe. Send William for it."

"William is not in the castle tonight. It is not necessary that you bring yours. Mine will be sufficient."

They mounted the stairs and went past Emsworth's room. Coming to the stairway, they went higher and higher into the tower. Finally they encountered a stout oak door, bolted and securely locked. Millford produced a key and took off the lock, but it required the utmost pull on the part of both men to bring the door open. The great portal finally swung inward, creaking and groaning.

A gust of cold, musty air greeted the two men as they stepped inside another hall. Fifteen yards down the hall was another small flight of stairs leading to the right. They advanced. The entire tower was silent as a tomb even the wild ragings of the storm never pierced into that musty place. Milford's torch threw a clean white light around, showing a number of pieces of furniture all covered with white cloth.

Climbing the last stairs, they entered a large room at the very top of the tower. It appeared to be a laboratory. Tall cases and cabinets stood against the wall. All were covered with a white cloth. A musty, dry smell was in the air. There was also a hint of chemicals.

Millford looked around as if returning to a once well-known place after a long absence. He turned on an oil lamp and said, "This was once my laboratory, Alfred."

"I know it. What happened here, Uncle?"

"How do you know anything happened here?" The old man was almost fierce as he talked.

"I quizzed William as much as possible, which was very little, and managed to learn that something once happened here which caused you to close the tower to everyone."

"So I did. Take the cover off that case, son."

Emsworth stepped over to a tall cabinet in one corner of the room and cut the cords which bound the white covering. He looked into the cabinet, and fell back, uttering a cry of surprise. "What's this?"

"An automaton."

"Did you make it?"

"Yes. Several years ago."

Emsworth gazed at the figure in the case. It might have passed for the bronze statue of a man. More than seven feet in height, with great, massive arms and legs. The thing made an awe inspiring sight. Its face was crude, showing clearly the marks of a human hand.

"Why did you keep it a secret? Did it have anything to do with the terrible thing that caused you to close the tower?" cried he young man.

"It did."

"What happened?"

"One night it got beyond my control and killed a servant who was my helper up here. I fled and waited with William until the battery which is its life should run out."

"Are these the buttons that made it work?" Emsworth pointed to a set of switches on the wall.

"Yes. They all had a definate purpose." Millford stepped to the wall and turned he swiches, one by one.

Emsworth cried out in amazement. "It's moving!"

"It can't be. These batteries are years old. Turn off the switch." Millford had left the side of the cabinet and was out of reach of the buttons. The automaton was truly moving. Its arms and legs raised and lowered slowly as if shaking off the stiffness of years. The great head turned this way and that. Suddenly, one great arm was raised, a massive fist was lifted and sent crashing through the glass door of the cabinet.

Emsworth was paralyzed by the sudden move. He turned to find his uncle, but the Earl was nowhere in sight. Downstairs the old oak door creaked and closed, breaking the silence of the tower.

Out of the case stepped the machine. Emsworth turned to fly and fell over a chair directly behind him. An ominous crack was heard. Being a physician, he knew his ankle was broken.

The automaton went round and round the room, with great measured steps. Emsworth watched it and attempted to drag himself out of the room. No use. Suddenly the great figure stopped. Turned slowly and advanced toward the prostrate man.

Emsworth wanted to cry out but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. Another great step—in a moment it would be on him. The crude clay face seemed to have a fiendish look. Still another—one more and it would touch him. Before that step could be taken, Emsworth fainted, and the automaton did a strange thing.

It took off its own head and pulled off its own skin. Out of the suit stepped William the butler. Lord Millford entered the room from behind one of the cabinets.

"Fainted, didn't he William?"

"Yes your lordship, kneeled right over, just as I was about to take another step. He was white as a ghost."

"Well carry him downstairs. I must look that ankle. Still I think he's cured."

DESOLATION

Lower Dvision Prize Poem

Natalie Van Zand

A long expanse of rocky coast
Beneath a leaden sky,
A fortress old upon the cliffs.
Where storm tossed waves dash high.

The angry wind sobs loud and long,
The rocks frown on the sea;
Water and wind together sound
Like souls in agony.

The ruined fortress, towering grey,
Has stood for many a year;
What tales the churning sea might tell
Of what has once been here!

Its crumbling walls, then strong and new,
With cheers and shots have rung;
When foes assailed the guarded coast
While the country yet was young.

There cannon and old broken guns
Lie scattered on the floor;
Left thus by hands that long ago
Guarded their native shore.

Forsaken now, the old fort stands,
The elements cry loud;
Around the place a gath'ring fog
Falls like a funeral shroud.

THE FANTASY OF DREAMS

Chester Loomis

Dusk in an Eastern garden
By the shores of a turquoise sea,
Where the lotus dreamed in splendor
And a swan sailed somberly.

The croon of a boatman's flute
Crying aloud to the moon,
Ah, silver notes in the darkness,
A melody ending too soon.

Cypress dripping with moonlight,
Incense adrift 'neath the sky,
And the faint, faint odor of roses
Withered and old and dry.

For thus when we are alone
Come memories, and it seems
They last but a golden moment,
The Fantasy of Dreams.

THE LOTUS EATERS

BY DORIS ELIZABETH CONNER

Like a rim of fire the sunset clouds spread across the horizon, mystic yet massive. Sultry breezes from the desert swayed the green tendrils that formed lacy silhouettes against the flaming sky. The dying sun spread its myriad rosy rays o'er all the landscape and, afar, the glistening sails of crafts, creeping slowly up and down the silvery river, caught and reflected the flickering gold and gleaming crimson. But dusk was falling fast and, already, soft purple shadows were blending with the reddish gold. The oncoming darkness made startling contrast to the radiance of the west.

With a gesture of impatience the artist threw his palette and paintbrush to the ground.

"Oh hang it all!" was the discouraged cry wrung from him, "I can't paint that! I can't! If I could I would be inhuman, immortal; for it is the work of the Great Master and who—who can pretend to imitate Him? It's no use! I shall have to return to Karnak and make an attempt to picture some of the temple ruins against a splotch of red. It is so—so discouraging after this," and his hands dropped limply to his sides.

"Ah, m'sieur, is it so bad?" came a low voice from behind him.

He turned and then drew back in astonishment. He had expected to see one of the native village boys—but no! He might have known that no village boy spoke French in that throaty, tremulous accent. It was a girl, slender and straight, with deep, dusky, fathomless eyes, and hair so black that a haze of blue seemed to linger over it. The sunset flare lent a piquant note to her finely chisled features and mystery to her slightly slanting eyes. He could see in the dying light that her face was a shadowy olive tint and but a shade lighter than the natives.

"And who are you?" he asked before he recovered from his surprise; and then, remembering she had spoken in French, he repeated his question in that language adding, "And how did you know I was discouraged if you do not speak English?"

"Ah, M'sieur," she laughed tantalizingly, "I could read discouragement in your actions, in your voice. I did not need to understand the words."

"But you! Who are you?" he insisted.

"Nobody, m'sieur. No one. Just Dydido. 'Tis not my real name but what my father calls me when he is here. My mother was French but she died long, long, ago, and I lived many years in a French convent. Now I live at the house of my father, who is an Arab. He is very rich and makes long journeys across the desert sands, always returning with wondrous treasures,—silks, in-

cense, jewels. There m'sieur, I have told you all! Will you not be kind and tell me about yourself and why you were frowning so dreadfullly when I startled you?"

The young artist started to laugh mockingly and tell her to run along but something made him hesitate. perhaps it was Dydido's appealing little gesture.

"There's nothing much to tell," he began curtly, "except that, as you know, I am an artist." Then, somehow he plunged madly on into the middle of things and painstakingly related how he had been chosen, with several other artists, to take part in the contest Monsieur de Farelle, the famed connoisseur of art, was conducting that he might obtain the best painting of a subject of Egyptian origin, how he had borrowed a large sum of money in order that he might come here and paint, and how he hoped to win the prize which was a fortune in itself, in order that he might marry the girl he loved.

He went on to tell her of Lila, the beautiful girl for whom he was working so desperately. His eyes glowed, he forgot everything around him nor did he see Dydido's sloe eyes narrow as he vividly pictured Lila with "hair gleaming red and gold like the sunset he could not paint."

"Thank you, m'sieur," she said quietly when he had finished. "It is dark and I must go. We shall meet again, perhaps." and she was lost in the shadows.

He laughed softly at the quaint adventure and then he turned his thoughts to other matters. But somehow he could not quite forget Dydido.

Two days later he saw her sitting at the pond where bloomed the lotus lilies, lightly dabbling her fingers in the water. He started to approach her but she arose and, with a little laugh, threw him a lotus blossom and fled.

He did not see her again for a week but always she haunted him. He could not paint but only sketched idly. Sometimes the sketches were of lotus blossoms and sometimes they were of sloe eyed maidens with dusky hair.

One day he was dallying in such a manner near the spot where she had first crept upon him. It was the noon hour and not a breeze broke the unruffled sultry heat. The sky was as of molten copper and even the green things radiated warmth.

"Oho, m'sieur! Do you no longer work for your golden-haired princess or is it because of the heat that you have declared a vacation for yourself?" whispered a soft little voice and there was Dydido.!

"Where have you been? Where have you kept yourself?" he demanded, glad to see her rather than shamed by her accusation.

"No place. Nowhere. Only chasing idle fancies."

"Come chase a few for me, now and then, won't you?" he smiled.

"Ah m'sieur, you have caught the fever!"

"What fever?"

"The fever of the lotus blossoms. One breathes their fragrence and all is forgotten but dreams."

"Dreams are often better than reality," was his quick reply.

"True, quite true! And life is all too short to be spent in bitter reality. But I must go." she ended.

"When will I see you again?" he demanded impulsively.

"I know not, m'sieur. Perhaps tonight by the pond where the lotus blossoms grow." and she was gone.

He met her that night underneath the stars midst the subtle fragrance of the lotus blossoms; and again the next. She sang him little odd French chansons and entranced with the dances of an Arabian slave girl. Forgotten was his picture, the contest, the borrowed money. Even Lila, the golden-haired princess, was a faint and far off memory like the unreal notes of distant bells.

Day after day passed like so many golden minutes and Autumn came and went. The three months, at the end of which time he was expected to return, were lost forever and still time sped on. The lotus blossoms had indeed cast their spell over the young artist.

One morning he awoke late and with a dreary sense of forboding. Per-

haps Dydido's chansons had begun to wear. He meant to tell her so. Alas! The fragrance of the perfume had become monotoneus, even sickening in its sweetness.

It was in this mood that he recieved the letter, the first in a month. Hastily slitting the envelope he drew out the sheet of note paper. As he read a flush of anger and shame o'erspread his contenance. It was signed by Monsieur de Farelle and stated in very humiliating language that, while he deplored the fact that he would never see the money he had lent the artist again, he would despise him even more for breaking his trust in him and proving to be such a blackguard. His stinging sentences remained long in the artist's mind and inexplicably infuriated him.

There was a rap on the door of his hut and burly Arab entered, demanding rent for the last two months.

As the artist went to the secret niche where he had kept his money hidden, he thought of Monsieur de Farelle's accusations and it hurt to think he must pay this man with money that did not belong to him. He opened the little niche and then, with a gasp, fell back, his face livid, ashen grey. The niche was empty except for a slip of paper rolled up like a cigarette which lay in one corner. This he hastily unrolled.

"Mon cher monsieur:

This is to bid you goodby for you shall never see me again. You were so simple, so easily tricked, I could not resist the temptation. I am not Dydido, the daughter of a wealthy Arabian merchant—I am Dydido, the daughter of Sheik Al Ahmed, the renowned bandit of the Bedouins. You have me to thank for relieving you of the small fortune that was not yours.. Here's to the spell of the lotus blossoms and the fool who falls under it!

Dydido."

"Oh what a fool I've been——what a fool! I might have known——fool that I was——fool! Fool! Fool!" He kept repeating the word in a perfect frenzy of self accusation. He strode over to the table swept his loved books off on the floor in one mad stroke and then, falling on his knees, buried his head in his hands.

Only the flutter of book leaves, stirring slightly in the breeze, marred the sultry ache of silence, and presently, he looked up. A well worn copy of Tennyson's poems lay open before him and instinct bade him pick it up. It was open at a passage in "The Lotus Eaters" and he read:

"Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotus dust is blown.
We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
Roll'd to starboard, rolled to larboard, when the surge was seething free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam fountains in the sea.
Let us swear an oath and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotus-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind."

"A Lotus eater! A Lotus eater! It's what I—I have been,——'careless of mankind'." He slowly passed his hand over his palid brow.

"A Lotus eater!" he repeated and then a look of wonderment passed over his face and his dark eyes began to glow; for out of the dust of his failure and despair grew the beautiful flower of inspiration, nodding enticingly, invitingly, ready to be plucked.

* * * * * * * *

A humming, jostling, excited mob were gathered closely around one corner in the Paris Saloon where a new picture had but recently been hung "on the line." There were several medals and ribbons upon it but it was not so much these as the picture, itself, which attracted general attention.

It was a beautiful piece of art and the figures in it seemed to stand out as

if alive. On one side a man lay dreaming, bedecked with lotus blossoms and in his eyes was a far off sleepy gaze that seemed to center in a half-hearted way on the young girl beside him. She too was bedecked with lotus blossoms but the mocking gleam in her sloe eyes belied her listless attitude as she sat dabbling her fingers in a pond filled with the flower of the lotus. Behind them was a huge gate through which one could see fading memories endeavoring to enter, but the gate was held fast by a frail chain of lotus blossoms which could not be broken. O'er all spread the rosy fires of a dying day, symbolical of opportunity fading as the young man dreamed in forgetfulness. It was called "The Lotus Eater."

"Who is the artist?" asked a young girl of the stolid critic who had been standing nearby for hours. She had two stars for eyes and a wealth of reddish gold hair.

"Monsieur John Howell," was the reply.

"John Howell? Mon Dieu! Tell me is he here? Do you know where he is? Where can I find him?" she cried excitedly.

"Over yonder," and the man pointed him out to her. This was the second person who had asked him those same questions in the same excited tones within twenty minutes. The other had been an oldish man with white hair and an aristocratic appearance. He too had shouted "Mon Dieu! John Howell!" in an excited manner and raced off madly.

The girl approached the artist, hesitantly.

"Jack, have you forgotten me?" and he whirled around.

"Lila! Lila!" he stammered. It was all he could say but his eyes told her he had not forgotten.

"I knew all the time it was not so—the dreadful things they said about you. I—O Jack your picture is splendid! Where did you ever get your inspiration?"

"Ah, Lila! Monsieur de Farelle came and asked my pardon for doubting me. He also offered me a huge sum of money for it which I have accepted because—because—O Lila—I—" but they were gone from the Salon and only the "Lotus Eeater," had that crushing, grilling mob known it, could tell the tale of why the young artist had been misunderstood.

'TIS LOVE

Margaret Peck

'Tis love would make the desert bare
A paradise with loved ones there.
It matters not what eye can see,
If love abideth not in thee.

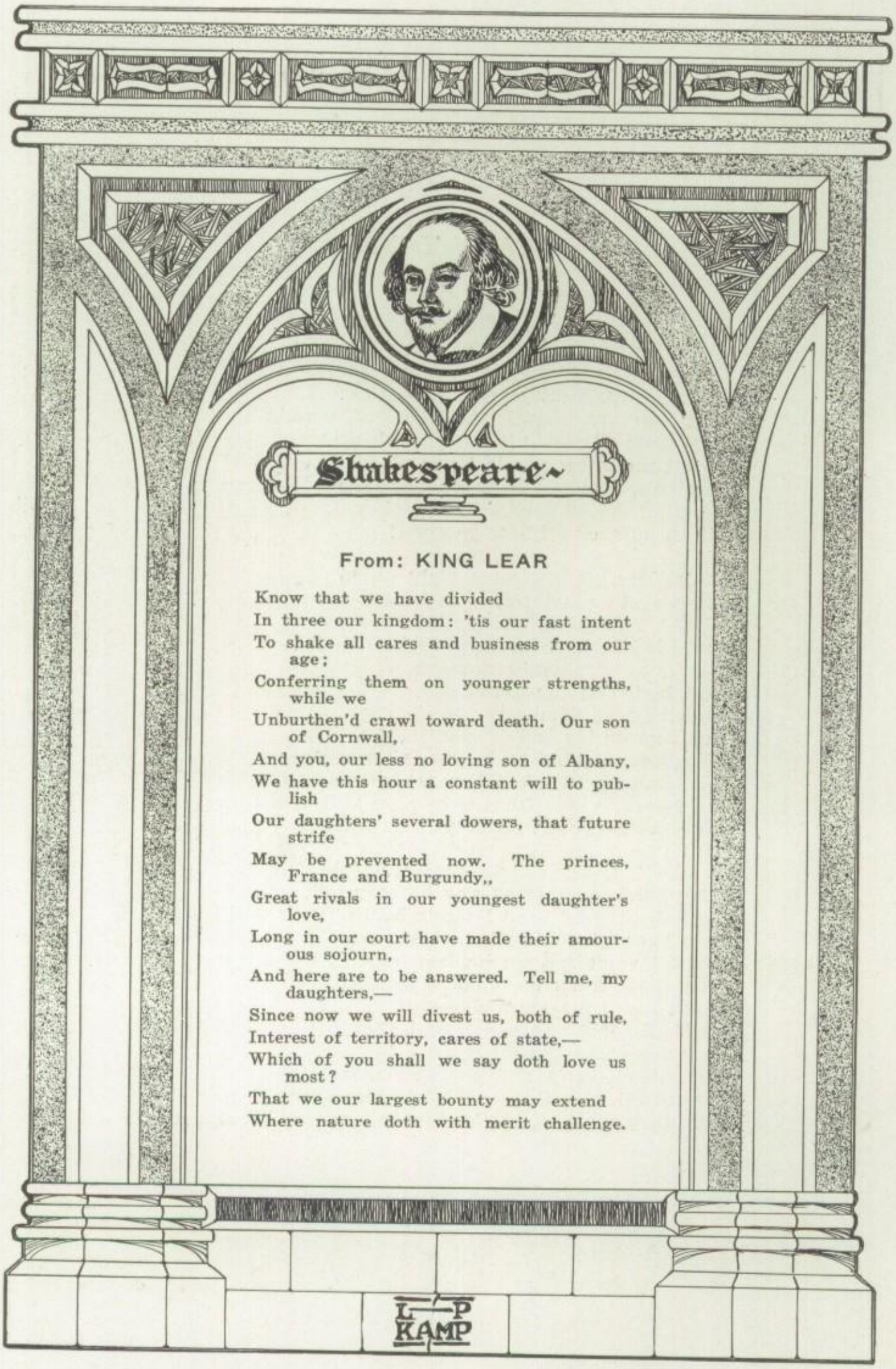
LAZY TOM

Ilon Barth

Tom! here, git up you lazy runt.
There aint no use a-layin' there to grunt,
I know yer only playin' yer was sick.
Git up afore I let ya feel this stick!
Why don't ya answer me 'stead of moanin'?
That Boss o' yers ull soon be phonin'
To let me know yer lost yer place,
Just cause ya lay there on yer face
'Stead of yellin' papers like ya should.
Git up now, or I'll beat ya good!

Hello, Mrs. Smith, come right on in,
The way this step-son loafs here is a sin.
What? You think he's really sick!
And his lips look kinda white and thick?
But he ain't movin' any more,
Just layin' on the floor
Like he was dead.
But I guess instead
He's just a-foolin' so he needn't work.
He always was a-findin' some new way to shirk.
I'm getting kinda fraid o' him, so still, and thin.
Ya don't suppose he really is all in?

My God! Look at them eyes so purple shut.
They stick out big as any hickory nut.
He's dead: and here I was a-beatin' with that stick.
And even give his ribs a kick.
Lord, I can't scream loud enough to make
That poor kid's body come awake!
Don't touch me—nor him—
God! He looks so young and slim
Just layin' on the floor.
He's dead,—he's not alive no more.
He's dead, and God! I kicked him while he died.
Oh, ain't there no dark place fer me to hide?



Shakespeare

From: KING LEAR

Know that we have divided
In three our kingdom: 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our less no loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amourous sojourn,
And here are to be answered. Tell me, my daughters,—
Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,—
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.

L P
KAMP

ACTIVITIES

House of Reps

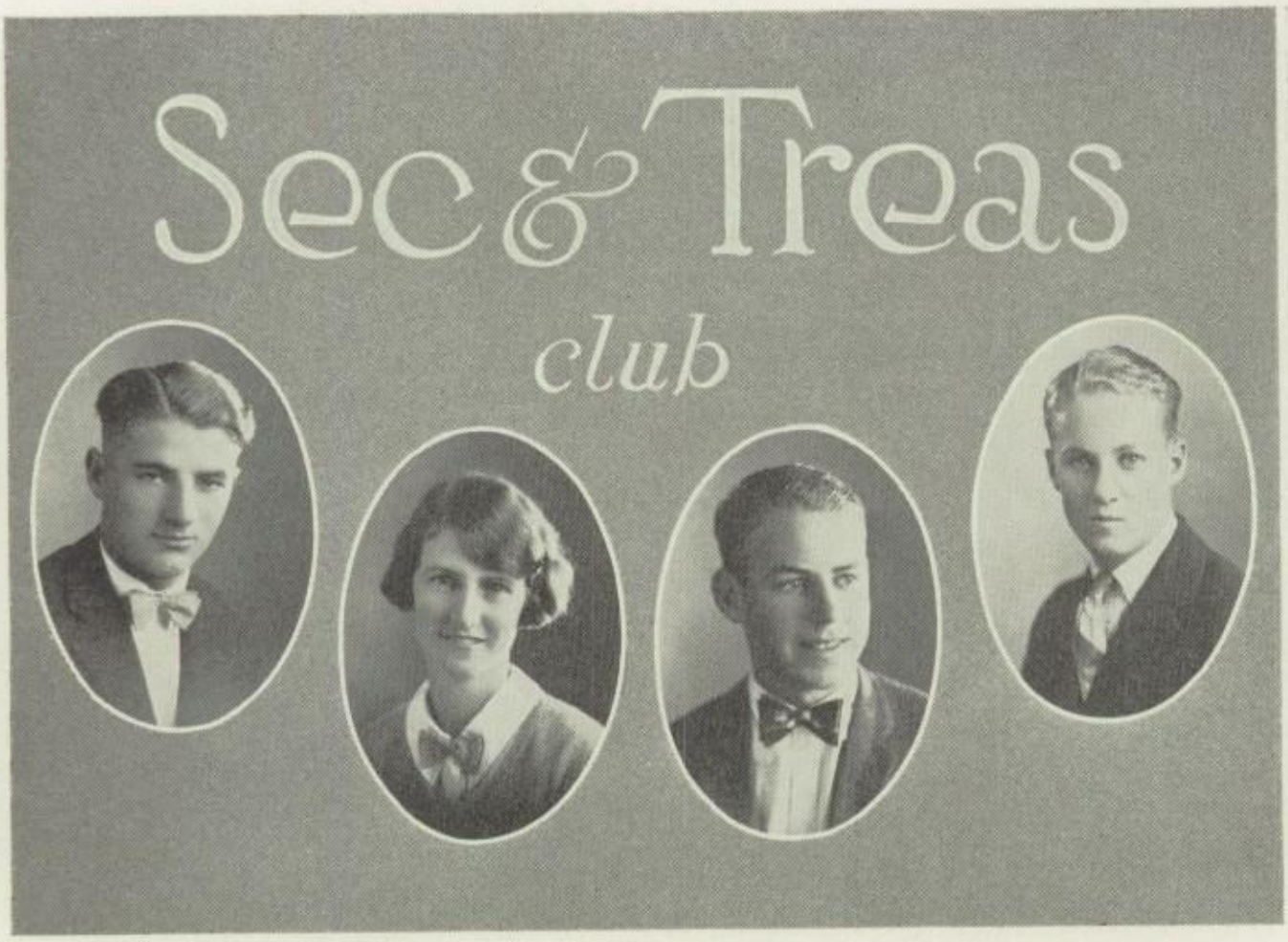
Arthur Park *Virginia Crews* *Alexander Gill*

The House of Representatives, the most importanat organization in the student government, has for its officers this term:

Arthur Park: President.
Alexander Gill: Vice President.
Virginia Crews: Secretary.
Mr. Benson: Treasurer and Faculty Sponsor.
John O'Brien: Sergeant at Arms.

The House of Representatives consists of the class room Presidents, representing every class room in the school. They meet on Tuesday, every week, during roll call in an informal meeting, of which meeting Dr. Edwards has had charge. Dr. Edwards deserves much credit for his assistance in the solving of school problems through the class room presidents.

The major piece of work for the House of Representatives this term, has been to find a solution for the problem of the loss and mutilation of library and text books. This has been a tremendous proposition and still faces the House of Representatives.



Paul Edwards *Grace Shattuck* *Manuel Thompson* *Fred Harris*

The Secretary and Treasurer's Club, which is composed of all the classroom secretaries and treasurers, was organized two years ago by Odgen Chapple.

It is a unique feature of the club that the Student-Body Manager of the school acts as Ex-officio President. The other officers, a vice-president, secretary, and treasurer, are elected by the club members.

The activities include weekly meetings, which are held in the auditorium during roll call period every Monday, and one dance during the term.

It is the aim of the club to have a speaker at each meeting and to have co-operation among the secretaries and the treasurers in their work.

To earn a pin is it necessary for the secretaries to have twenty inches of news in the Blue and White Weekly, and for the treasurers, a 100% classroom in Blue and White Weekly subscriptions, and also efficiency in their other work as treasurers.

The officers for the past term were:

Ex-officio President: Paul Edwards.
Vice President: Fred Harris.
Secretary: Grace Shattuck.
Treasurer: Manuel Thompson.

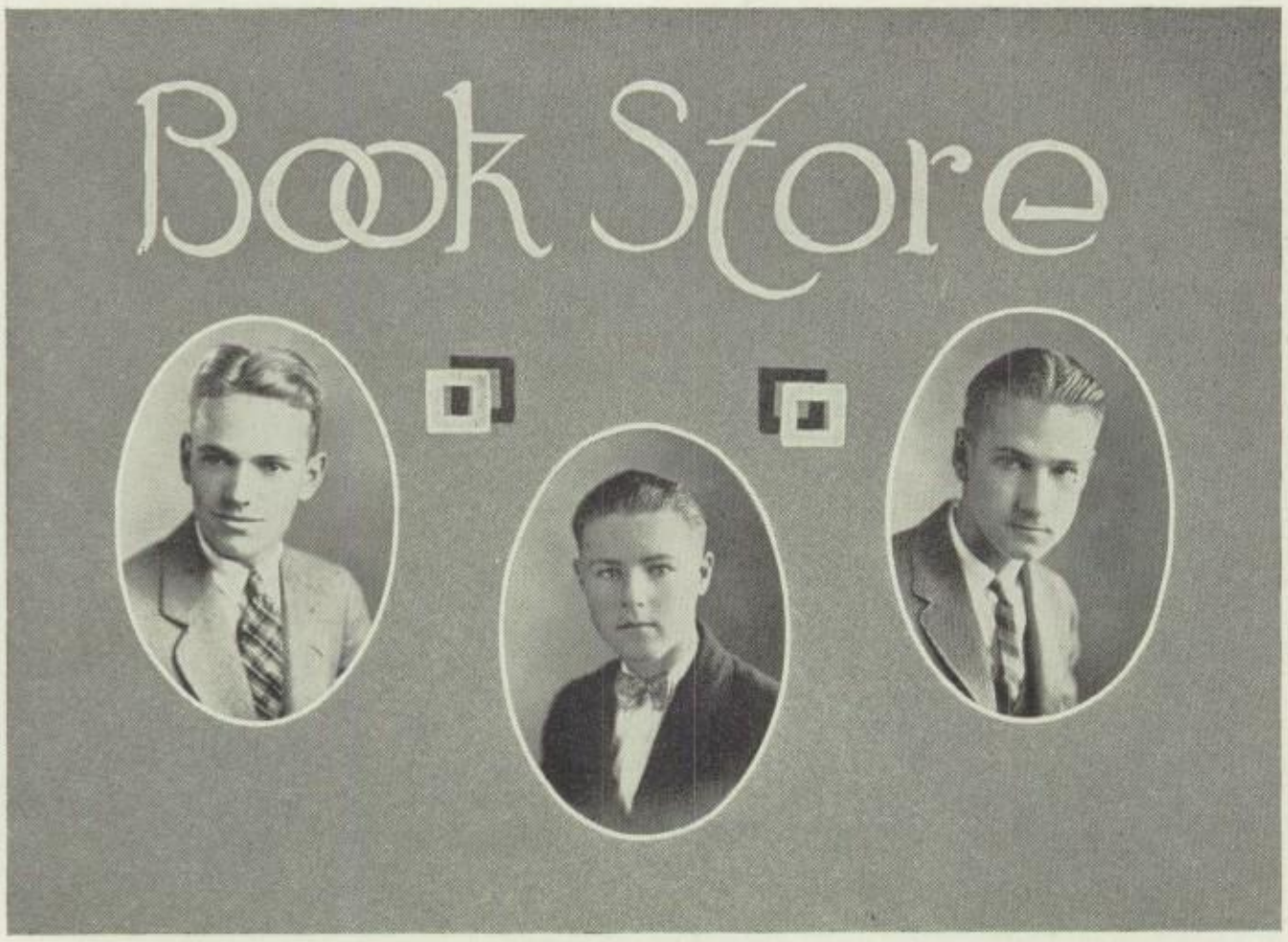
Henry Garner *Paul Edwards* *George McCormack*

STUDENT BODY MANAGERS

There is a very great responsibility placed upon the Student Body Managers in regard to the funds of the school. All receipts from the following activities are taken care of by this department: football, baseball, track, basketball, special assemblies, musicals, glee club concerts, operas, motion pictures, boys' gymnasium funds, donations, and other equally important funds.

All tickets for these events are taken care of and crowds managed by the department. Football games have been managed very well this term, and for the second time in the history of the school we have been able to get the Coliseum for the Manual and Poly games. The Poly game was played on Thanksgiving and was a great financial success owing to the crowds which attended it. The large crowds were due to the L. A. vs Poly football game being the only one in Southern California on that day.

The manager, Paul Edwards, has had a very successful term this year, ably assisted by Henry Garner and George McCormack.



Earl Barnett *Leo Blackman* *Harold Risley*

The past term has been successful for the Bookstore because of the co-operation of the student body. The sales of the past term have been all that could be asked for, and we solicit a continuation of the present hearty co-operation of the students.

The Bookstore carries a full line of school supplies, jewelry, rings, pens, pom poms, caps, and athletic goods. The Bookstore has been, is, and always will be used for the benefit and convenience of the students to purchase their supplies at reasonable rates.

The manager, Leo Blackman, has been ably assisted this term by Earl Barnett and Harold Risley, who have served as first and second assistants, respectively.

Lost & Found

Edith Clayton *Bessie Franklin*

The Lost and Found Department has helped many students recover their lost articles. This year we have inaugrated a new plan of charging only five cents. There are many pens, pencils, articles of jewelry, etc., that are unclaimed, These are sold at the end of the term.

We also have charge of the locker keys.

This term the manager was Edith Clayton, who was capably assisted by Jimmy McCloy, Bessie Franklin, Christy Specht, Floris Byrd, Dora Woods, Gladys Patz and Wallace Worsley.

Cafeteria

Harry Onions *Mrs. West* *Cecelia Barteau*

"We may live without books,

But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

Therefore one of the most important organizations of the student body of L. A. H. S. is the Cafeteria. Here, on an average, 2500 pupils are catered to daily and served with the best of food at a minimum cost. The selection, preparation, and serving of this food is under the personal direction of Mrs. Esther A. West. Assisting her is a kitchen staff of six women and two men. A corps of fifty students expedite the serving of the meal, which, considering the number served, is accomplished with great rapidity.

From these student workers a student manager and three assistants are selected each term, by Mrs. West. This term the managers were Jack Reynard, assisted by Harry Onions, Theron Dees, and Horace Pratt. Cecile Barteaux was in charge of the candy department which she managed with great success..

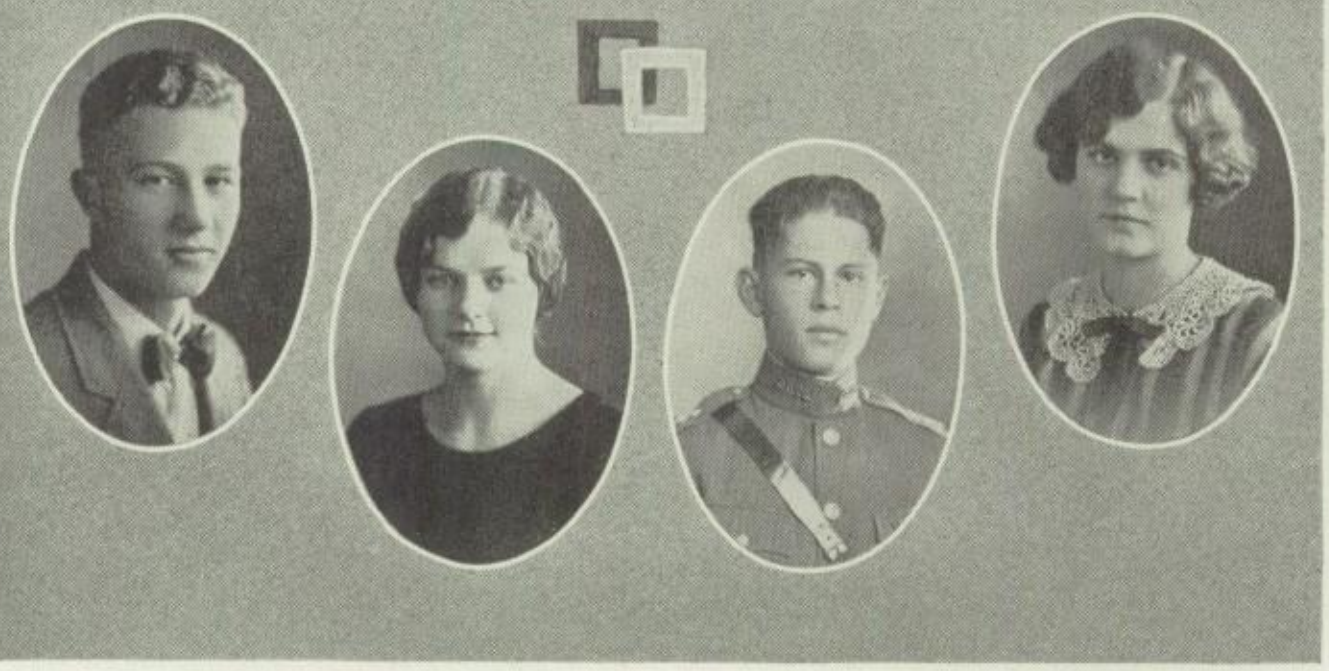
The Cafeteria Club is composed of the student workers of the cafeteria. It meets monthly and has for its aim the establishment and maintanance of that spirit of co-operation necessary for success.

Under the leadership of Mrs. West various matters, having a tendance to promote efficient service, are discussed. This is followed by entertainment and refreshments.

The officers are:

President: Theron Dees.
Vice President: Bill Harris.
Secretary: Hazel Chapman.
Treasurer: Erret Hamilton.

Periclean



Fred Kraft *Margaret Pierce* *Harold Duncan* *Kathleen Fitz*

The Periclean Society is Chapter 4 of the California Scholarship Federation, interested in the promotion of high scholarship among the students. Its charter membership was 245.

To become a member of this organization a student must have three A's and a B if carrying four solids, and all A's if less than four solids are taken. The different degrees of membership are shown by three pins. The Owl pin signifies first term members, the Greek II pin, two or more terms, while the pin of the Federation is worn only by those Seniors who have been Pericleans for at least four terms.

This term an Assembly was conducted in honor of the Pericleans and in addition to several entertaining programs a dance was enjoyed.

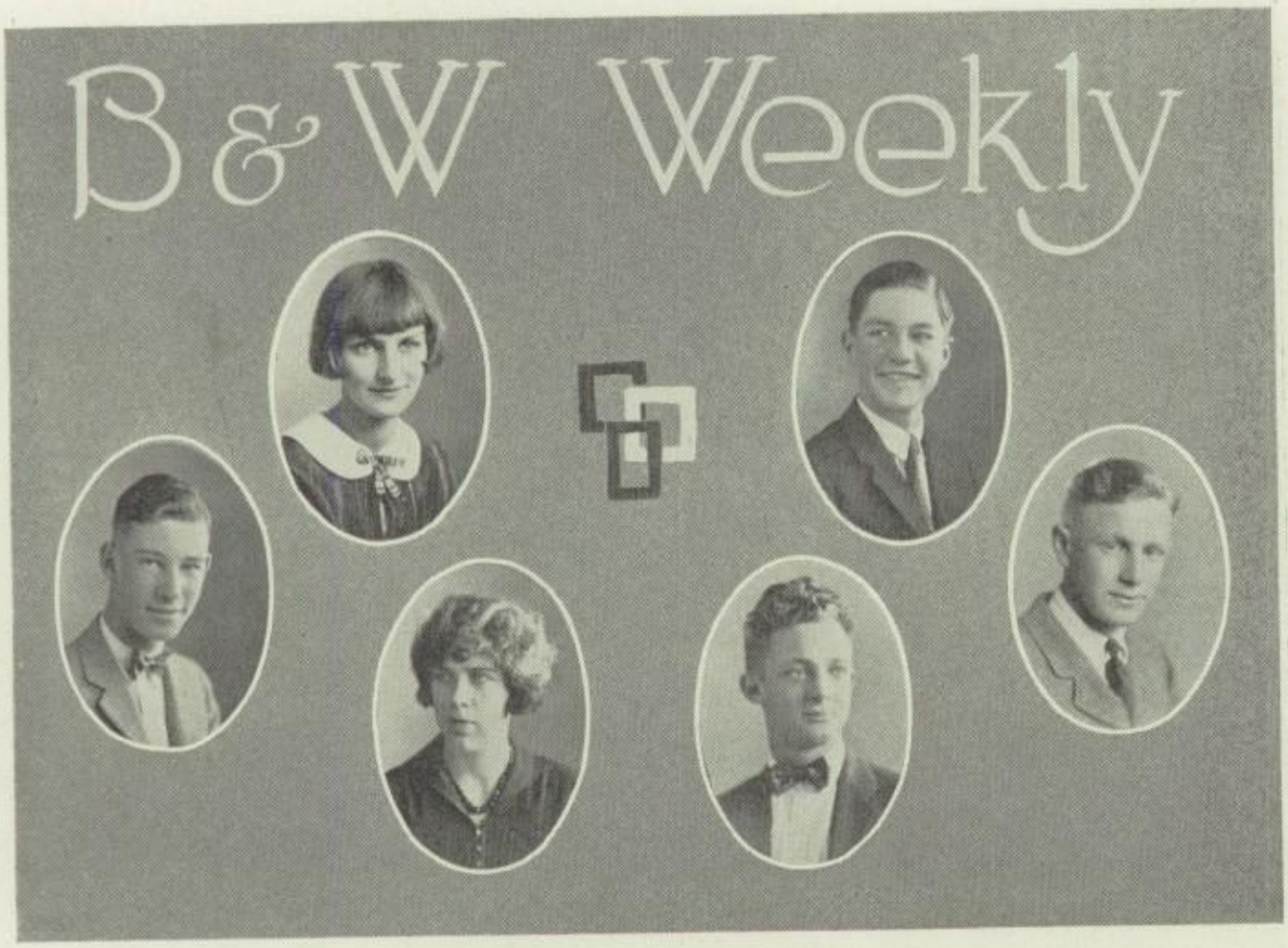
The officers are:

President: Fred Kraft.
Vice President:: Kathleen Fitz.
Treasurer: Harold Duncan.
Secretary: Margaret Pierce.

Adams, Frances L.
Alexander, Frances
Allen, Wayne
Ambrose, Freeman
Anderson, Mildred
Arthur, Inez
Babcock, Ruth
Bagby, Wesley
Ballreich, Christina
Barrett, Vernon
Beazley, James
Battey, Dorothy
Bell, Helen
Blank, Martin
Bock, Aleta
Brand, Beatrice
Brandt, Paula
Brooks, Janice
Brown, Donald
Brown, Rachel
Brownstein, Bob
Buck, Marian
Bullock, Margaret
Byerley, Ruth Ann
Callanan, Frances
Carter, Florence May
Carlson, Anna
Carter, Florence Louise
Centrone, Clarissa
Chapman, Everett
Christenson, Anna
Churchill, Ambrose
Clayton, Edith
Cohn, Ray
Cohen, Robert
Conner, Doris
Conrad, Elizabeth
Cooper, Mary Virginia
Copeland, Alyce
Corbaly, Kate
Coyle, Leslie
Crail, Charles
Cramer, Alphonse
Culling, Adelbert
Cummins, Rosaleah
Custer, Howard
Dales, Jack
Donahue, Elizabeth
Dorman, Dudley
Duncan, Harold
Dunkle, William
Eaton, Harold
Edgar, Camille
Edson, Farrer
Edwards, Phyllis
Elliot, Kathryn
Emerson, Ethel
Eskridge, Charles
Etter, Kirby

Farnsworth, Marthalice
Ferte, Clotilde
Fish, Ruth
Fisher, Raymond
Fitz, Kathleen
Freedman, Marion
Garner, Henry C.
Gendel, Martin
Gerold, Ellinor
Gillespie, Elizabeth
Glenn, Margaret
Glick, Harriet
Goddard, Homer
Goddard, Leslie
Greenberg, Sylvia
Grossman, Andrea
Hacker, Wm. D. Jr.
Hackstaff, Katherine
Haikin, Bertha
Harvey, Freda
Hamilton, Ernestine
Hawley, Mary
Hayman, Gustave
Hill, Hallene
Hill, Wanda
Holbrook, Lois
Horning, Theron
Hughes, Loie Anna
Hutton, Lucile
Hummel, Viola
Inscho, Isabel
Isenstien, Josephine
Johnson, Jack
Jones, Samuel
Joseph, David
Kash, Essie
Katzeo, Herbert
Kellogg, Irwin
Kellogg, Virginia
Kendall, Dorothy
Ketner, Christine
Kilpatrick, Elizabeth
Kirchenbaum, Leo
Kleinman, Esther
Koch, Cecile
Korsen, Jennie
Kraft, Fred
Kuplan, Louis
Kurtz, Jeanne
Lamb, Mildred
Langmaid, Ralph
Levy, Betsy
Little, Marion
Longdin, Winifred
Lovell, Lucille
Luckett, Tom
Lufkin, Schild
Mandel, Joe
McAuliffe, Elsa

McCormick, James
McLune, Lillian
McManus, Donna
Macboth, Norman
Marquis, Elizabeth
Mastin, Margaret
Mateer, Laura Bell
Medaris, Mary Louise
Merill, Dixie
Miller, Clarice
Monterastelli, Enis
Morey, Shizue
Morin, Relman
Moyle, Carol
Muchnic, Maxine
Mudgett, Margaret
Myers, Luana
Neugraschl, Sylvia
Nevin, Marion
Newby, Ellen
Newman, Robert
Newmark, Stephen
Newton, Mildred
Nutt, Jack
Ossman, Robert
Ostrom, Doris
Paine, Ruth
Palmer, Bernice
Patz, Gladys
Pearson, Stanley
Pease Betty
Pellatt, Marjorie
Perry, Richard
Peterson, Mildred
Pierce, Margaret
Price, Betty
Powers, Marylyn
Prentice, Grace
Prescott, John
Ragatz, Eugene
Randall, Grace
Raskoff, Grace
Raskoff, Bessie
Reed, Helen
Reese, Esther E.
Richmond, James
Robertson, Jean
Robinson, Mabel
Rosetein, Florence
Ross, Austen
Rothert, Harlow
Rumbley, Jane
Ruwe, John
Salido, Jose Jesus
Sherman, Ann
Schuck, Lillian
Schuck, Victoria
Schultz, Edith
Schwartz, Leah
Scott, Frederick
Sharp, Helen
Sherman, Ann
Shetrone, Clara
Shoemaker, Rosemary
Silverton, Marie
Sjostrom, Ethel
Slingsby, Lillian
Slutsky, Florence
Smart, Bret
Smith, Alexander
Smith, Donald
Smith, Nellie
Snodgrass, Gordon
Sornborger, Segana
Spencer, Charlience
Sprague, Grace
Springer, Milfred
Steely, Virginia
Stern, Wiliam
Stewart, James
Stewart, Theo
Stigman, Mildred
Still, Vera
Strong, Amanda
Sulzbacher, Carl M.
Sunseri, Albert
Taylor, Luella
Thorpe, Lois
Todd, Gladys
Trapnell, Anna
Van Loan, Richard
Vincent, John
Vincent, Ruth
Wagner, Annabel
Walden, Dorothy
Wark, John
Washington, Mildred
Waugh, Reba
Weaver, Blanche
Weaver, Sylva
Weaver, Sylvester Jr.
Webb, Dorothy
Weinberg, Lawrence
Weinsveig, Mildred
Weiss, Marion
White, Margaret
White, Margaret R.
Wilkenson, Vyvian
Williamson, Alberta
Wilson, Catherine
Wilson, Warren
Winebright, Helen
Wolf, Helen
Woods, Virginia
Woodsworth, Evelyn
Word, Jane
Zypser, Gertrude



Warren Wilson *Marjorie Harriman* *Ruth Rhea* *Charles Crail* *Earl Mathis* *Gassner Fraley*

"What's doing at L. A.?" That all important question is answered in an interesting and entertaining manner by the Blue and White Weekly in four pages every Friday.

Two social events are given each year, one annual dinner dance for past and present members of the staff, and the other putting the name of the term's editor upon the Honor Tablet in the Weekly's office.

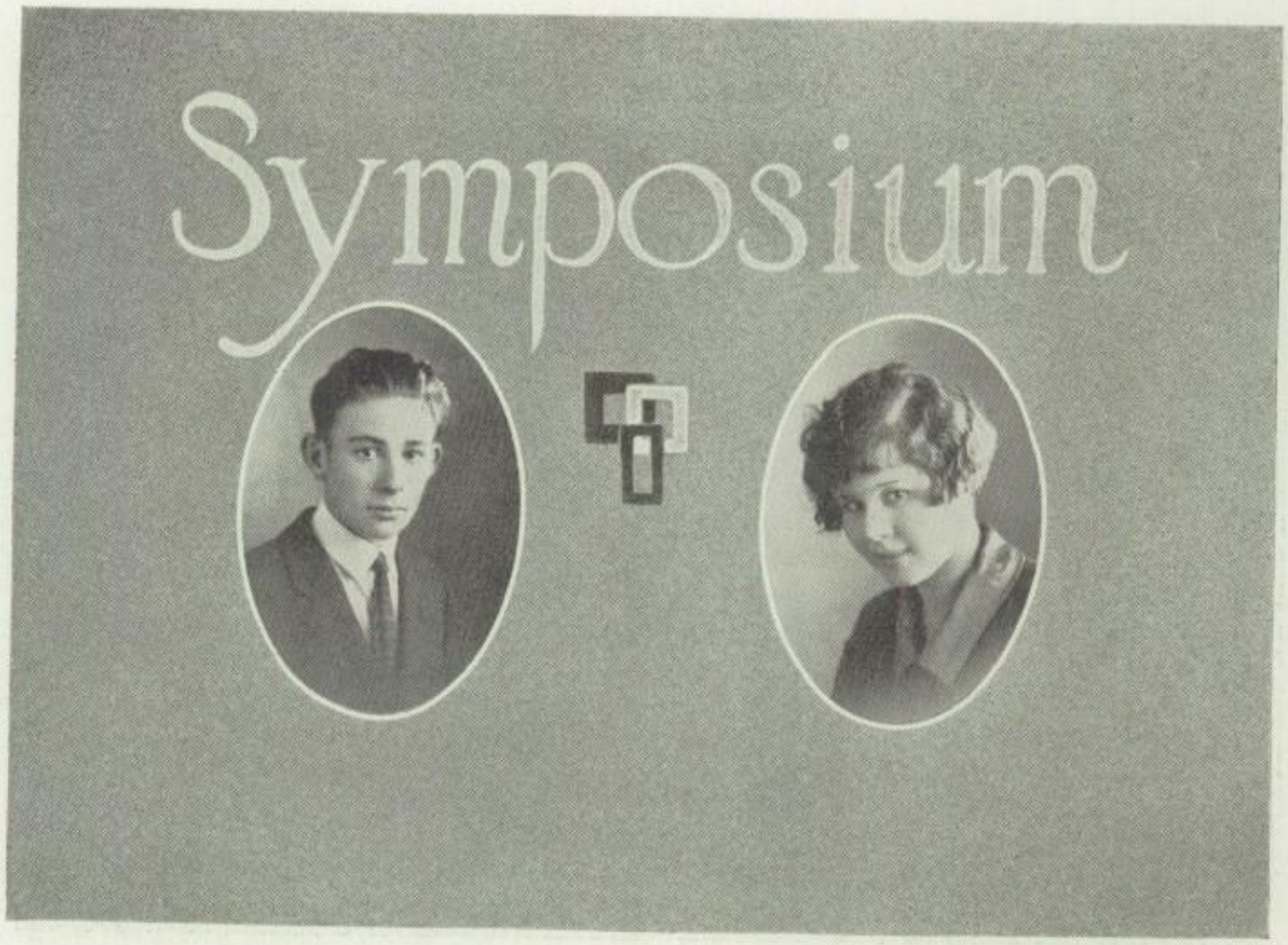
The principal features of this term's paper were the Yell Writing Contest in charge of Charles Crail, assistant editor, for which prizes amounting to $36 were presented, and an exrta published after the Hollywood football game, under the supervision of Earl Mathis, sporting editor.

This year's editor was Marjorie Harriman. The assistant editors were Charles Crail and Ruth Rhea.

The editorial staff this year consisted of the following: Earl Mathis, Rudoph Villasenor, Tom Henderson, Lola Betty Adams, Chester Williams, Morris Howell, Harriette Segal, and Sidney Jensen.

The personnel of the staff was as follows: Warren Wilson, William Hacker, Donald Smith, Wallace Worsley, Robert Clarke, Walter Jillson, Jack Dailey, Wilfred Springer, Murray Chotiner and Richard Kirkland, Harry Eichelberger.

The mechanical staff was: Charles McCormick, printshop manager, Emmitt Hayworth, Zelora Brown, and William Medley, assistants.



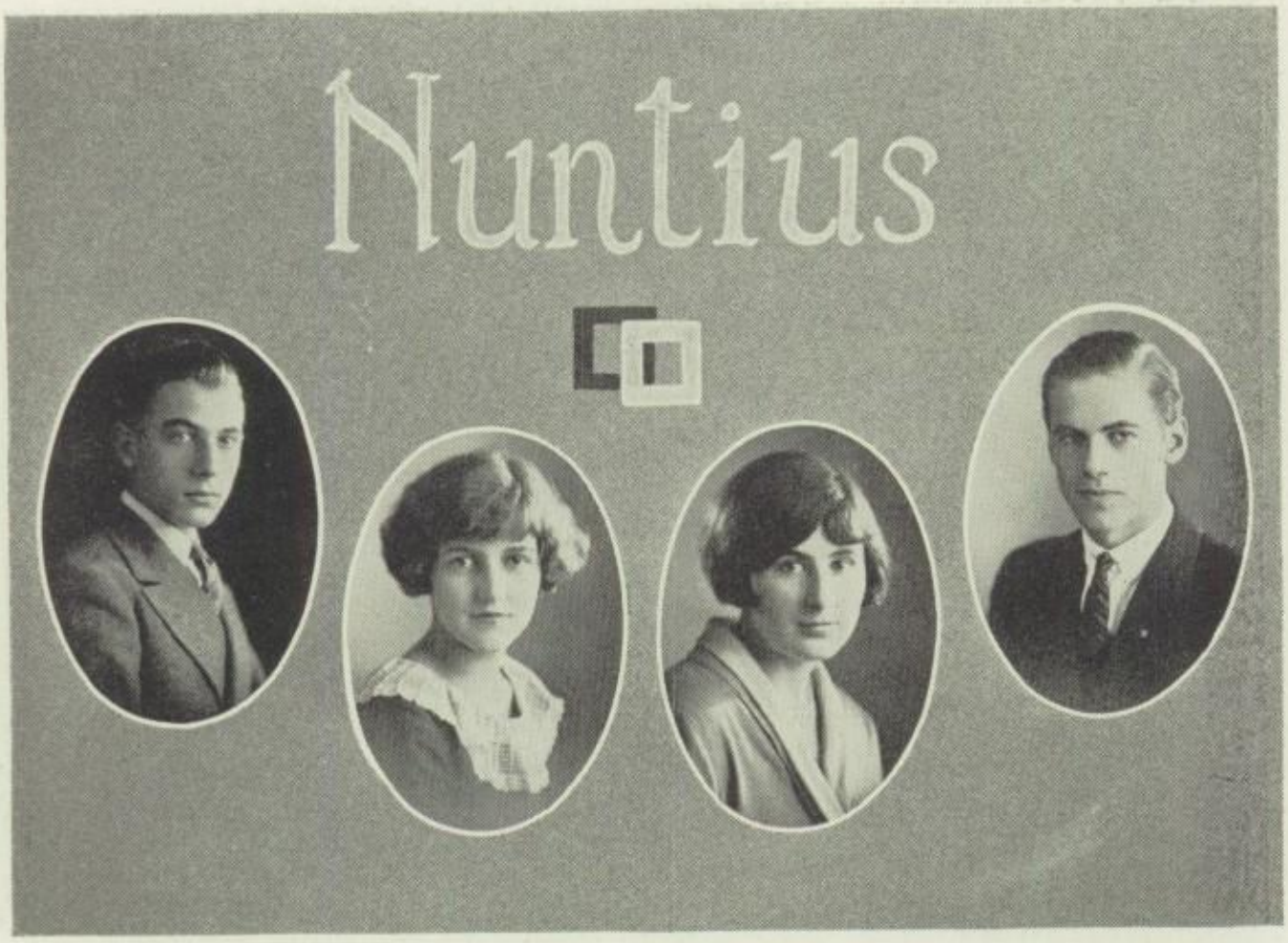
William Cheney *Grace Stripling*

The "Symposium," or "Banquet Speech," is published monthly by the Greek students of the Los Angeles High School for the two-fold purpose of forwarding interest in the Greek language and literature, and of furnishing its readers with articles, at once entertaining and historically valuable, concerning the people, life, and customs of ancient Greece. "The Symposium" was founded two years ago, and since that time has steadily grown, both in size and quality.

That Greek is not such a dull, drab subject is shown by the fact that a main feature of the publication each month is a humorous story written in Greek. This is enhanced by the added attraction of an amusing cartoon or sketch accompanying the story.

The staff of this term is:

Editor: William Cheney.
Business Manager: Grace Stripling.



John Prescott *Edith Schultz* *Mary Virginia Cooper* *Leslie Goddard*

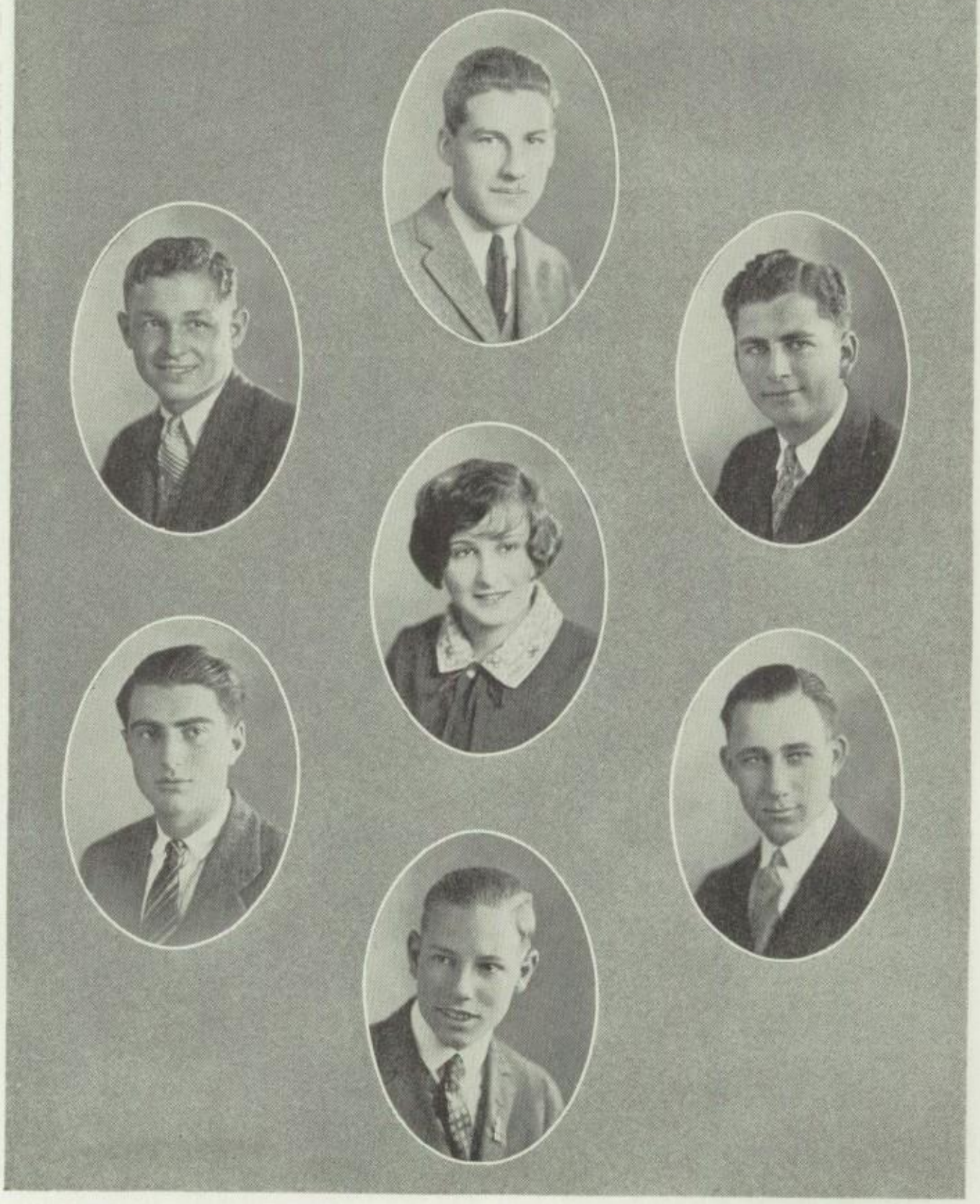
The Nuntius, or in English, the Messenger, is a publication designed to further the interest in Latin, and to illustrate how important a part is played by Latin in our daily lives. The paper is published every two weeks by the students of the classical department under the supervision of Dr. W. A. Edwards, the head of the language of the school, and founder of the paper.

This term the Nuntius has become an eight page publication, and is printed on book paper. Six pages are in English, and two in Latin. It contains news, stories, jokes, editorials, and other articles of interest to the classical student.

The present staff is:

Editor-in-chief: John Prescott.
Assistant Editors: Mary Virginia Cooper and Edith Schulz.
Business Manager: Leslie Goddard.

Forensics



Alfred Lagarus
Murray Chotiner

John Langen
Gittelle Markowitz
Robert Newman

Milton Klein
Fred Shimer

FORENSICS

The outlook for debating this season is extremely bright. With three members of last year's championship team back, prospects for another City League shield are very favorable. Mr. Perry and Murray Chotiner, manager of debating, desire to win the championship of the Southern Californian debating League, something which L. A. has not done for some time, and so a special effort is being made to capture the title.

As Mr. McGinnis, last years coach of the City League Teams, has gone to Huntington Beach, Miss Moore was secured in his place. Mr. McGinnis turned out a championship team in the City League, and Miss Moore seems well on the way to a repetition of the victory. Mr. Perry is supervising the Southern California League Teams.

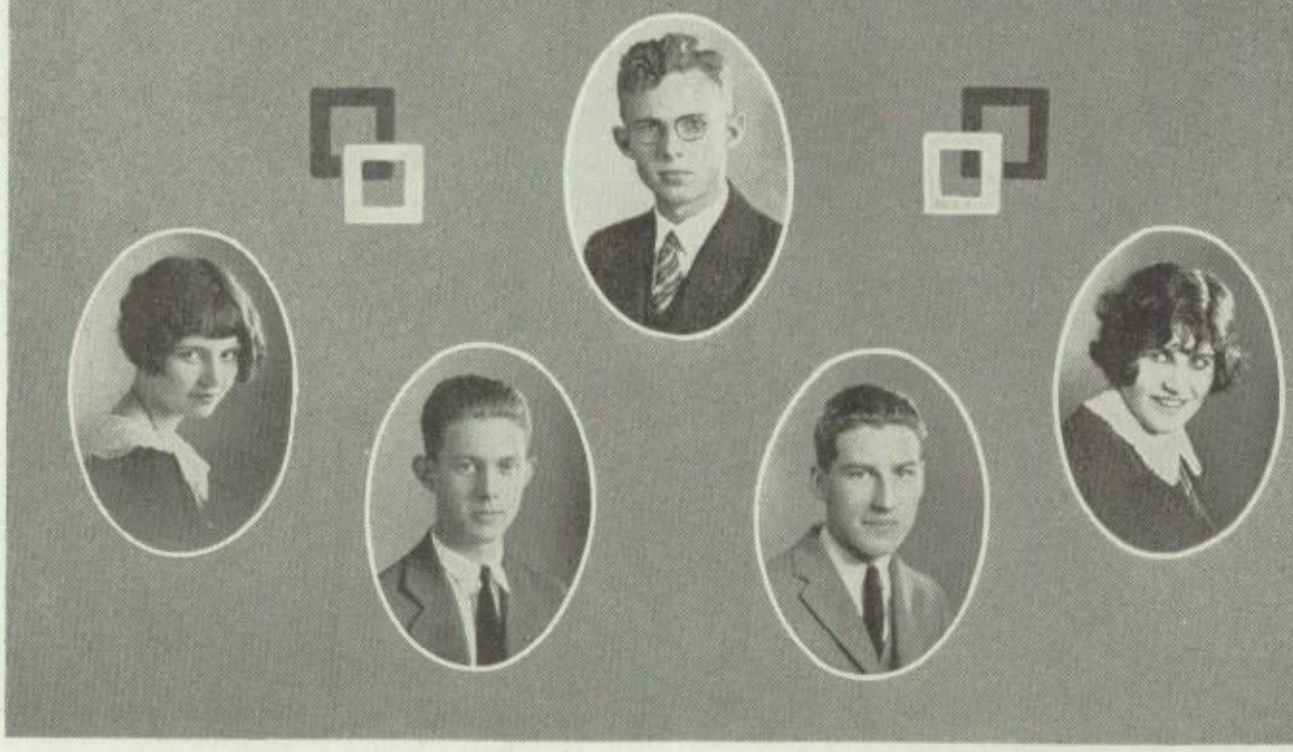
The first debate of the season was in the Southern California Debating League, and was held on Nov. 21 at the Los Angeles High School against Long Beach High School. The subject was: Resolved, that the United States should own the oil resources of its territories and jurisdictions. Alfred Lazarus and Fred Shimer represented L. A. on the affirmative of the question. A play, some selections from the orchestra, and a few numbers from the Boys' Senior Glee preceed the debate. On the same evening, Jack Daly and Edward Sugars defended the negative of the question in a practice debate against Manual, held in the Manual Arts auditorium. A third team, composed of Leslie Goddard and Elizabeth Gillespie, upheld the affirmative of the same question against Compton High School at Compton in another practice match.

The first round of City League debates was held on December 5. The question was; Resolved, that the President of the United States should be elected by the direct vote of the people. The affirmative, upheld by Gittelle Markowitz and John Langen, travelled to Manual Arts. The negative, supported by Milton Klein and Robert Newman, met Franklin High School in our own auditorium.

Our school has been chosen president in both debating leagues this year. Our representative in the City League is Gittelle Markowitz, who held the same office last season. Murray Chotiner represents L. A. as president of the Southern California Debating League.

From this brief summary, it can be seen that our teams are doing their best to make L. A. prominent in debating, as well as in athletics and literary lines. The number of debaters on the squad is unlimited, and all those interested are asked to try out. Those students who do not enjoy making speeches can at least come out and support our teams. An enthusiastic audience of boosters is just as essential in a debate as in an athletic contest, and those who attend will certainly feel repaid. Subjects which should be of interest to all are being debated this year, with plays and selections by the orchestras and glee clubs preceding the debate. So show your school spirit, come and give the teams your support, and you will see L. A. add a few more championships to its already large number.

Latin Cabinet



Theo Stewart *Kirby Etter* *Raymond Fisher* *John Langen* *Bernice Summerfiela*

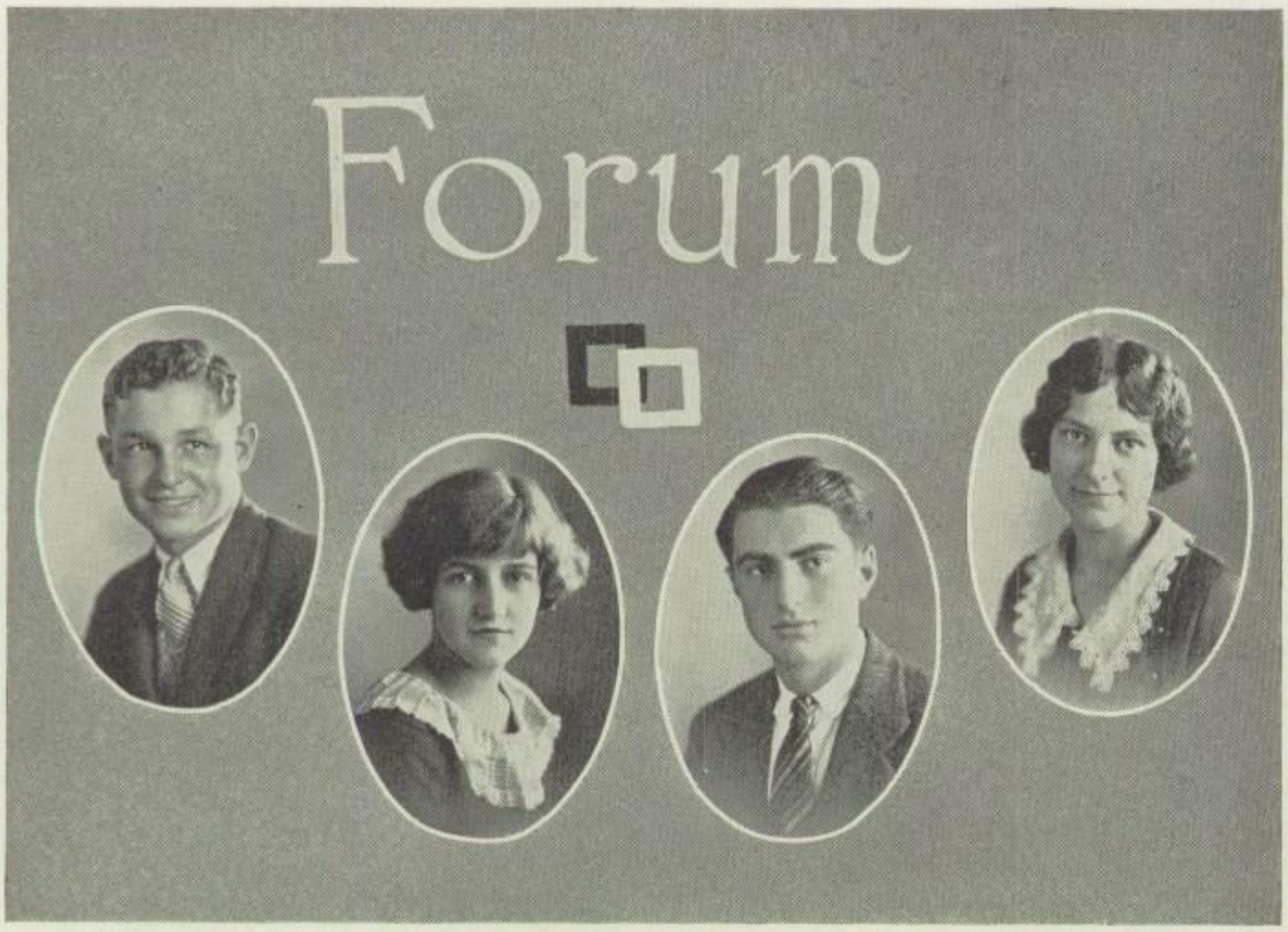
With the purpose in view of including the whole department in the activities of the Latin students, the Latin Club was disorganized about the middle of the term and in its place was established a department organization somewhat similiar to the Science Club.

A committee composed of five members, which has been called the Latin Cabinet, has been apointed to conduct and arrange for the social events of the Latin department. The members of this committee for this term were:

John Langen
Kirby Etter
Bernice Summerfield
Raymond Fisher
Theo Stewart

As the new organization was established so late in the term, the only activity undertaken was the usual Roman banquet.

Under the guidance of Dr. Edwards and Miss McNaughten the Latin Cabinet has safely passed through its first term and the next year will determine its future. May it be successful.



Alfred Lazarus *Edith Schultz* *Murray Chotiner* *Victoria Schuck*

The Forum Society was organized in 1905, and is now the oldest organization in the school. Its purpose is two-fold, to perpetuate the high standing of the school in forensics, art, and literature, and to secure for students those benefits derived from practice in public speaking and parliamentary usuages. Membership is open to all students above the grade of B10.

The term calendar always includes three contests, the poetry, short story, and declamation contests; a mock trial; a banquet; and a dance. The Parliamentary Law Drill is an interesting feature of the reguler meetings. This term a special Pariamentary Drill contest was held.

In 1923 the Forum Society was the leader in forming a federation of similiar societies in neighboring high schools.

Peace was the ideal adopted by the Forum this term. A special peace assembly, under the auspices of the society, was held on Armstice Day.

The officers for this term are:

President: Alfred Lazarus.
Vice President: Victoria Schuck.
Secretary: Edith Schultz.
Treasurer: Murray Chotiner.
Sergeant-at-Arms: Sylvester Weaver.
Faculty Sponsor: Miss Lockwood.

Scribblers

Betty Price *Laura Belle Mateer* *Helen Thomas* *Virginia Arnold*

The purpose of the Scribblers' Club is to encourage writing among the girls of the Los Angeles High School and to promote a better spirit of fellowship among them. This club has been established for ten terms and has been known for the fine literary work it has produced. For three semesters Scribblers' has won the cup for the best stort story in the Semi-Annual Contest. The girls have been inspired and encouraged by the help of our sponsors, Mrs. Truesdale, who we regret to say had to give up the work on account of her health, and Miss Longley who succeeded her.

As usual the girls have shown a fine spirit of fellowship and we have had many enjoyable times together, among which were the Initiation Tea and Masquerade Dance.

The officers who assisted the girls are:

President: Betty Price.
Vice President: Virginia Arnold.
Secretary: Laura Belle Mateer.
Treasurer: Helen Thomas.

The members are: Roberta Alberti, Christina Ballreick, Patricia Bradley, Alice Chapman, Doris Conner, Merion Elliott, Ethel Emerson, Sarah Jean Gray, Ruth Gortikov, Marjorie Harriman, Helen Henderson, Margaret Mudgett, Ruth Paine, Elizabeth Priseler, Lucia Ramseur, Harriett Segall, Dorothy Servis, Grace Shattuck, Amanda Strong, Lois Thorpe, and Marion Watson.

Faculty Sponsor: Miss Longley.

Philomathian

Hallene Hill *Virginia Kellogg* *Sue Duncan* *Beatrice Brand*

Girlhood studied mystic charms of China and Japan,
The literature and arts of yellow man.
Sweet faces bent o'er dusty books of foreign lore.
And found a pleasure never known before.
Besides the oriental lure came calls of girlhood days
And youth, as always, answers and obeys.
In dainty colors members gracefully danced
At Brentwood Club, a fairy club enhanced.
Real womanhood reigned o'er with unobtrusive will,
A president beloved, Hallene Hill.
With true spirit of the tower a sponsor led,
Moulded, formed, not flesh, but mind instead.
Departing leave these girls behind
A memory clean, and sweet, and kind;
Each giving to life's written book
The life complete, they undertook.

President: Hallene Hill.
Vice President: Beatrice Brand.
Treasurer: Sue Duncan.
Secretary: Virginia Kellogg.

Sponsor: Miss Woolery.

Camille Edgar *Kathleen Fitz* *Lucille Cusanovitch* *Elizabeth Main*

The Aristonian Literary Society, one of the oldest organizations of the school, has always fostered greater achievement in the study of literature and in original composition. The requirements for membership are that the applicant must be upper-grade and have high recommendations in English. The club is limited to twenty-five students chosen for their literary interests.

This semester, under the able guidance of Miss Swezey, our faculty advisor, many of the most worthy plays of the day have been studied.

During the term a contest for poems and short stories was held. The important social event of the season was the initation tea when the required original selections were read by the new members.

The officers of the society are: President; Camille Edgar, Vice President; Elizabeth Main, Secretary; Kathleen Fitz, Treasurer; Lucile Casanovitch.

The members are: Maxine Abel, Dorothy Battey, Margaret Bunn, Margaret Carroll, Josephine Catlin, Ruth Conklin, Alice Cordray, Rose Dimond, Margaret Glenn, Ruth Green, Virginia Kirchbaum, Lydia Lamberton, Madeline Lamia, Mary Lott, Malvina Pozzo, Jean Robertson, Jane Rumbley, Sally Sedwick, Pearl Sklar, Alberta Williamson.

James Melton *Lois Thorp* *Leslie Goddard* *Elsa McAuliffe*

The Star and Cresent Society is the oldest organization in the history of the school. It was established in 1876. Every graduate receives a Star and Cresent pin to signify that he is now a member of this large Alumni Association.

A very extraordinary program was presented Star and Cresent day this term. Dr. William Lacy, President of the Chamber of Commerce was presented with a Star and Crescent pin.

Mr. Marshal Stimpson, President of the Alumni Association, welcomed Mr. Lacy into the Society.

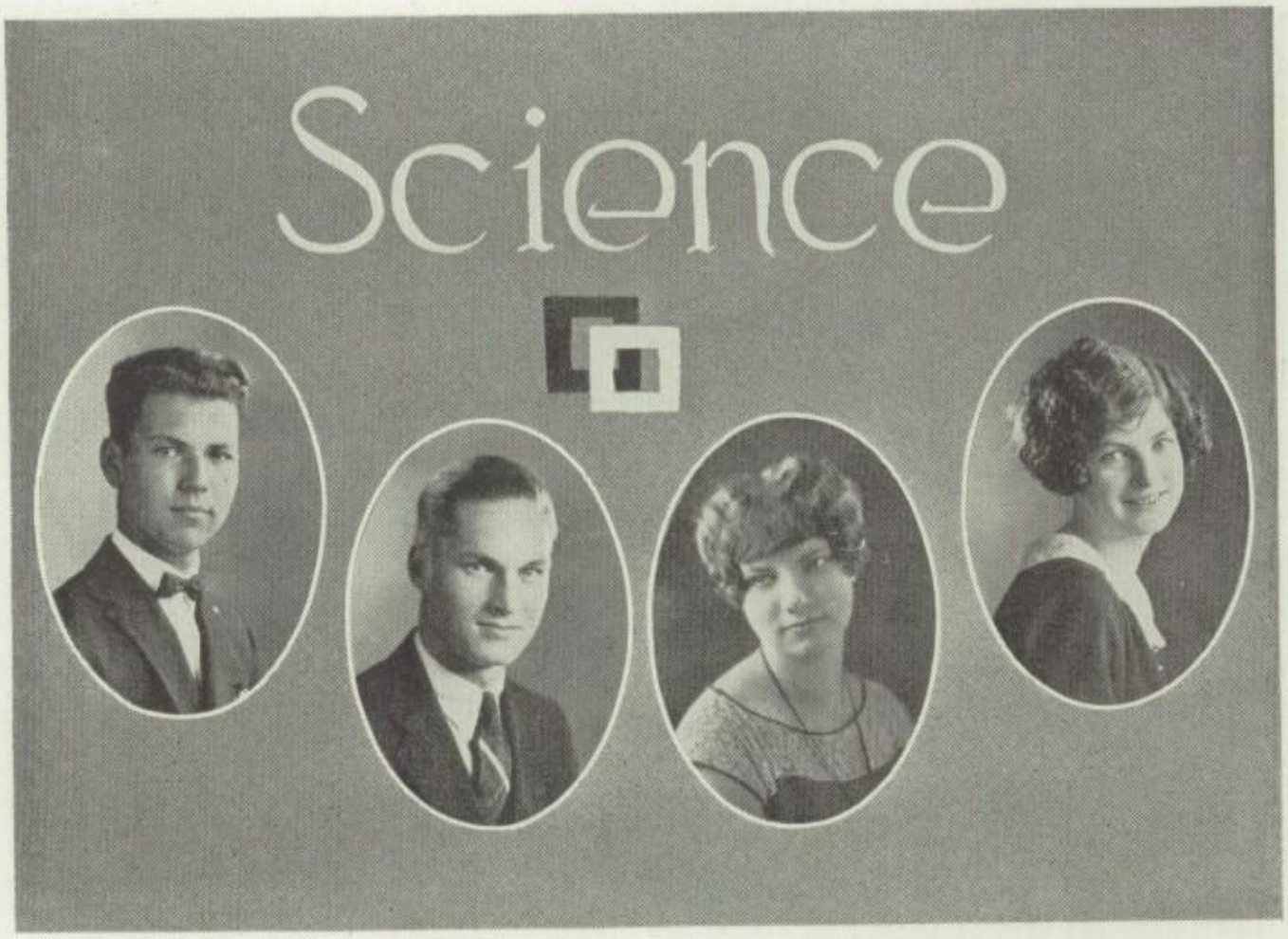
Mr. Mayard McFie, former President of the Chamber of Commerce welcomed the class of W'25.

M.r Sylvester Weaver, another speaker, was also a former President of the Chamber of Commerce.

A musical entertainment was given by a String Quartet and the Boys' and Girls' Senior Glee Clubs.

The officers for the term were:

President: James Melton.
Vice President: Elsa McAuliffe.
Secretary: Lois Thorpe.
Treasurer: Leslie Goddard.



Wilbur Stump *Stanley Jewell* *Marjorie Martin* *Bernice Palmer*

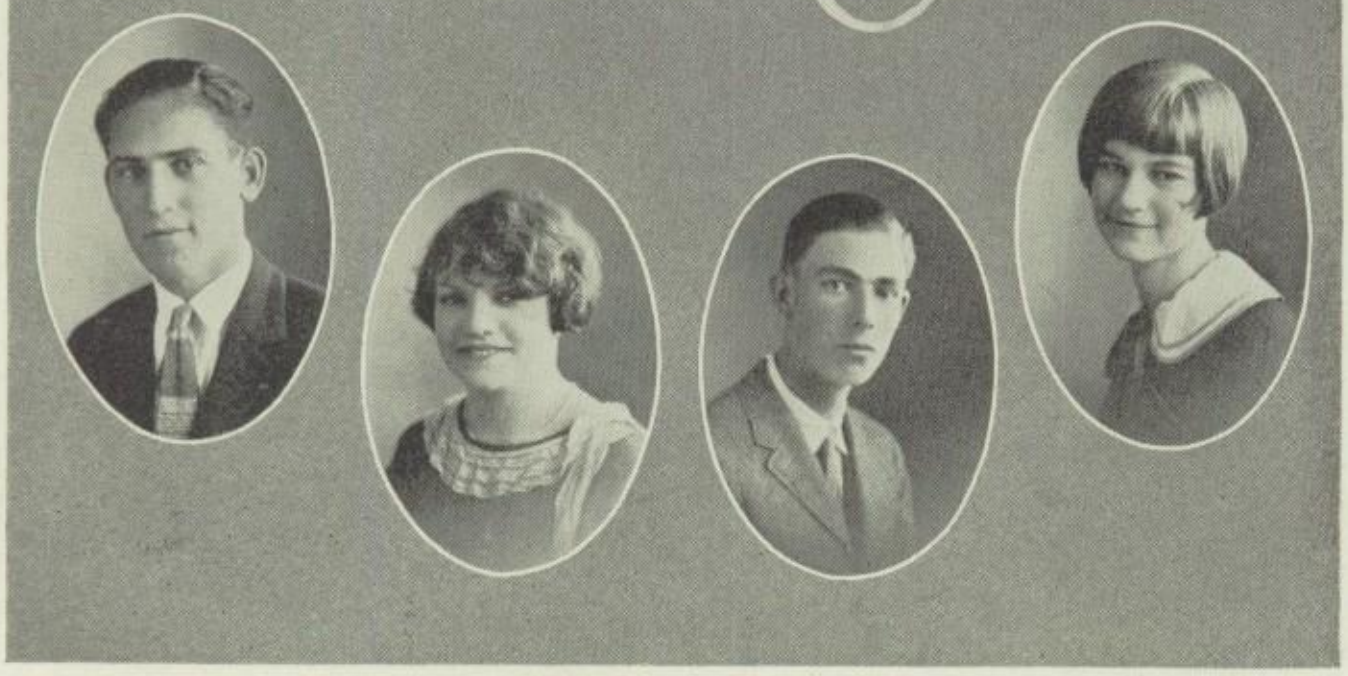
The Science Club, formed this term under the auspices of the Physics and Chemistry Departments, has started out to be the largest and most successful club in L. A. High. All students taking either Chemistry or Physics automatically become members, and any other students in the school, who are interested, are cordially invited to the meetings.

These meetings, which are composed of speeches by well-known men, moving pictures, demonstrations, etc., as well as a short period for fun, take place every other Tuesday. The alternate Tuesday is reserved for the Governing Council which is composed of the officers and a representative from each class.

The officers this term were:

President: Wilbur Stump.
Vice President: Bernice Palmer.
Secretary: Majorie Martin.
Treasurer: Stanley Jewell.

Botany



David Joseph *Katherine Greene* *Samuel Jones* *Ernestine Williams*

The Botany Club, although a comparatively new organization, has been doing some very fine work.

The purpose of the club is to bring together all who are interested in the study of Botany, and to become acquainted with the wild plants and cultivated species of Southern California.

To gain this knowledge, hikes to the mountains and seashore, within a reasonable radius, are taken by the members; and specimens are taken to the homes to be pressed. At the following meeting the hike is discussed, and then other botanical subjects. The club has had a number of outings which were very successful, and were enjoyed by all. An exhibit was also given by the Botany Club members, and it is hoped that this will follow as a semi-annual occurrence.

The officers are:

President: David Joseph.
Vice President: Ernestine Williams.
Secretary: Katherine Greene.
Treasurer: Samuel Jones.

CINEMA CLUB

The idea of a motion picture club originated four terms ago but the constitution and by laws were not drawn up and accepted by the office until the following term.

The purpose of the club is fourfold: to promote a better spirit toward educational films: to offer members of the organization an opportunity to study more fully the different phases of motion picture work; to create a greater interest in, and incidentally, demand for cleaner and more wholesome pictures; and lastly, to show the student body of this school that the motion picture projection course of this school is worthy of the interest and co-operation of the entire student body.

The officers are:

Charles Houser, President.
Dorothy Hobbs, Vice President.
Larry O'Sullivan, Secretary.
Charles Kayser, Treasurer.

Active members: Gerald Moon, Walter Burge, Fred Davies, Charles Hauser, Dorothy Hobbs, Bob Hopkins, Charles Kayser, Simon Kimmel, Leo Kirchenbaum, Leon Levi, Leonard Murphy, Ray Myers, Burke Neece, James Newlove, Larry O'Sullivan, Jerome Padelford, Marjorie Pinker, Henry Wakomotsu, Mar-Spect.

Ex-officio members: Charles Stewart, Max Raskoff, Walter Smith, Homer jorie White, Paul Edwards.

Stage Crew

Norman Clark
Thomas Turner
Henry Dennison

Robert Nickerson
Fred Fielding
Jack Dailey

Robert Larson
Allen Robertson
Charles Baird

High~Y

Alfonso Gonzalez *Don Young* *Edward O'Donnell*

The L. A. Chapter of the Hi Y was larger and better this term than ever before because of the capable management of Don Young, president; Eddie O'Donnell, vice-president; Claude Cuningham, secretary and treasurer; Alfonso Gonzalez, Sergeant and Arms; and the co-operation of the thirty-five members all prominent students at L. A. High School.

The L. A. Chapter had a basketball team, handball team, a swimming team, a boxing team, and a ping pong team, all of which finished at or near the head of the city Hi Y league.

Some of the feature meetings were Girls' night, Parents' night, Faculty night, and Stunt night.

The Club performed many charitable acts during the term as providing Thanksgiving baskets for needy families and furnishing entertainment for the old soldiers home at Sawtelle and similiar organizations.

The members are: Louie Alamada, James Grant, Bill Alexander, James Harmon, Glen Cunningham, Earl Stone, Cameron Mullard, Rafeal Gonzalez, Kenneth Beach, Stanley Fish, Emanuel Thompson, Bernard Seigloff, John Ray, Charles Flint, John Eikes, Ed Owen, Herbert Baker, Bill Post, Don Maclarnen, Marvin Hewett, Al Luckett, Robert Van Zandt, Dean Sweney, Don Althouse, Monty Livermore.

HOUSE AND GROUNDS COMMITTEE

The House and Grounds committee was started about nine semesters ago under the supervision of Mr. Paxton.

The aim of the House and Grounds committee has been to foster among the students an appreciation of the House and Grounds.

The committee this term was divided into a fourth period and fifth period committee. The fourth period was under the direction of Elsa McAuliffe, the fifth period under the supervision of the Chairman Edith Clayton and the sub-chairman Martha Jamison.

Those on the committee were: Marjorie Pinker, Dorothy Hobbs, Ruth Vincent, Eileen Green, Irma Mullen, Dorothy Smith, Eleanor Tuplett, Betsy Ashburn, Ruth Wilcek, Annell Dees, Yvonne Penez, Jane Word, Elsa McAuliffe, Louise Piper, Cleste Vinne, Helen Caldwell, Dorothy Adams, Alice Cordray, Margaret Canoll, Mary Slater, Dorothy Hill, Minel Roe, Mary Matheson, Clara Shetrone, Wanda Chaignon, Blanch Weaver, Clara Robles, Dorothy Rayner, Ruth Brunger, Martha Jamison, Elizabeth Stearman, Anne Partanen, Dorothy Hill, Vaudine Collins.

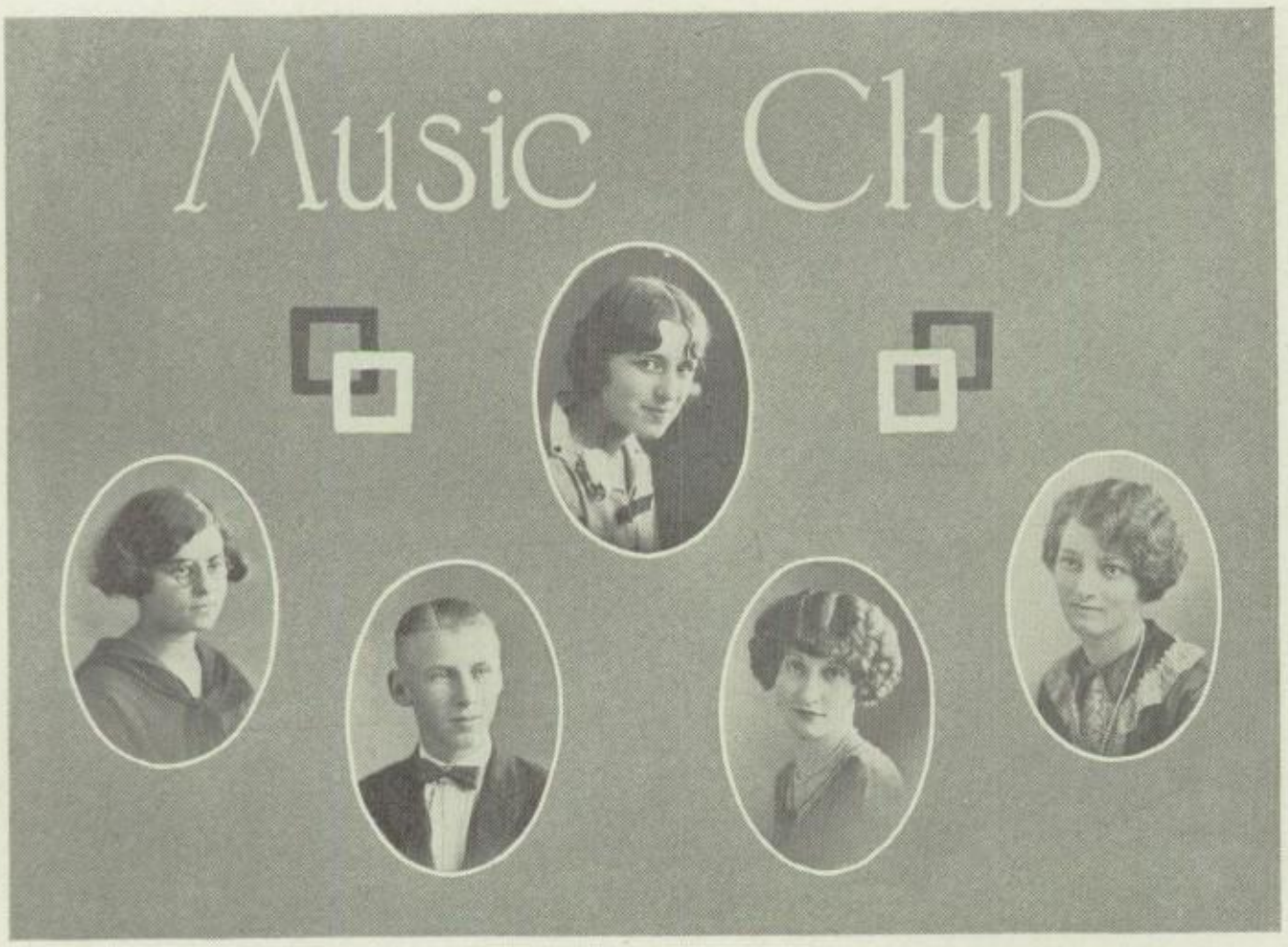
HOUSE AND GROUNDS COMMITTEE

The House and Grounds Committee is one of the vital organizations of the Student Body of the Los Angeles High School, and contributes by its services to the clean appearance of the grounds and building. The purpose of the committee is to see that the building and grounds are kept free from paper and other refuse. The organization was started only a few years ago and has been found to be extremely beneficial to the cleanliness of the school.

The members of the committee are as follows:

William Mabee, chairman, Harold Oakley, Elmer Jones, Wayne West, Wilton Maine, James Camplain, Worth Gaylord, Orlyn Dillon, John Ray, Willis Merrill, Al Luckett, Alfred Gillman, Chester Stephens, Albert Peers, Dick Slusher, Frank Adams.

Music Club



Artemie Alsop

Frances Levine *Robert Willey* *Helen Duncan* *Mildred Ritschard*

The Music Club is one of L. A.'s newest organizations, this being its first term in the school.

It was organized primarily to give the school and community an opportunity to hear the talented students and alumni of L. A. High.

Meetings are held every two weeks and a program of vocal and instrumental numbers is presented. Those taking part in the program are mostly student artists, but occasionally a professional artist from the outside is invited to come in. Our most noted guest artist of this term was Miss Olga Steeb, and certainly those who attended were inspired by her interpretations.

This Music Club, with a membership of over a thousand, its present record, and Miss Verna Blythe as its very enthusiastic Faculty Sponsor, promises to be one of L. A.'s most successful organizations.

The officers for this term were:

President: Artemie Alsop.
Vice President: Frances Levine.
Secretary: Mildred Ritschard.
Program Chairman: Helen Duncan.
Treasurer: Robert Willey.

WINTER '25

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

"Girls' Glee" is one of the peppiest and most progressive organizations in the school and has completed a most successful term under the splendid leadership of its new director, Miss Margaret Wicks, who is a former member of the faculty of the Chicago Musical College.

The members of the club are all upper-graders and the voices are carefully selected, as the standards of the club have always been of the highest.

The Club devotes its time to the study of part-songs employing methods which will insure beautiful tones and proper breath control. The spirit of the Club is one to be proud of. The girls work in perfect harmony and co-operate in all things.

Several programs have been given by this Club this term. On the Armstice program and at a Girls' assembly the Club sang. Also, and perhaps most worthy of note, is the Japanese program that the girls presented at the Music Club.

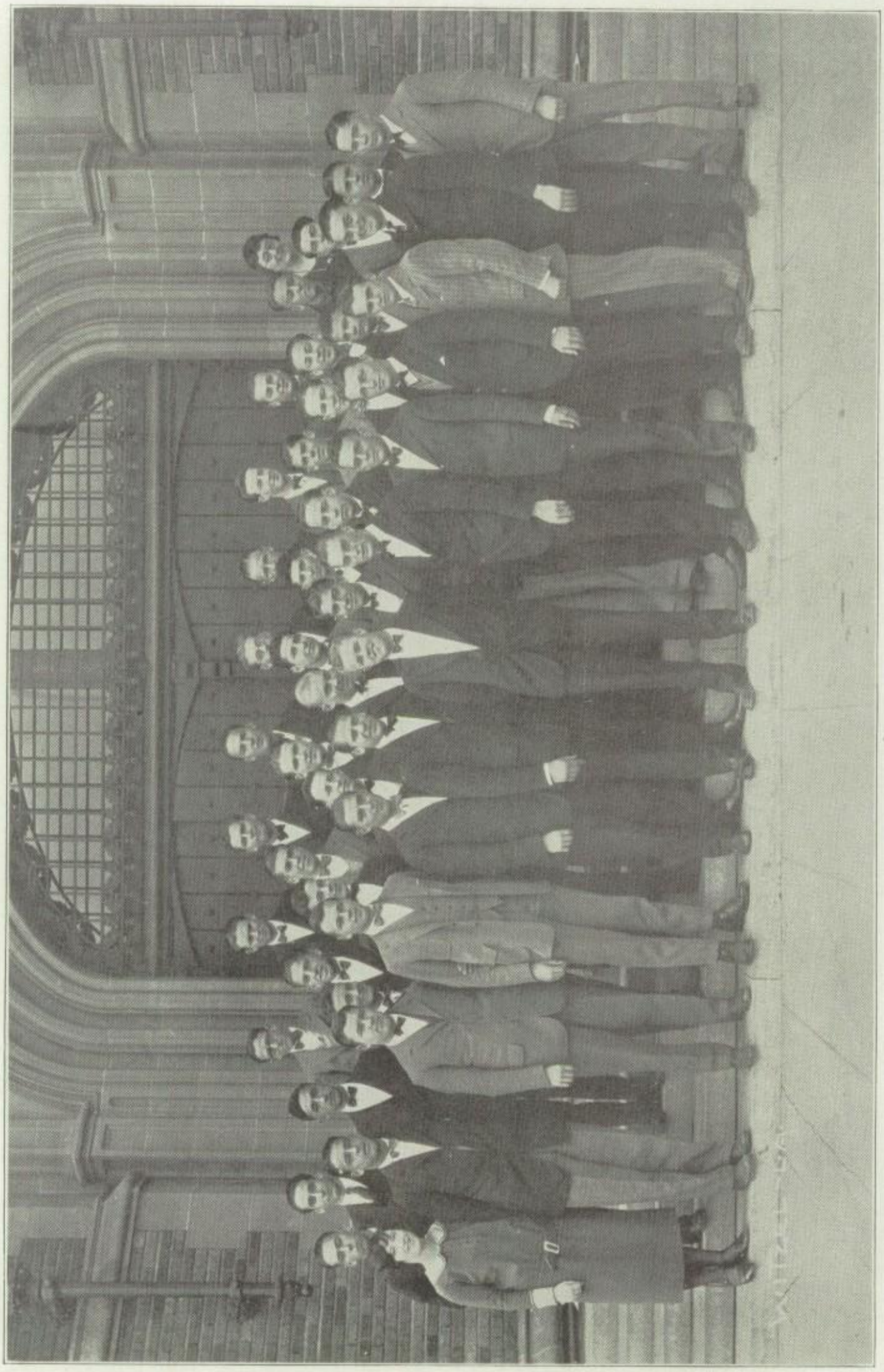
The officers for this term were:

President: Helen Duncan.
Vice President: Dorothy Herron.
Secretary-treasurer: Sylvia Wollitz.
Librarian: Maxine Porter.
Accompanists: Ruth Paine and Aveline Umsted.

The members of the Club are:

First Sopranos	Second Sopranos	Altos
Artemie Alsop	Beatrice Brown	Marjorie Brown
Gwendolyn Anderson	Margaret Brunner	Ernestine Cowman
Margaret Bayer	Margaret Cannon	Irene Griffith
Dorothy Cantrell	Alberta Carlson	Ermine Juarie
Helen Duncan	Beatrice Clark	Isabel Leet
Wilfreda Findaly	Mona Corlett	Laura Belle Mateer
Merry Gay	Marion Edwards	Bernice Plummer
Ruth Geiser	Ethel Emerson	Helen Vernon
Sara Gray	Jane Hecox	Eleanor Williams
Romayne Goldsmith	Dorothy Herron	Virginia Wilson
Laura Kwasigroch	Cecile Koch	
Elizabeth Main	Betty Morley	
Ruth Paine	Maxine Porter	
Louise Pearson	Jeanne Schroeder	
Beatrice Pollitzer	Josephine Teschout	
Beatrice Ravenscroft	Sylvia Wallitz	
Margaret Schlah	Myra Warner	
Aveline Umsted		
Eunice Vaughan		
Helen White		

WINTER '25



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Let is not be said that any L. A. High Glee Club ever completed an unsucessful term. We feel, however, that we have just finished a semester of work that is a shade above the average.

During the past term, the Club has given concerts at Berendo Junior High, the City Club, and numerous churches, besides several entertainments given at school. Above all this, in answer to urgent demands, we took a vacation from school and conducted a one day tour of a number of the out of town high schools of Southern California.

Last but far from least comes the annual Glee Club Reunion. This was held at the University Club on December 27, and was the supreme event of the year. We cannot help envying the pleasure which Miss Blythe must feel when she sees "her boys" come back to her to live again, for a short time, the good old Glee Club days.

The officers for the organization are:

Director: Miss Blythe.
President: Jim Camplin.
Manager: Victor Gottschalk.
Librarian: Bill De Ford.
Accompanist: Elsa McAuliffe.

Members: Carroll Manley, Jack Armstrong, Al Burgess, Hamilton Bary, Myron Albertson, Wallin King, Brentnal Higgs, Harry Dietrich, Al Lewis, Marvin Hewett, Harry Cottingham, Homer Smith, Harold Grover, Marvin Estey, Grenville Cunningham, Kenneth Young, Phil Preston, Don Baum, Arthur Goodstein, Phil Cohen, Jack Brown, Marvin Mintz, Sam Skoss, Milton Klein, Murray Chotiner, Cardell Bishop, Fred Davies, Russell Erickson, Denton Williams, Harold Smith, Frank Dyer, Robert Scotland, Rolland Bastian, Herb Klein, Tom Henderson, Joe Maloof, Melville Schlank, Dick Cassady, Warren Washburn.

WITZEL

THE SENIOR ORCHESTRA

The Senior Orchesrta under the leadership of Miss Blythe assisted by Mrs. Morgan had one of the most successful terms in the history of the Los Angeles High School.

Under the leadership of Mrs. Morgan we have had section rehearsals and these have helped immensely in making the orchestra a big success.

The Senior Orchestra furnished a delightful program for the Music Club of this school and they played the Christmas music for the annual entertainment of the school. The orchestra also played for the commencement exercises, Senior A play, and the Shakespearean Production.

The officers of the orchestra are:

Director: Miss Blythe.
Assistant: Mrs. Morgan.
Concert Master: Sidney Weiss.
Manager: Harper Olmstead.
Librarian: Leona Fant.

Piano—David Klatzkin.

First Violins—Sidney Weiss, Charles Hogan, Alicia Mason, Joe Mandel, Hazel Moyle, Margaret Deutsch, Jane Grace, Carl Trapp, Hazel Chapin, Margaret Lytle.

Second Violins—Herbert Schwab, Joe Cannell, Alfred Gilman, Frieda Levin, Sylvia Beckwith, Eileen O'Meira.

Viola—Leona Fant.

Cellos—Herbert Klein, Helen Zeigler.

Basses—Kenneth Becker, Jerome Padelford.

Flutes—Ruth Reavis, Richard Petrie, Elizabeth Marquis, Lucile Hutton. Clotilde Ferte.

First Clarinets—Harold Carpenter, Sherman Kornblum.

Second Clarinets—Harper Olmstead, Rudolph Dallugye, Joseph Harker.

Saxaphones—Louis Underwood, Helen Lockwood.

First Cornets—Robert Willey, Everett Moon.

Second Cornets—Tacoma Winkler, Ruth Engelhorn.

French Horn—Joe Keller.

Trombone—Julian Ginsberg.

Drums—Elmer Maiden.

Tympani—Aubrey Rebard.

JUNIOR ORCHESTRA

It has been said that good things come in small packages. Now it proves to be true! The Junior Orchestra though smaller than usual, has enjoyed a most successful semester under the capable direction of Miss Goodrich. This group of pupils has rendered many pleasing selections both at debates and Cinema Club meetings and is to be congratulated upon its excellent interpretations.

The members are:

Esther Beer, Charles Bennett, Roberta Brenneman, H. Marjorie Hamilton, Lynn Johnson, Amora Lion, Helen Lowder, Roy Meyers, Albert Ruby, Irving Selaman, Pauline Sandberg, Louise Tappero, Carolyn Wood, Milton Zuker.

Alice Calwell *Margaret French* *Helen Thomas*
Anna McKenna *Gladys Patz* *Ethel Emerson*

G. A. A. REPORT

President: Gladys Patz.
Vice President: Enis Monterastelli.
Secretary: Nellie Rhea.
Treasurer: Anna McKenna.

Here is a snappy, popular, club of girls who are interested in different forms of athletics. It is no wonder that the G. A. A. is so popular when such good times are planned as picnics, parties, and contests held between other high schools of the city. On December the tenth the Hollywood girls invited the G. A. A. to a "play-day." In basketball and in swimming Los Angeles lost but the G. A. A. girls made it up by winning for our high school volley ball and tennis matches. There was a fine spirit shown between both schools. A short program was given and punch and wafers were served.

SHOOTING CLUB

President: Margaret French.
Secretary: Margaret Mudgett.
Treasurer: Dorothy Battey.

Shooting may seem a strange pastime for girls but just the same the members of this club have lots of fun and accomplish great accuracy along this line. There are twenty-one enrolled. Miss Lehman is their sponsor. On the twenty-ninth of October the girls gave a Halloween party and had as their guests the Poly Girls' Rifle Club.

SEASONAL SPORTS

President: Enis Monterastelli.

Seasonal sports is one of the clubs that count as regular gym. The members meet periods eight and nine on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. There are nearly fifty enrolled in this division of the G. A. A. with Miss Pipal as their sponsor. The activities of the club have been playing basketball, hockey, and volley ball. Every member in the club took part in the Hollywood "Play-day."

TENNIS

President: Ethel Emerson.
Secretary: Jane Ward.
Treasurer: Jane Reynard.

The tennis club certainly showns its popularity by a membership of fifty-four. The girls are divided in three classes, the beginners, intermediate, and advanced. These classes meet on Monday and Wednesday, periods eight and nine under the sponsorship of Miss Peterson. Gladys Patz, an active member of the G. A. A. won the county championship in singles.

SWIMMING

President: Alice Calwell.
Secretary: Luella Taylor.
Treasurer: Jane Ward.

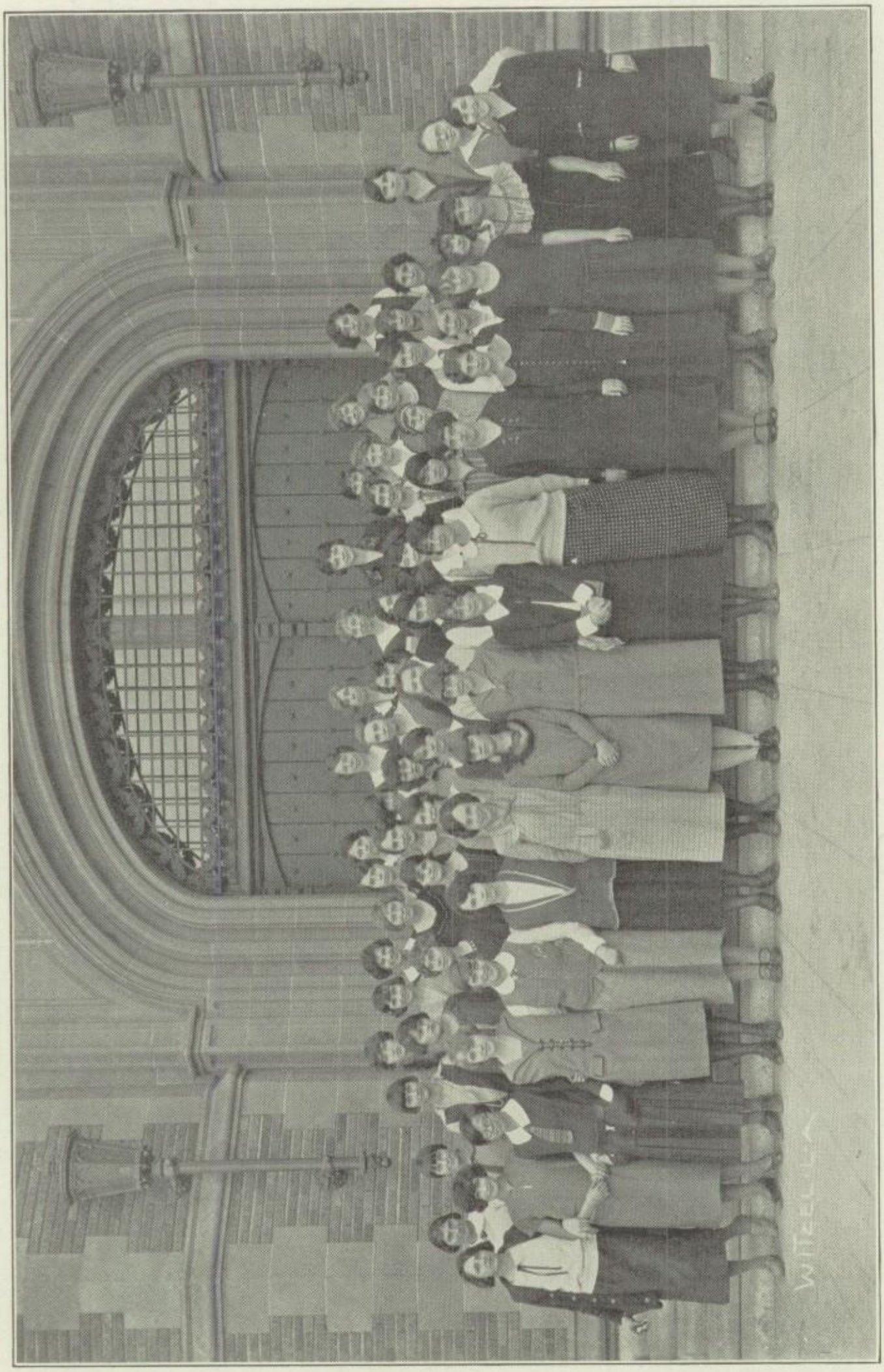
This division of the G. A. A., of which Mrs. Evans is sponsor, has an enrollment of thirty-four. They meet every Monday at the Y. W. C. A. from four to five in the afternoon. All the girls are entered into either the beginners, intermediate, or advanced classes, where they are instructed by capable teachers.

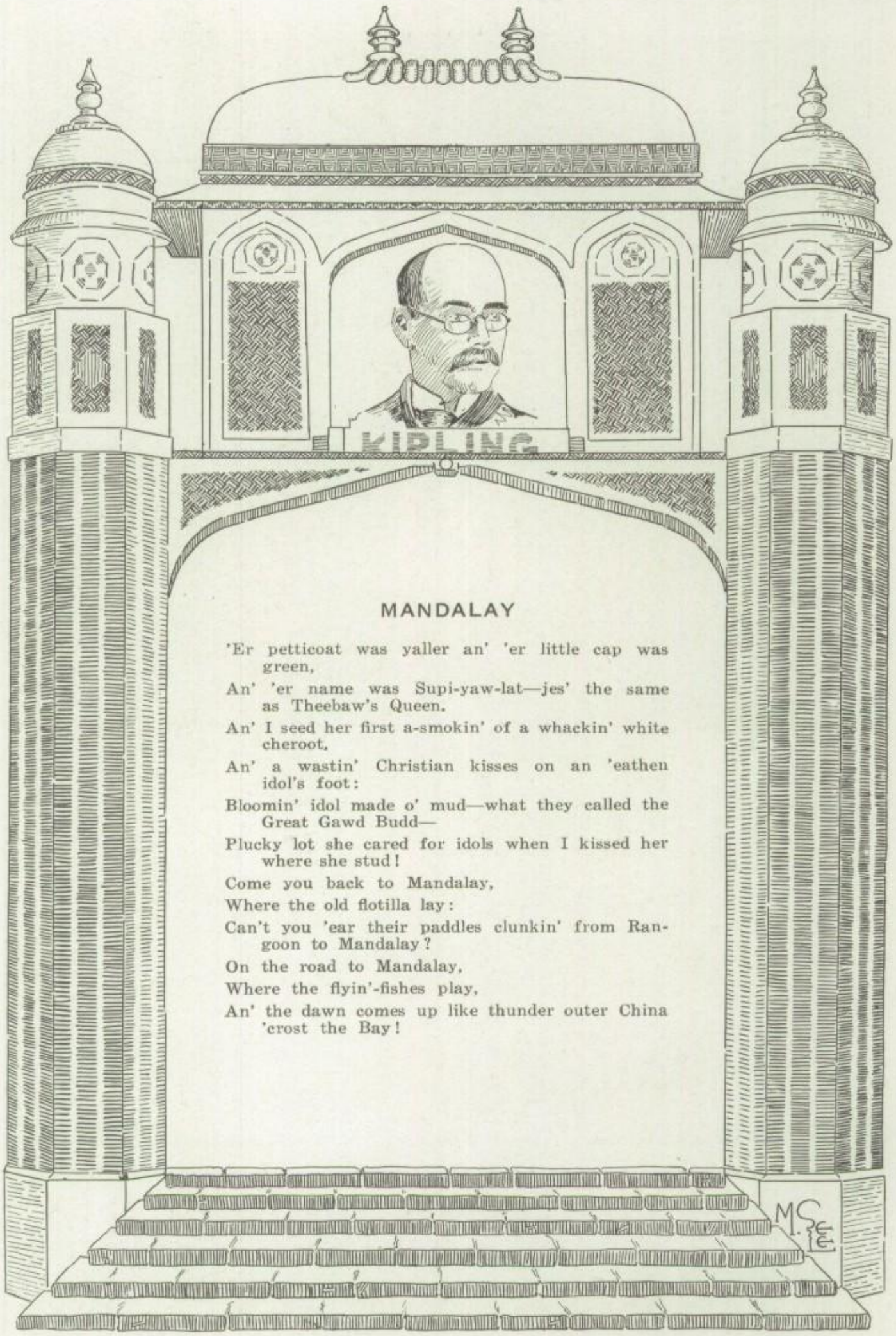
GYM CLUB

President: Helen Thomas.
Secretary: Ethel Emerson.
Treasurer: Ruth Paine.

Fifty-seven girls meet every Monday, Wednesday, and Thsurday morning at eight o'clock to be instructed by Miss Rogers in strictly formal gymnasium. A gym credit is given for belonging to the club. These girls show superior work and have great interest in the class. Every term a breakfast is given in the Cafeteria which is the one day that they do not really work.

WINTER '25



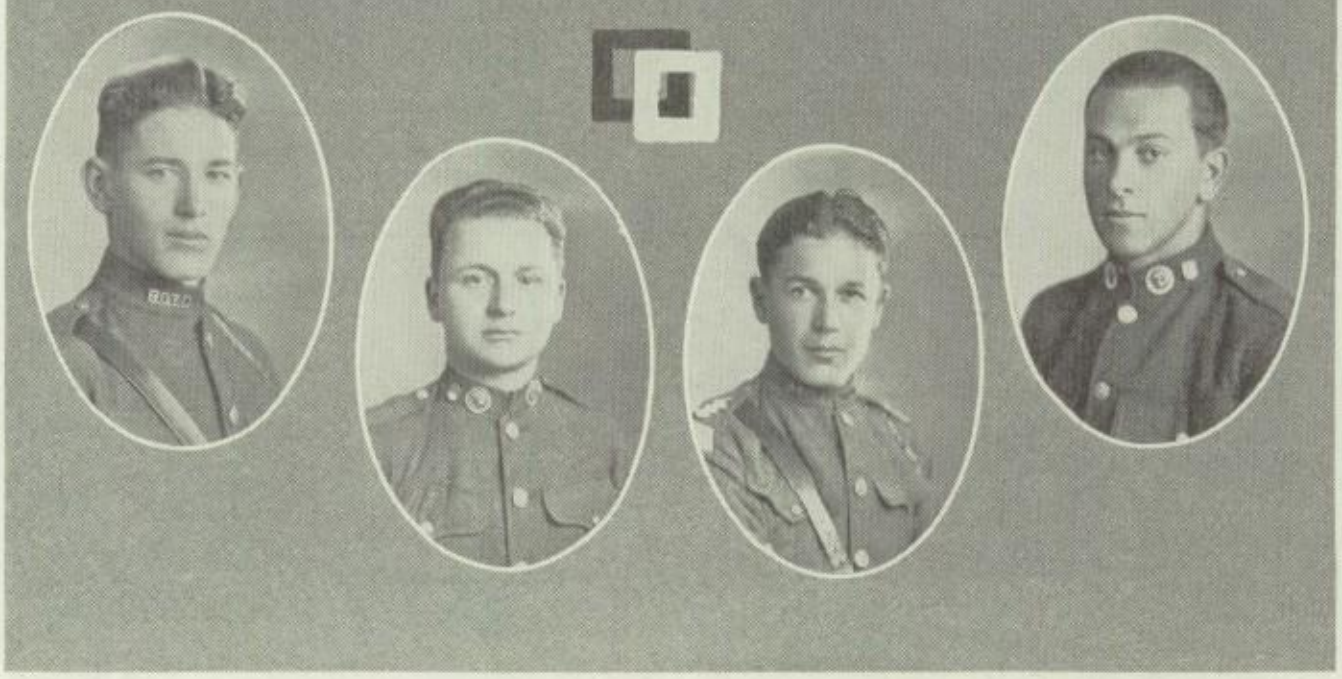


MANDALAY

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen,
An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
An' a wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:
Bloomin' idol made o' mud—what they called the Great Gawd Budd—
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed her where she stud!
Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old flotilla lay:
Can't you 'ear their paddles clunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

MILITARY

Officers' Club



Donald Angus *Frank Albanese* *Ben Gorchakoff* *John McCarter*

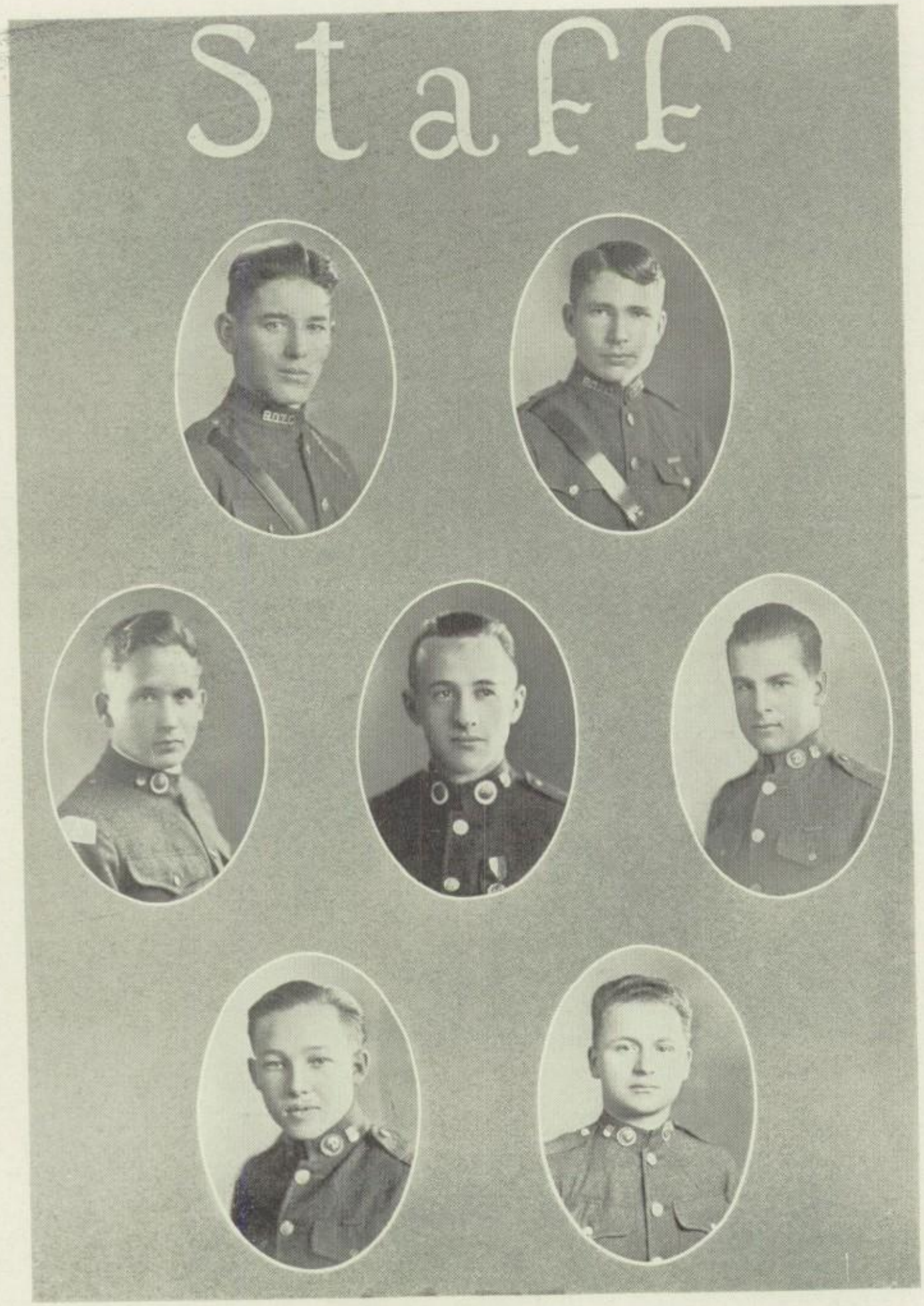
The Officers' and Non-commissioned Officers' Club was organized several years ago to promote a feeling of cooperation and friendliness between the officers and men of the battalion, and to further the interest held by the school for the R. O. T. C. In this the Club has had a very successful term.

The Club also handles all the business and social affiairs of the Unit, being ably assisted and sponsored by Colonel Mudgett.

The military ball, which is given teach term by the Officers' Club, was held on January 10th, and was voted a complete success.

The officers this semester were: Donald Angus, Frank Albanese, Ben Gorchakoff, John McCarter.

Staff



William Post *Donald Angus* *Leo Depper* *James Hartley* *Van Smart* *Frank Albanese* *Curtis Wolter*

MILITARY

The Los Angeles Reserve Officers Training Corps has made great progress toward a goal of better co-operation between Officer and Private. At no time has the spirit of good fellowship been more evident than this term. A better group of Officers from the standpoint of the military boys is not obtainable. And the coming term will prove to be a closely contested one for the commissioned offices, as many of the best Officers will remain with the unit, not all graduating as is the case some terms. It has been the aim of Colonel Mudgett to have the Officers mingle more with the men under their supervision and not assume a lofty position that would injure their friendliness among the men. The students like their Officers and are willing to work for them faithfully. In the group games Officer and Private played side by side and yet the dignity of the Officer's position was not destroyed in the idea of discipline which is necessary in drill. The student Major was one of the best examples of this spirit. He was in the midst of every activity from the football games played by the R. O. T. C. to the ushering at aud calls with the rest of the fellows. He was a good fellow to the unit and he won the admiration of all by his spirit which was entirely absent from an assumed lofty bearing. At drill he was stern and demanded discipline but off the field he was a friend and what is called a good mixer. It is such a spirit that is going to win for the unit more members every term that such Officers are put in charge.

Sergeant Charles took the place of the former assistant to Colonel Mudgett and under his supervision the armory and clothing department have been put in efficient order. The Sergeant took great care to see that every one in the unit had clothing that fitted him properly and was in good condition.

For the first time the R. O. T. C. units of the city took a main part in the Armstice day program. At the great assembly of people a competition was held to determine the crack squad of the city units in the high schools in which Poly and L. A. won respectively, which reflected honor on Colonel Mudgett's ability as a teacher of Military, as he has charge of both schools this term.

Every ten weeks a group of proficiency medals are given out to the most proficient in his respective class. It is considered a great honor to win one of these medals as it represents much study on military science and drill, and is a thing worth working for. When a students wins one of the medals for the first time he is presented with a bronze one, the second time a silver one, and the third time a gold one. So far no gold ones have been issued due to the stiff requirements and also to the fact that the plan of giving proficiency medals has not been in effect long enough to permit students to work for them. The winners for the first ten weeks were presented with their medals by Colonel Clark at a review on November 25, and are as follows:

Commissioned Officers: Captain Harold Duncan, Co. B., Silver Medal.

Non-Commissioned Officers: Color Sergt. Frank Albanese, Staff, Bronze Medal.

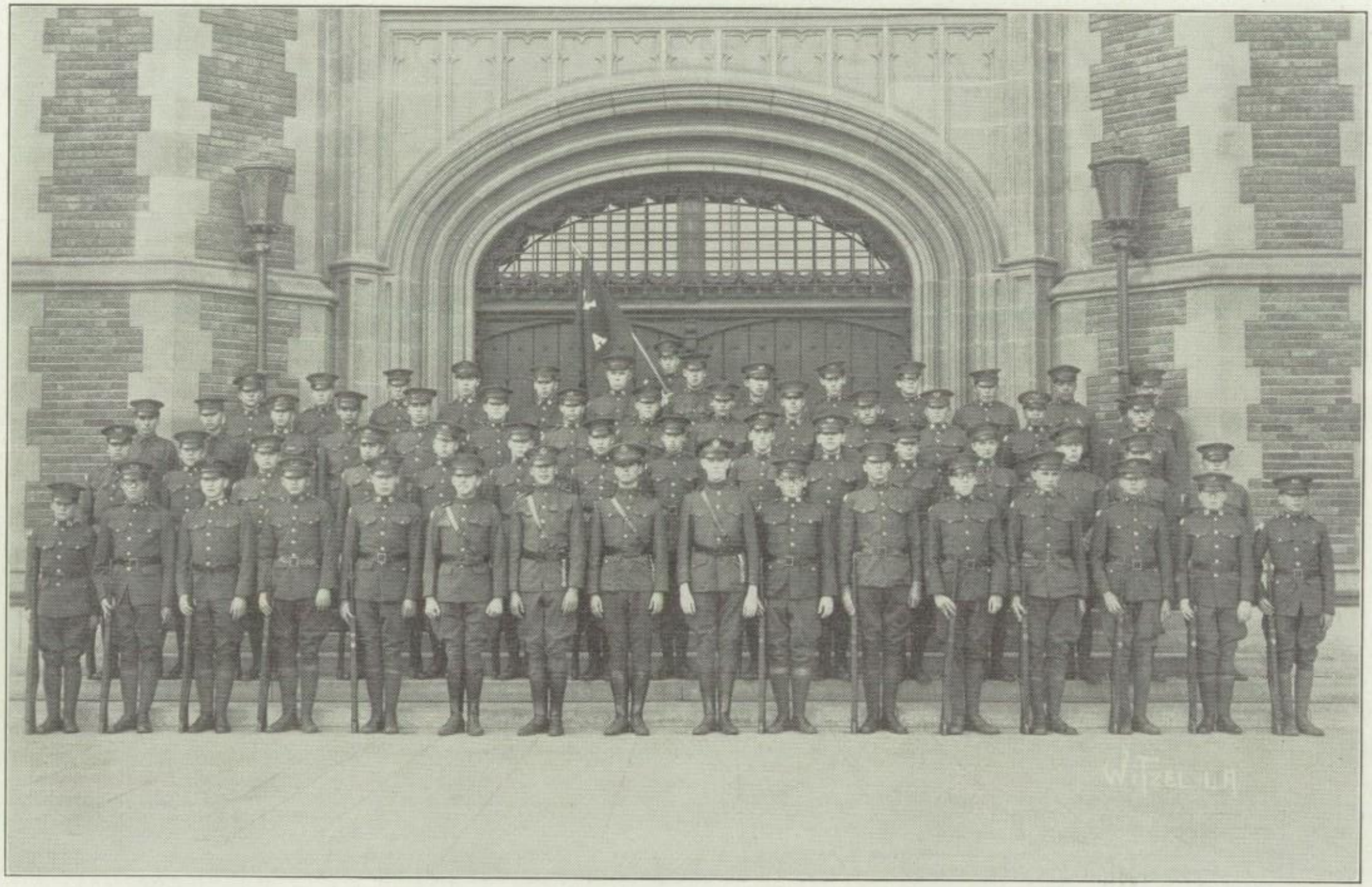
Corporal Bret Smart, Co. B., Bronze Medal. Corporal Milton Zuker, Band, Bronze Medal.

Privates: Wesley Barrett, Jr., Co. A., Bronze Medal. Harry Parkin, Jr., Co. B., Bronze Medal.

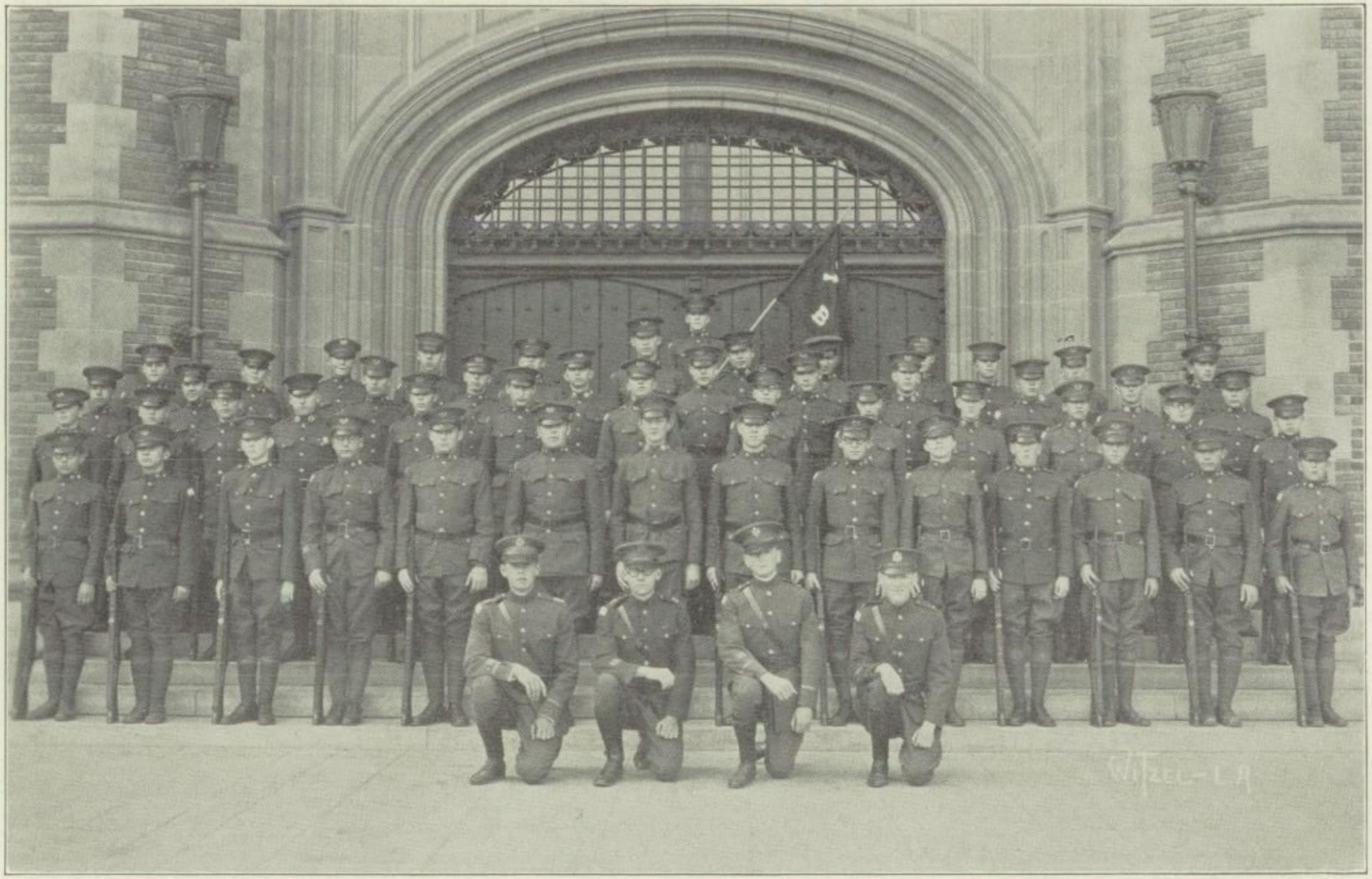
Due to the printing of the semi-annual before the winners were picked for the second ten weeks their names were omitted.

Officers

Ben Gorchakoff *Harold Duncan* *Fred Davies*
Vernon Barrett *Joel Butler* *Wilson Whitely*
Withenbury Lyster *William Hurt* *Freeman Ambrose* *Leland Auer*



COMPANY A



COMPANY B

BAND

BATTALION ROSTER

STAFF

Major: Donald Angus.
First Lieutenant and Adjutant: Van Smart.
Sergeant Major: William Post.
Color Sergeants: Frank Albanese, Leo Depper.
Supply Sergeant: Curtis Wolter.
Ordnance Sergeant: James Hartley.

COMPANY A

Captain: Benjamin Gorchakoff.
First Lieutenant: Fred Davies.
Second Lieutenant: Withenbury Lyster.
Second Lieutenant: Wilson Whitely.
First Sergeant: Ward Hellings.
Sergeants: Robert Curtis, Dale Bowen, John Clark, Milton Levitt, Robert Skaggs, Richard Wilmot.
Corporals: William Kuert, Lawrence Nye, Maurice Albee, Henry Denison, William Mann, John McCarter, Jack Rau, Charles Carter, Frank Sprague.

COMPANY B

Captain: Harold Duncan.
First Lieutenant: Walter Vernon Barrett.
Second Lieutenant: Freeman Ambrose.
Second Lieutenant: Arthur Hurt.
First Sergeant: Arthur Eddy.
Sergeants: John Gray, John Kunkle, Blakeslee Smith, Donald Smith, John Wilcox, Warren Wilson.
Corporals: Harry Burns, Marvin Estey, Bret Smart, Dwight Bowles, Phillip Brown, William Brownridge, Benjamin Frost, Winfield Mortimer, Sylvester Weaver, Jacob Odle.

BAND

Chief Musician, Second Lieutenant: Joel Butler.
Drum Major, Second Lieutenant: Leland Auer.
Principal Musician: Joseph Keller.
Chief Trumpeter: Robert Willey.
Sergeants: Henry Hayungs, Edwin Munsey, Julian Ginsberg, Mourice Koeberle, Richard Petrie, Seymour Stienberg.
Corporals: Richard Tull, Harold Grayson, Frederick Smith, Milton Zuker, Laurence Weinberg, Holland Bastian, Jerome Padelford, Newton Crum, David Welch.

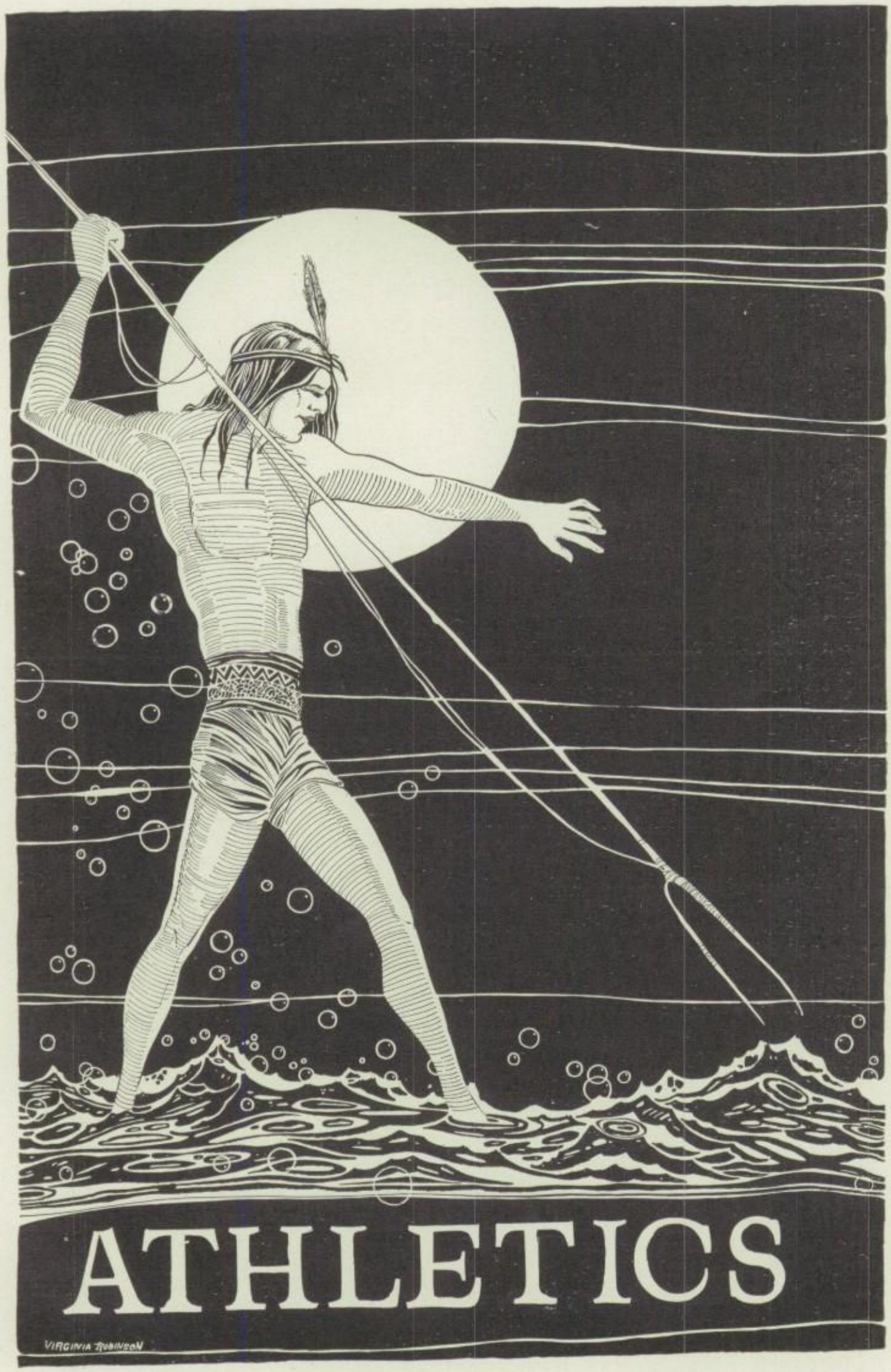
from

HIAWATHA

Out of childhood into manhood
Now had grown my Hiawatha,
Skilled in all the craft of hunters,
Learned in all the lore of old men,
In all youthful sports and pastimes,
In all manly arts and labors.
Swift of foot was Hiawatha;
He could shoot an arrow from him,
And run forward with such fleetness,
That the arrow fell behind him!
Strong of arm was Hiawatha;
He could shoot ten arrows upward,
Shoot them with such strength and swiftness,
That the tenth had left the bowstring
Ere the first to earth had fallen!

Longfellow

Virginia Robinson


ATHLETICS
VIRGINIA ROBINSON

Big LA

Tom Middleton *Myers Butte* *Bill Horton* *Lester Berry*

The Big L. A. Society as organized during the term of S'18, with the purpose in mind of promoting interest in athletics and furthering the ideals of sportsmanship.

The letter men of football, baseball, basketball, and track, which go to make up the four major sports at L. A., comprise the society's membership.

The annual basketball game between the members of the society and faculty was one of the biggest events.

The banquet at the end of the term, which has become a semi-anual affair of the society given to the members of all athletic teams, was well attended and plans for the next year were discussed. At this time the new officers were elected.

The officers for the present term were:

President: Tom Middleton.
Vice President: Meyers Butte.
Secretary: Bill Horton.
Treasurer: Lester Berry.

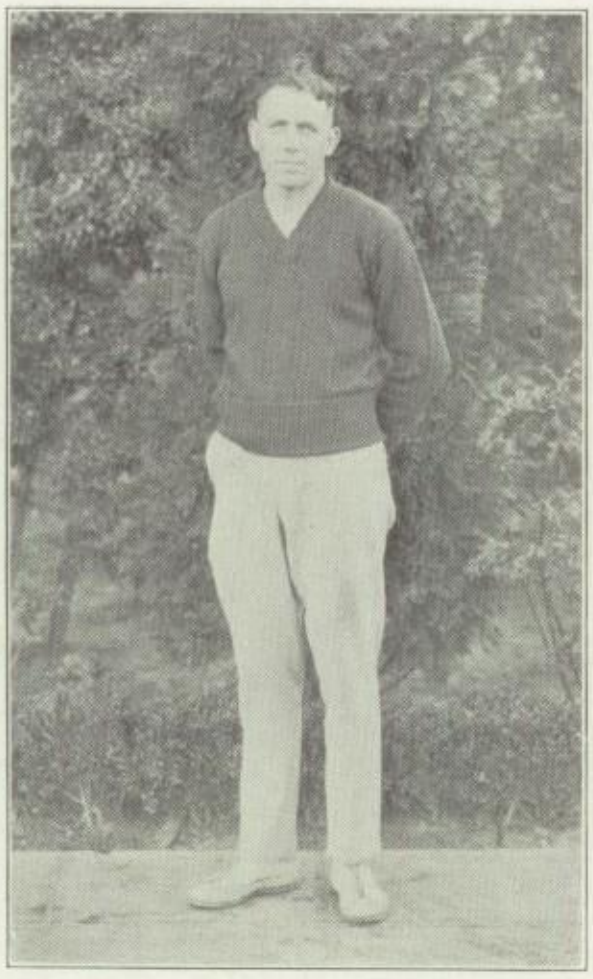
The members active this year are: Meyers Butte, Tom Middleton, Phil Kerr, Art Parks, Jack Lyons, Brent Higgs, Earl Mathis, Phil Tennis, Jack Dales, Bill Horton, Melvin Reid, Fred Sturdy, Al Kwasigroch, Merrill Hallack, Lester Berry, Louie Almada, Dick McKee, John Rodgers, Al Cramer, Al Bonner, Joe Grimes, and Ralph Layne.

FOOTBALL

For the second consecutive year L. A. tied for the city championship. This time we were forced to share honors with our old rivals, Polytechnic. From a mediocre start our fellows, under Coach Kirkpatrick's direction, came through to a brilliant finish. Although our team was not rated as "dangerous," at first, by our rivals, the fellows gave all they had and developed into "the classiest of the league." Our team this year possessed that "indomitable something." which all L. A. teams have had and which always places the Blue and White on top.

To Coach Bruce Kirkpatrick too much credit cannot be given for L. A.'s success, not alone this year but also in the past. By his ability and forceful personality the team was kept on "fighting edge" throughtout the season.

Captain Phil Kerr, playing his last year for the Blue and White, was a strong factor in the team's victory.



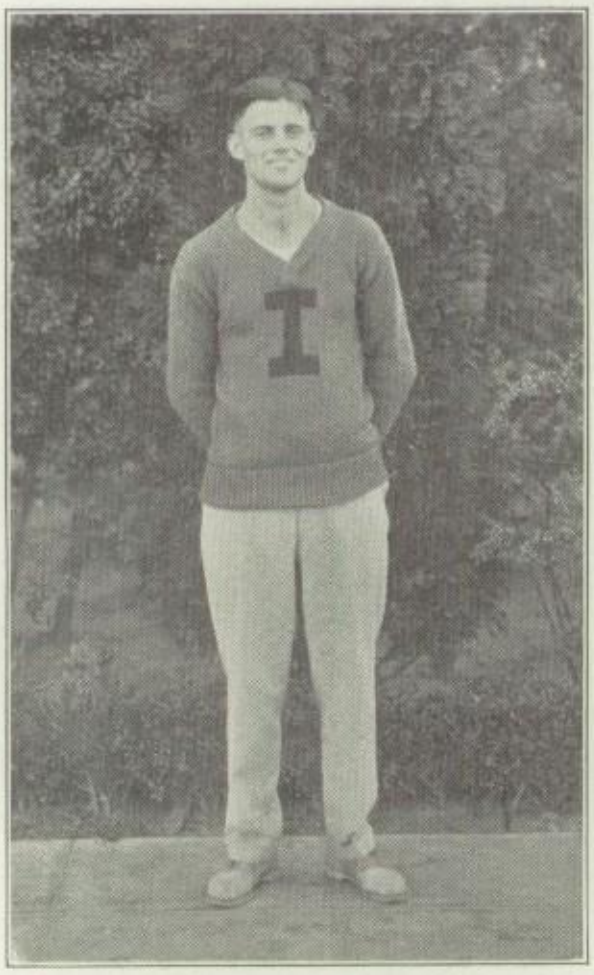
COACH W. BRUCE KIRKPATRICK

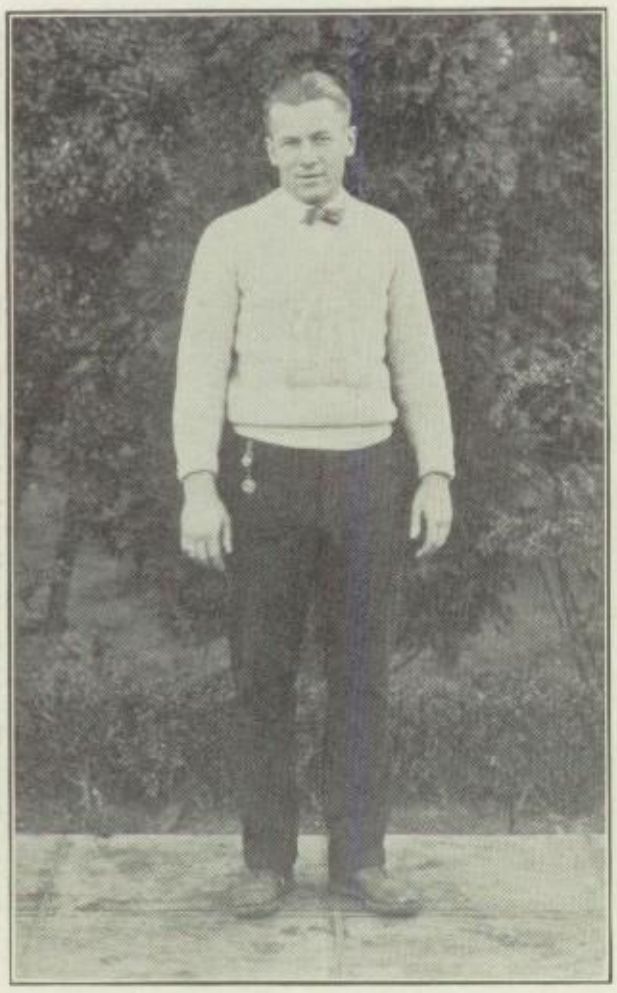
Coach Kirkpatrick assumed the full burden of training this year's eleven and he certainly "came through." He developed a line that was not pierced in any league game for a touchdown, and a backfield that could score when a score meant victory. By his untiring effort and sincere interest he made a place for himself in the hearts of all the fellows under him.

COACH EDMUND RICH

Coach Rich made his first year at L. A. a success by turning out a crack lightweight squad. From a group of fellows, of which only a few had any experience, he developed a 130 lb. team which was defeated but once.

Coach Rich was ably assisted by Jack Cassidy and Vic Gotschalk who handled the second team lightweights.



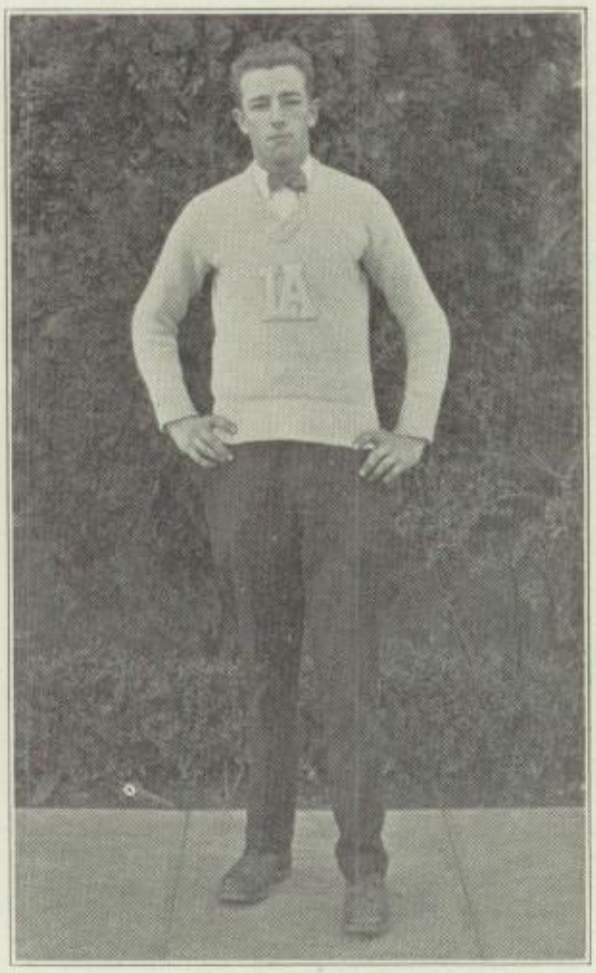


COACH AL KWASIGROCH

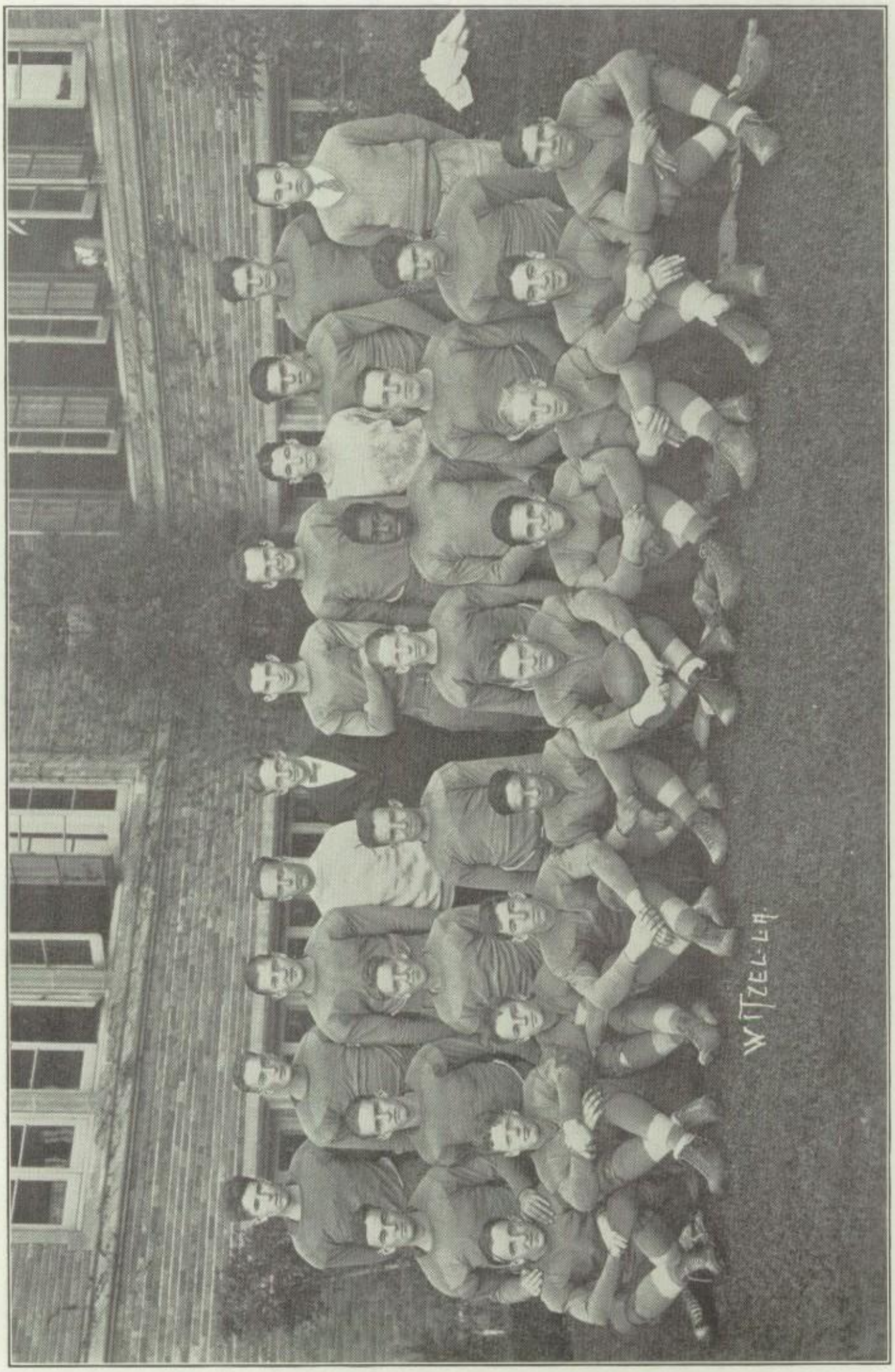
It always takes a second team to "make" a first team and Al turned out a "bunch" that could always give the first squad a hard scrimmage.

COACH M. HEWETT

"Tarzan" Hewett, last year's lightweight end, coached the 110 lb. team into the city championship. By untiring effort he developed the "midgets" to a point where they were able to whip anything of their weight in the city.



WINTER '25



PROSPECTS FOR '25 VARSITY

The chances for another team of championship calibre seem very favorable as the stock of returning veterans is summed up.

Although graduation claims many, there will be seven letterman once more in football togs next fall. The seniors are: Tom Middleton, Myers Butte, Julius May, Jimmy Melton, Max Winter, Gilbert Edwards, Phil Kerr, and Maurice O'Haver. The team will lose Johnny O'Brien and Jimmy Rasor, through ineligibility and this will be a loss indeed.

Without a doubt L. A. will have a "sweet" combination in the backfield next year as the "Five Horsemen," Moses, Almada, Smith, Tupper, and Cushing will all be back. These fellows all made their letters playing in this year's championship eleven and there surely promises to be some all-city material in this quintet. As usual, the coach will face the task of building a forward wall as only two letterman are returning in the persons of "Firpo" Tappan and Lee Pendergast. Some fellows who are likely to step in to line positions are: "Bud" Fessler, at tackle, De Ford, at end, Coyle. at end, "Pot" Reed, at guard, and Newton at tackle. Two fellows who certainly showed promise on the second team are Wadleton, and Galloway, who may grab a place also, next year.

As this book goes to press there is everys indication that L. A. will lose a man that will be hard to replace, indeed, Coach Bruce Kirkpatrick. An advanced position will take away the fellow who has largely been responsible for the success of the Blue and White for the past two years. However, whoever takes charge of the squad next year wil certainly have a lot of good material to work into a team that will "tie no more" for champion of the league.

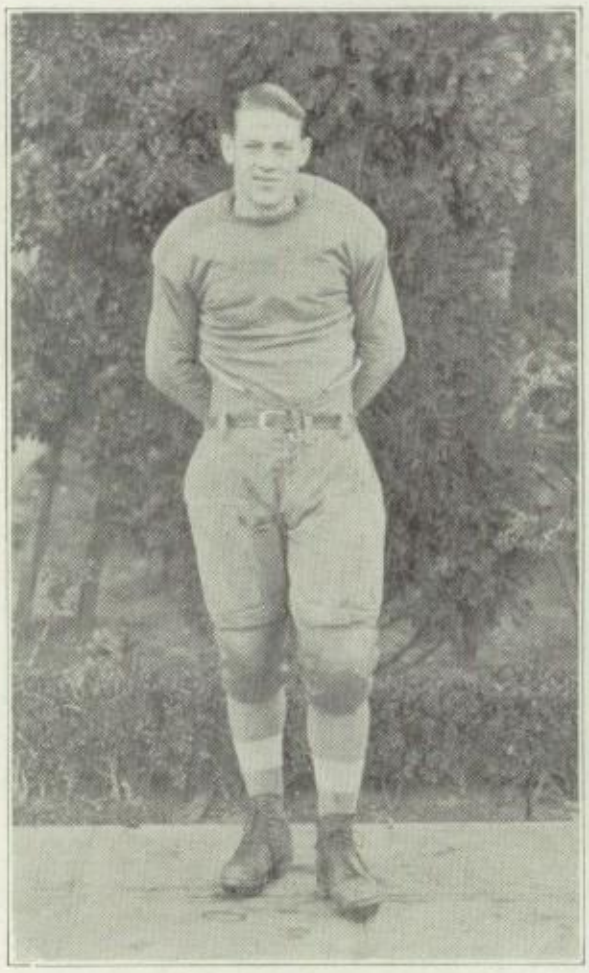
DOUGLAS SOREY. MANAGER

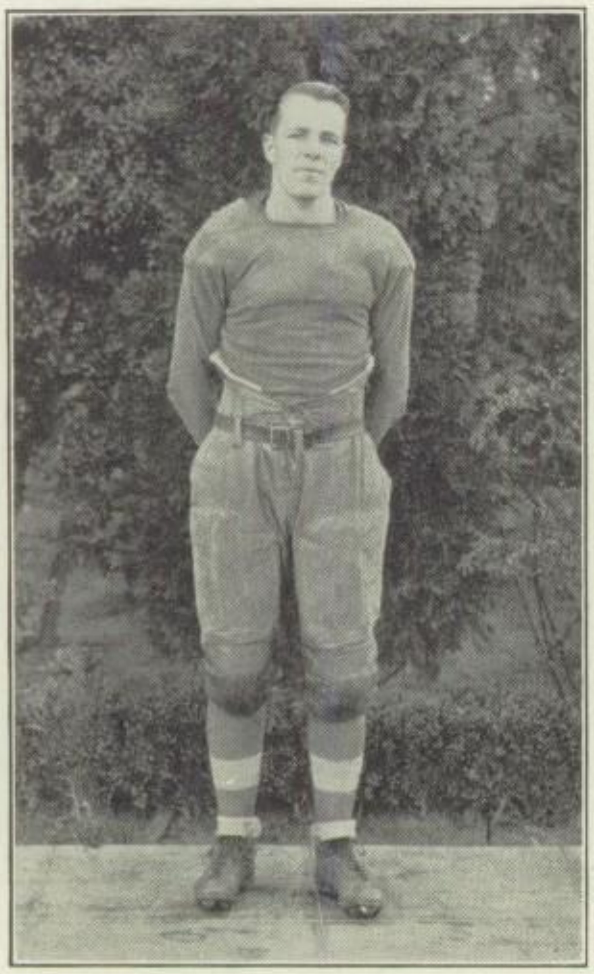
"Doug" was "Johnny-on-the-spot" every night and proved a very efficient manager. He doled out equipment. worked on the field, and aided the coaches generally.

Two other fellows who put in a great deal of time and showed a lot of school spirit by service were Asst. Manager Hansen and Trainer Charley Grigsby. L. A. certainly owes these fellows a great deal for their untiring work.

CAPTAIN, PHIL KERR
No. 13, Fullback

Phil certainly put all he had into the team this year and his work in the Poly game alone made a place for him in the hearts of all L. A.'s supporters. Whenever a yard or two was badly needed Phil would always respond with a gain Unfortunately Kerr has played his last game for the Blue and White, and with his going L. A. loses one of the best fullbacks she has ever had.





MYERS BUTTE

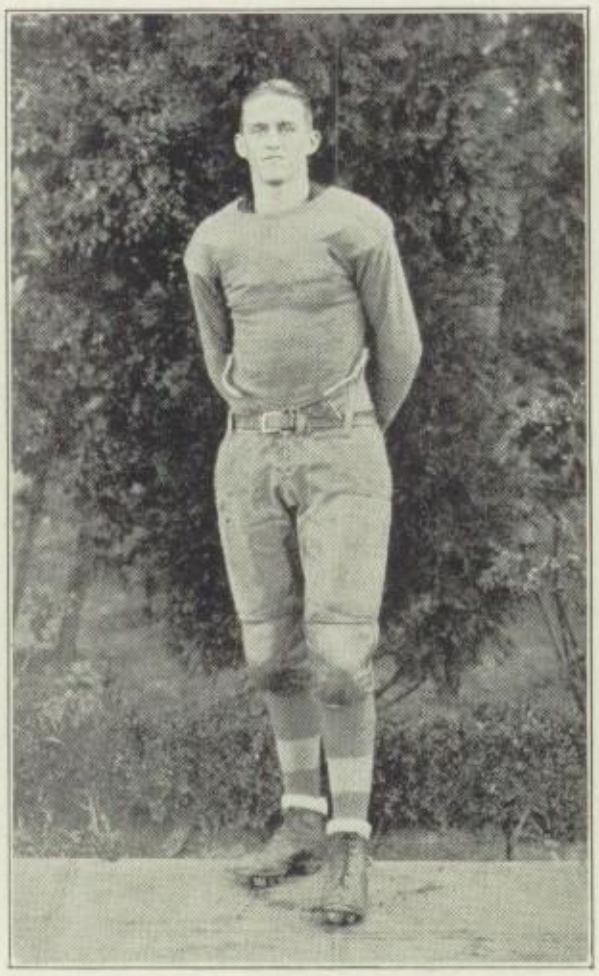
No. 19, Guard

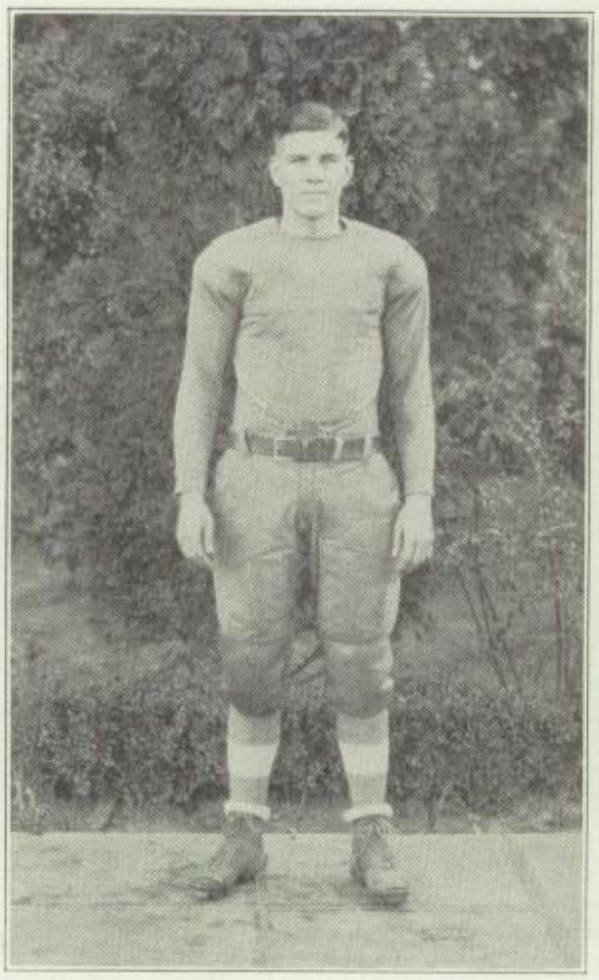
Myers was one of the returning lettermen, and he formed the nucleus around which was built the best defensive line in the city. His ability to "pile up" our opponents plays and open up "holes" for his own backfield made him an unanimous choice for "All-City" berth. Myers leaving will leave a big hole to be filled in next year's forward wall.

JAMES MELTON

No. 9, End

Jimmy proved to be one of the best ends turned out at L. A. for some time. His habit of breaking up our enemies end runs and his ability to outkick any punter in the league made him an invaluable factor to the team. These faculties, along with many others, made him a "cinch" for the "All-City" eleven. This wingman's position will be hard to fill next year as Jimmy is leaving us in January.





TOMMY MIDDLETON

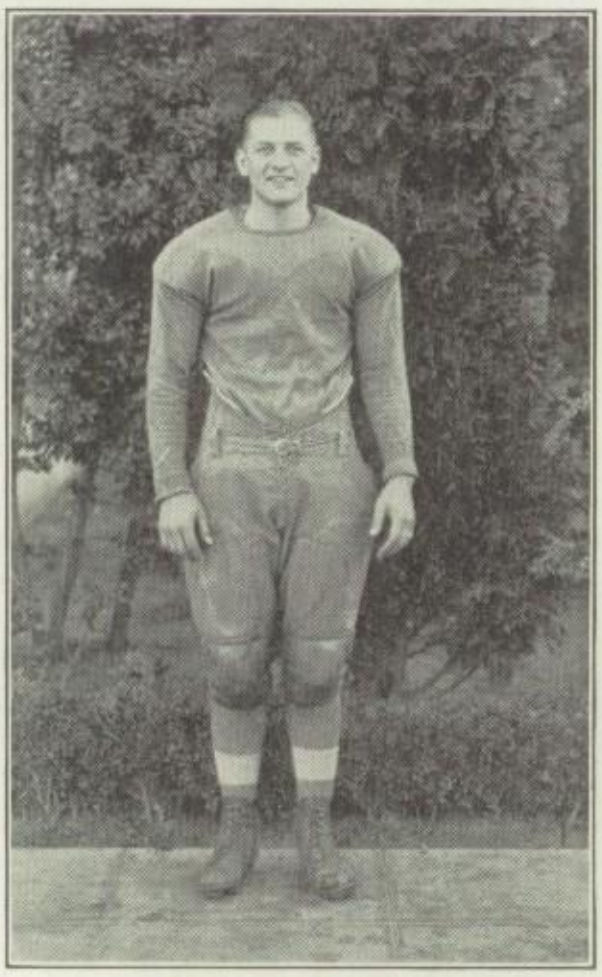
No. 21, Half

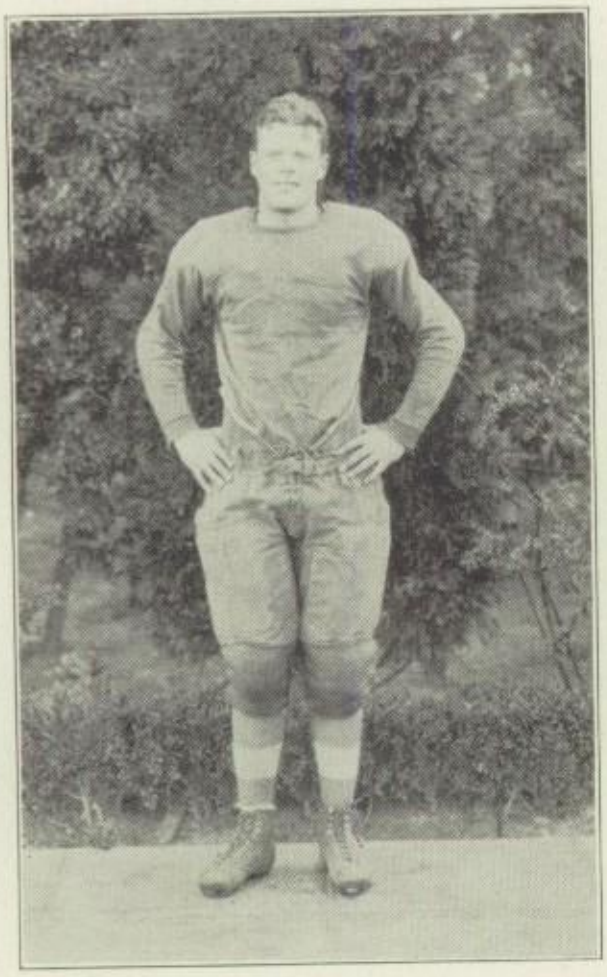
Tommy was one of the returning veterans from last year's championship eleven, and he again proved his worth this year. Although one of the lightest fellows in the squad he was also one of the shiftiest. An old injury kept him out of part of the games, but he ran wild aganst our opponents when able to play. When Tom graduates in January, L. A. loses one of the grittiest and hardest fighters she has ever had.

DON MOSES

No. 17, Half

Don came unheralded to L. A. but from the start he showed he had the right stuff in him. He could buck the line, run ends and pass as well as receive forward passes. It was Don who proved to be L. A.'s driving power in all our games, and it was usually by his terrific off-tackle smashes that the Blue and White scored. Don was picked for "All-City" half and with another year at L. A. we look for him to be the best half in the South.





GILBERT EDWARDS

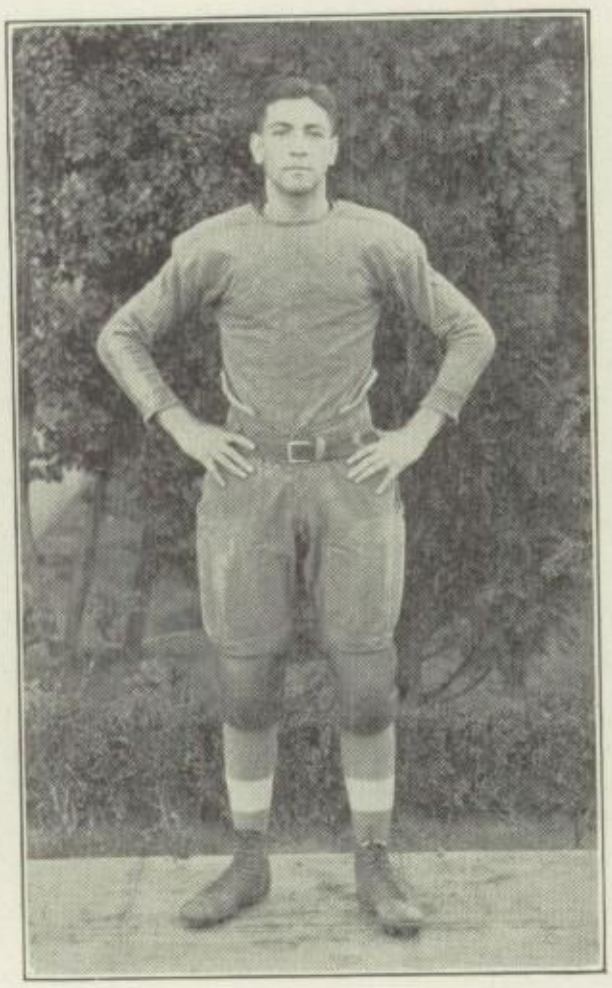
No. 14, End

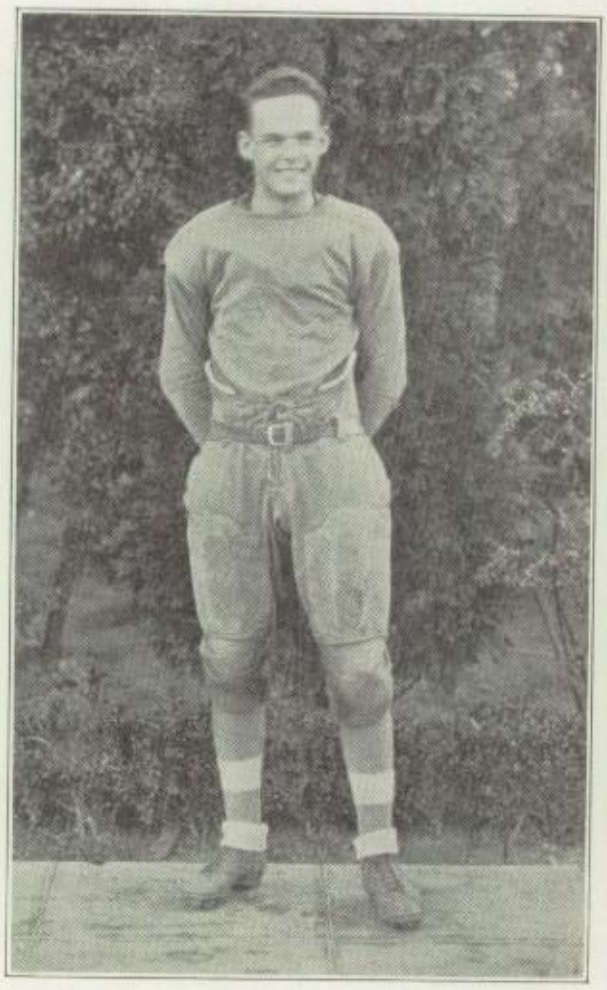
"Gibbey" was slow in getting started this year but when he got going he certainly showed he had the goods in him. He coaxed plays, worried our opponents' kickers sick, and was a sure tackle when down under punts. "Red" has played his last game for L. A. as he will not be back next year.

JULIUS MAY

No. 11, Half

"Jakey" was a utility man par excellent, being able to play either halfback or end position. He was a whiz at snagging passes and against a forward pass attack unbeatable. May is one of the hardest workers ever to be on a L. A. team and we regret to say we lose him by graduation this year.





MAX WINTER

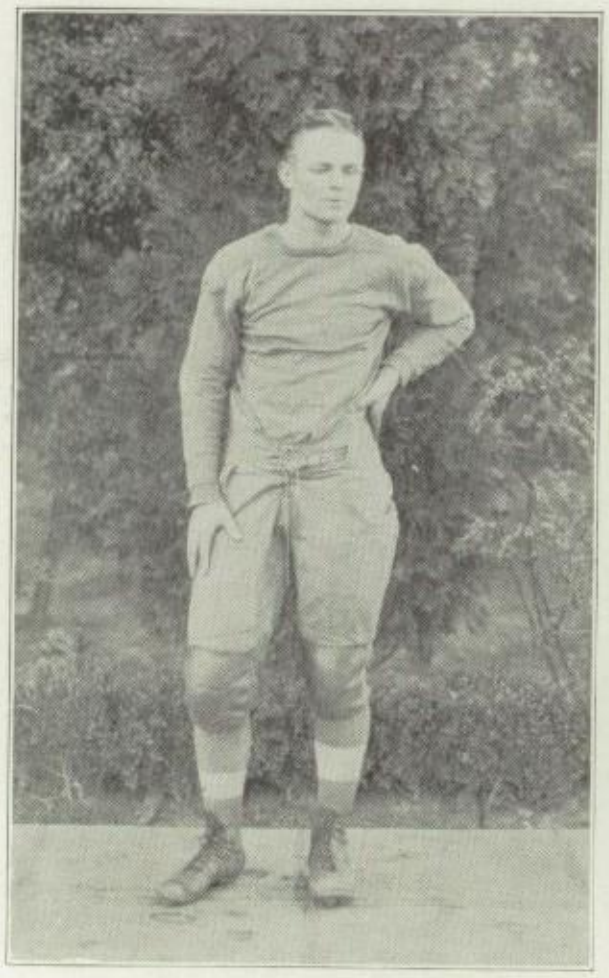
No. 4, Center

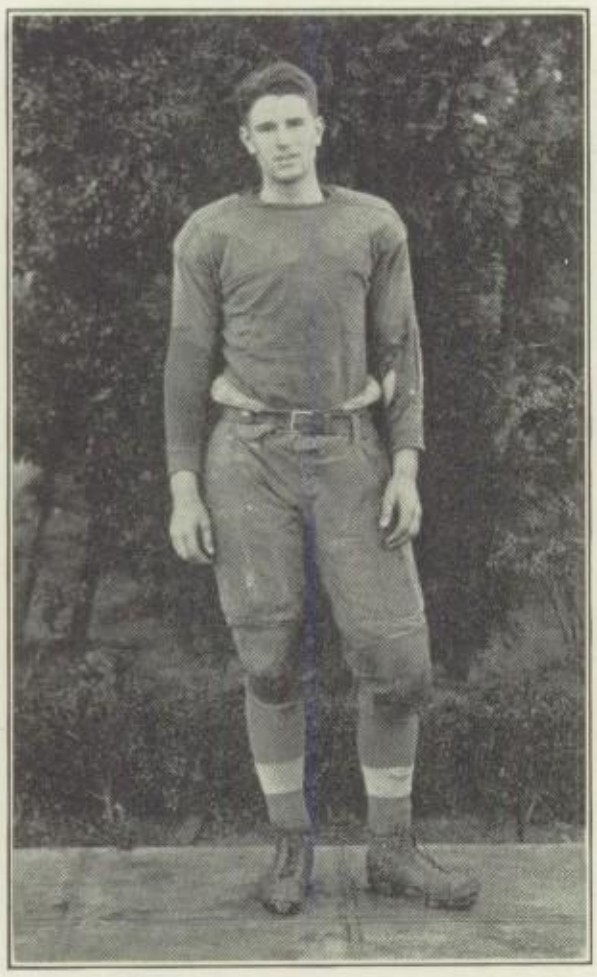
Max come up from the second team and certainly hit his stride in the varsity. His accurate passing and steady play made him a dependable center, and his defensive playing marked him as a bulwark in our impregnable line. Max will surely be missed when next year rolls around, as he graduates in January.

JAMES RASOR

No. 5, Center

Jimmie, although smaller than many, was a hard tackler and held down the difficult pivot position in spite of his weight. He could outguess his opponents, and it was Rasor who could always be found at the bottom of the heap with his arms around the runner. Jimmie was hampered by injuries but came through and completely outplayed a certain "All-City" pivot man from Manual.





LEE PENDERGAST

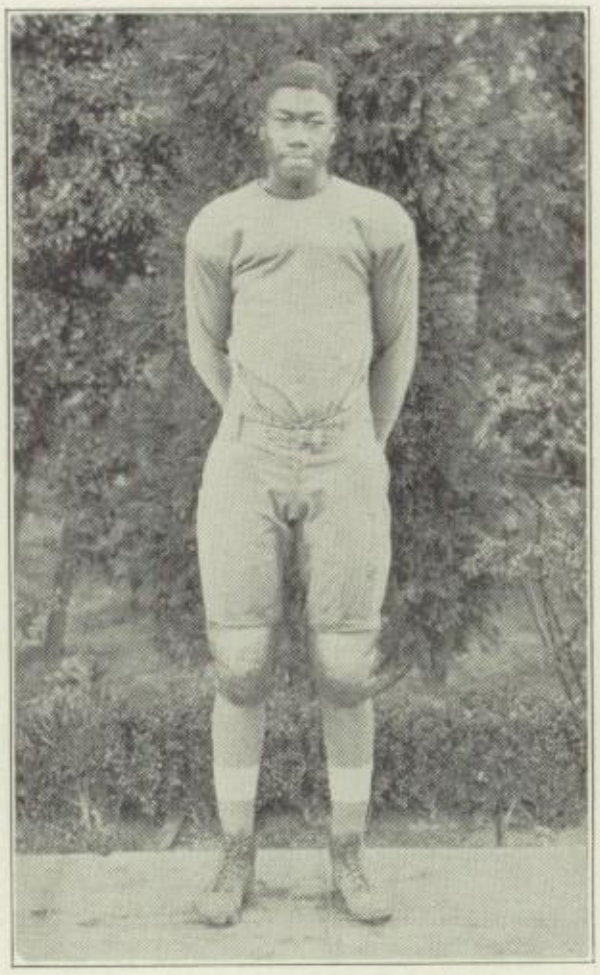
No. 18, Guard

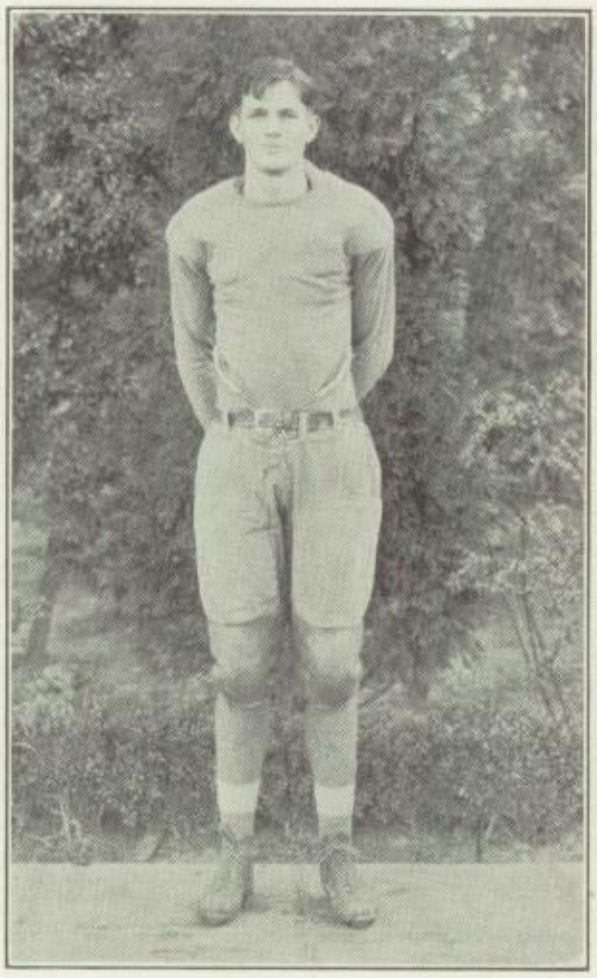
Although hindered by inexperience, "Pendy," by his weight and aggressiveness turned out be one of our best linesmen. Very little yardage was made through the center of our line, this year, and this big fellow was one of the reasons why. Pendergast has two more years of football, and with his showing this year he certainly shows great promise.

THEOPOLIS SMITH

No. 15 Fullback

"Theo" certainly showed up well this year and came through with flying colors. His work in the Manual game was surely instrumental in our victory. Smith could buck the line terrifically and his ability to knock down passes was unbeatable. With one more year of football, this big fellow could certainly go like a "house afire."





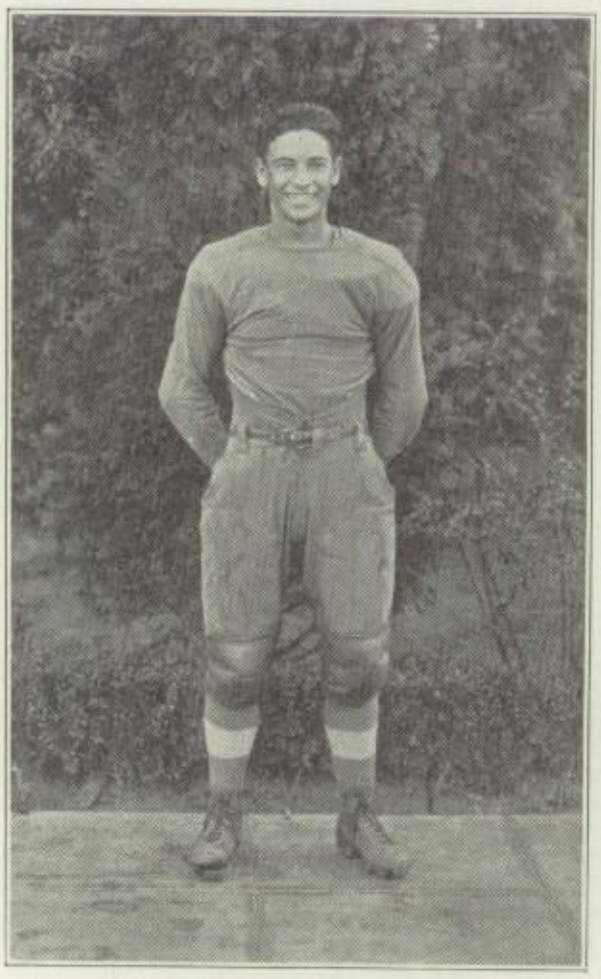
JOHN O'BRIEN

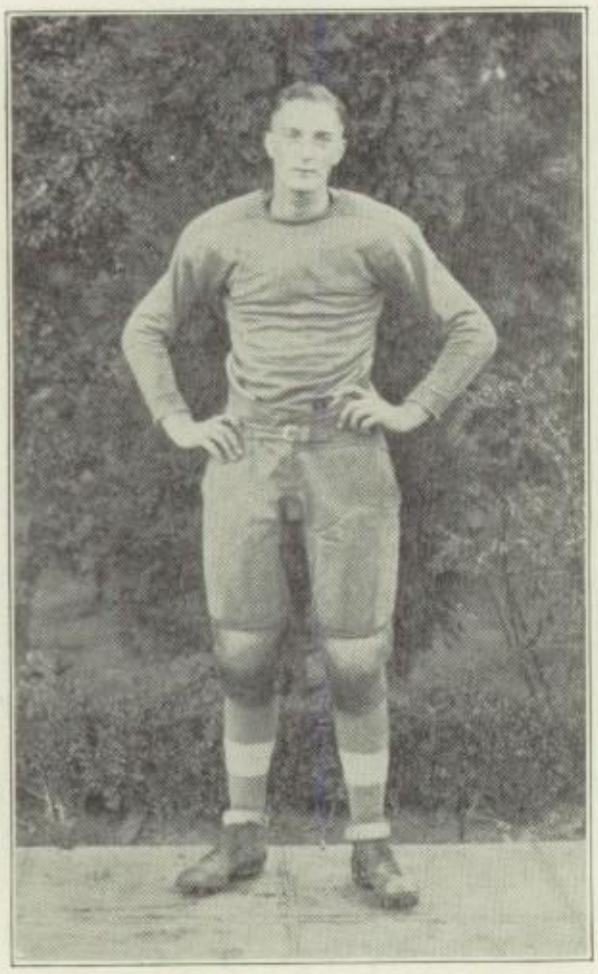
"Johnny" was a fellow who was dissatisfied unless he got in every play, and due to this L. A. owes much for the great offensive line we had. Johnny's work at tackle was a revelation. He broke through and stopped the plays before they were fairly started and was a general riot in the line. These qualities, coupled with a great fighting spirit, made it impossible to keep Johnny off the "All-City."

WALTER CUSHING

No. 2, Quarter

Here is a fellow full of the true blue "L. A. Fight." Although the lighest fellow out for the varsity, and really eligible to play on the 110's, Walt stayed out and fought his way to a place at quarter. His ability to handle punts and run the team made him one of our best quarterbacks, and with his pepper and fight should be heard from next year.





WILLIAM DE FORD

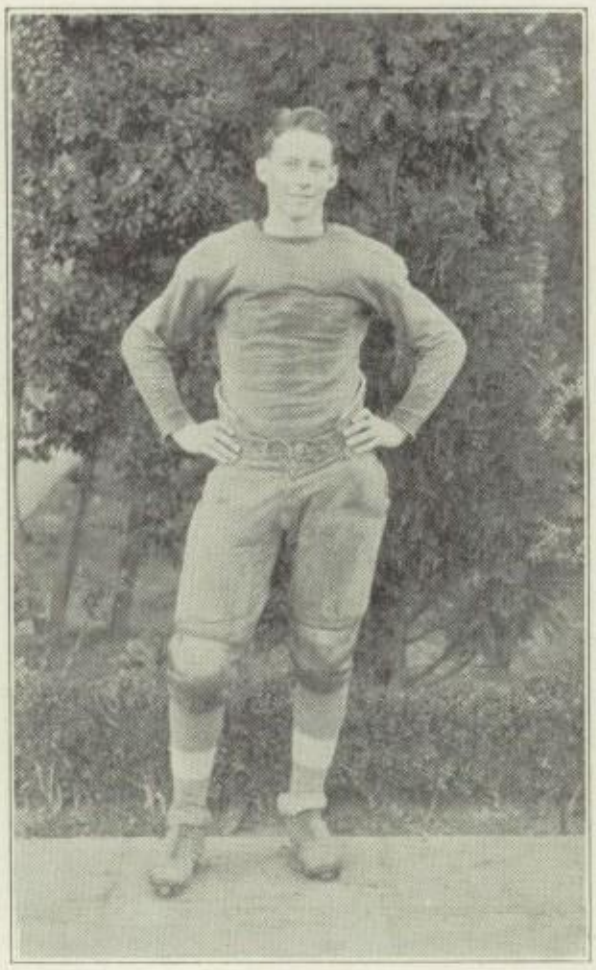
No. 23, End

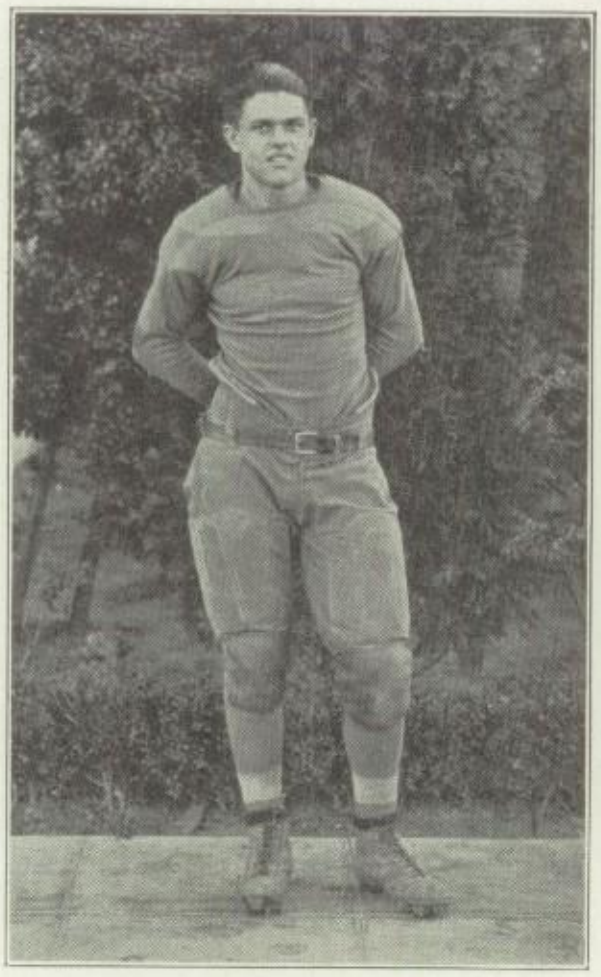
Bill was one of our best ends and his ability to "take out" the opposing tackles made him a valuable man on the offensive. He was a hard man to "get around," and with a little more experience we predict a big year for Bill next football season.

RICHARD TUPPER

No. 22, Quarter

Dick was another product of last year's lightweight crew and by his speed and headwork made "first-string" quarter on the varsity eleven. His snap and drive kept the team on edge, and with a little experience he should make one of the best signal shouters ever turned out at L. A. Tupper's ability to run back punts made him one of the best safety men in the city.





FRANCIS TAPPAAN

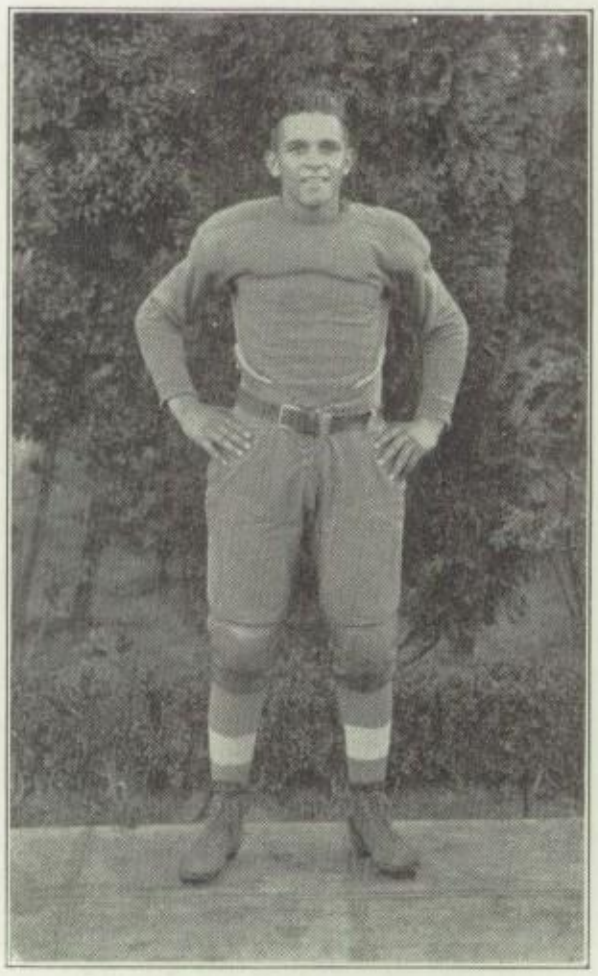
No. 24, Tackle

"Tap" proved to be one of the best tacklers ever developed by Bruce Kirkpatrick. He could certainly smear all off-tackle bucks shot at him, and came out of the line like a bolt to run interference. Without a doubt, in Tappan and O'Brien L. A. had a pair of the best tackles in the city. "Tap" should certainly go big next year and L. A. is lucky to have him back.

LOUIE ALMADA

No. 7, Half

Louie came up to the varsity from last year's lightweight squad and he proved his ability to hold down a regular half-back berth. By his lightening darts through the line, and his bullet passes, he was a constant threat to our opponents. Louie certainly has shown the true "L. A. Fight," and great things are expected of him as he will be seen in football togs again next year.



CITY CHAMPIONS

Our first team, game by game, fought their way down the stretch to the final battle with Poly, without losing a single game. Only a last desperate play by our rivals was successful and L. A. was denied the undisputed title for the second time in as many years.

The success of this year's squad is all the more remarkable when the fact is taken into consideration that only three letterman returned from the 1923 squad. From a group of former lightweight and second team players, Coach Kirkpatrick, aided by the willingness and fight of the fellows themselves, shaped a clean hard-fighting eleven.

On the defense L. A.'s line had no equal and too much credit cannot be bestowed to the fellows who played on it. When L. A. had the ball then her true power was evident for our backfield was composed of fellows who fought for every inch with all they had.

The fellows and their positions are: fullback, Capt. Phil Kerr, T. Smith; halfback, D. Moses, T. Middleton, L. Almada, J. May; quarter-back, R. Tupper, W. Cushing, V. Keene; end, J. Melton, G. Edwards, Wm. De Ford, P. Nimmer, L. Coyle, M. OHaver; tackle, J. O'Brien, F. Tappan, A. Fester, Chas. Beall; guard, M. Butte, L. Pendergast, M. Reed, J. Lyson, C. Newton; center, M. Winter, J. Rasor.

L. A. VS FRANKLIN. 21-0.

Coach Kirkpatrick's squad took the field on October 17, to play their opening game, with only an even chance against Franklin's Blue and Buff aggregation. With an offense built up around Capt. Phil Kerr, Tommy Middleton, and Don Moses, and a yet unproven defense, L. A.'s true power was unknown.

In the first quarter fumbles and bad breaks put the Blue and White in danger and here was where her line proved a stonewall to the Franklin backs. With Butte, Tappaan, and Melton on one wing and Pendergrast, O'Brien, and De Ford on the other, backed up by great defensive playing by Winter and Kerr in the center, our line proved impregnable.

With one minute of the second quarter remaining, L. A. opened up. After an exchange of punts it was Franklin's ball on L. A.'s 40 yard line; on the first play Moses intercepted a pass and, aided by good interference, tore off twenty-five yards before being stopped. Another pass, Almada to Moses, gained thirty yards more. Don was hit by three Franklin tacklers but fought and scrambled over the last seven yards to a touchdown. Almada converted and the half ended.

L. A. had things all her own way in the third quarter. Smith, Almada, and Moses started running wild and between them made six first downs in a row, which resulted in a score when Smith smashed the last eight yards over center. Almada converted and L. A. had a comfortable lead of 14-0.

With three minutes to play in the final quarter Franklin, with a brilliant aerial attack, threatened to score. L. A. seemed unable to break up the passes until Tommy Middleton, who had proved himself to be the Blue and White's driving force, was again inserted into the fray. With but ten yards to go for a touchdown, one of Franklin's passes settled into Middleton's arms and he fought and twisted his way the length of the field for a touchdown. Moses converted the goal.

Score: L. A. 21, Franklin 0.

L. A. VS HOLLYWOOD. 7-0.

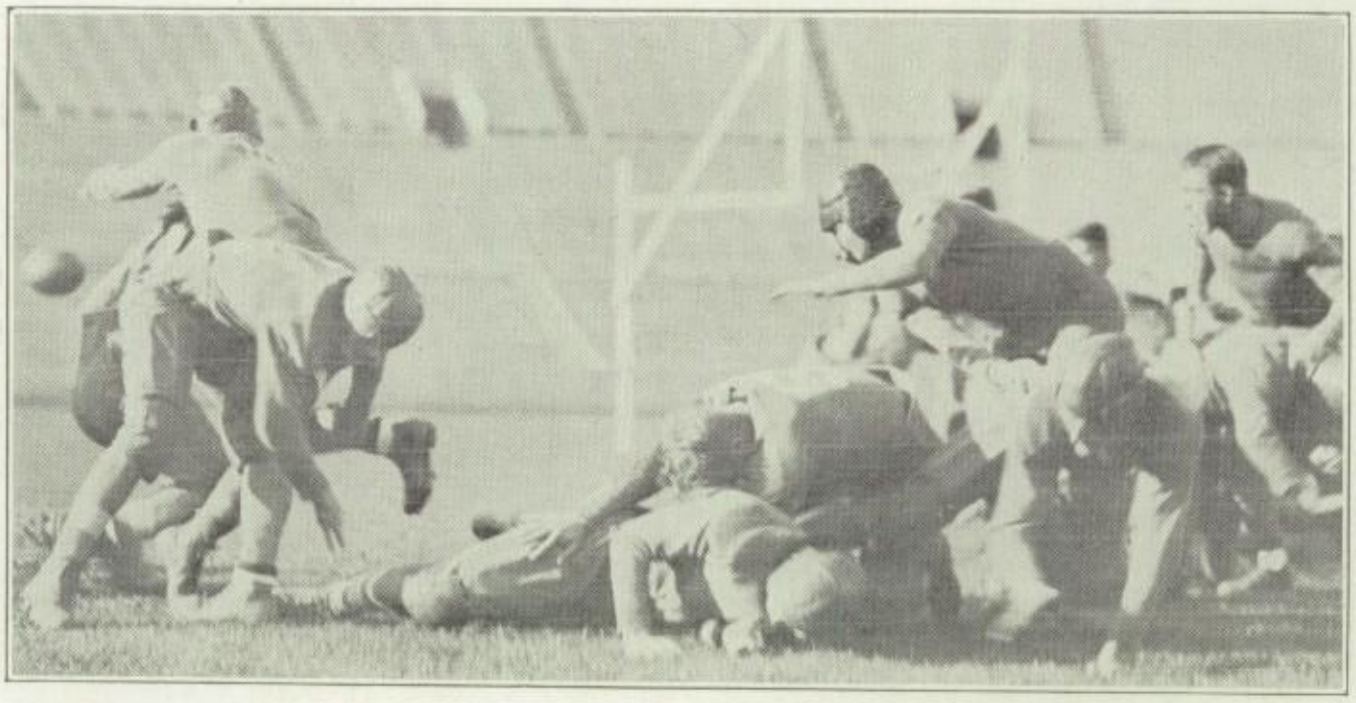
As usual L. A. underated Hollywood and overconfidence almost wrecked our championship hopes. As it was, only a flash of brilliant offense in the second quarter and a desperate defense against our rivals determined aeriel attack in the closing minutes of play enabled the Blue and White to emerge victorious.

In the first quarter, Hollywood looked to have a big edge on our fellows: three times they pushed the ball within our 10 yard line. Only great defensive fighting by our line-men and execellent kicking by Melton kept our goal-line uncrossed. Our tacklers, Tappaan and O'Brien, smashed up play after play.

The second quarter opened with a bang. Quarterback Tupper received a punt and by a brilliant sixty yard run put our team deep in our opponents territory. At this point our backfield started. Bucks by Louie Almada, Moses and Capt. Kerr carried the ball to the Red and White's 1-yard line where we were held for downs. Our fellows were not to be denied, however, and when L. A. got the ball a moment later, after Hollywood kicked, a smashing play, featured by Almada, pushed the ball again to within scoring distance. Moses then slammed his way over right tackle for the only score of the game. Moses converted and at this point Coach Kirkpatrick shoved in a bunch of his second-stringers.

The third quarter was mainly a punting duel and Melton, by this method, Theopolis Smith, by consistent gains, kept the ball in Hollywood territory.

The Hollywood team had L. A.'s supporters worried for every minute of the final quarter. Pass after pass kept our fellows in hot water but they managed to smother them all and Hollywood was stopped dead on our 12-yard line as the gun ended the game. Score: L. A. 7-Hollywood 0.

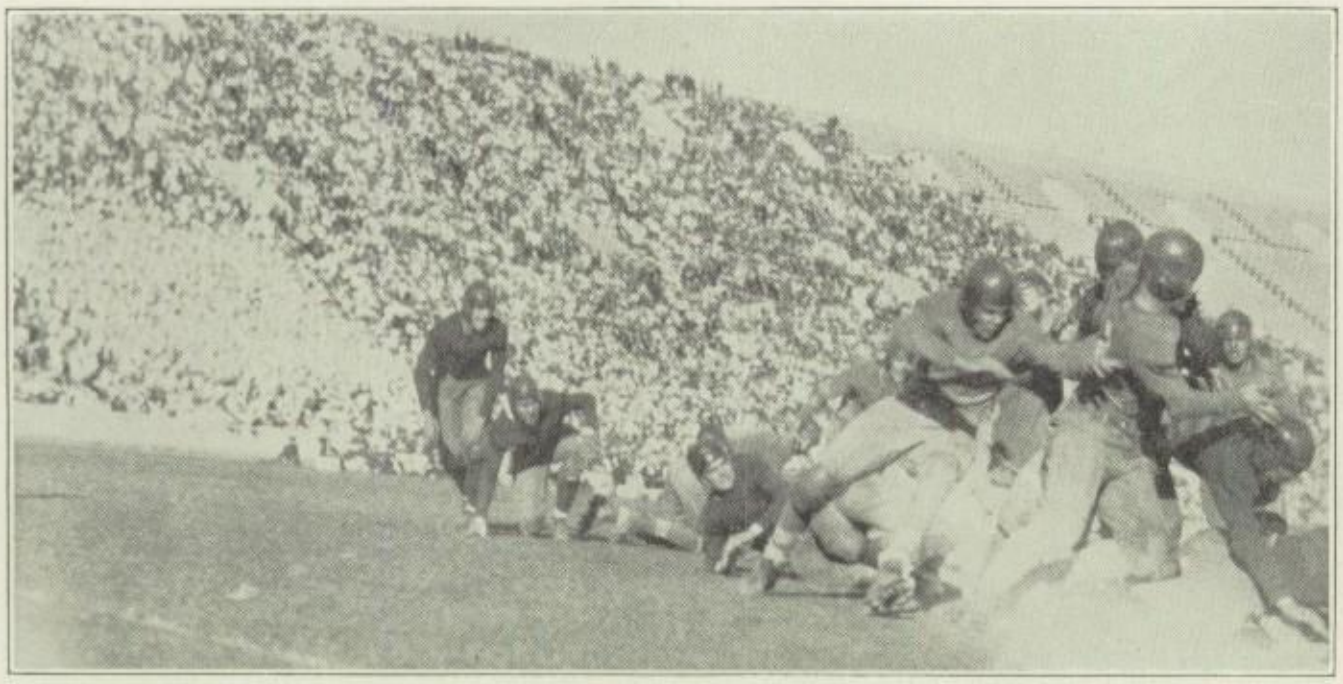


L. A. VS MANUAL. 6-0.

L. A.'s fighting team entered the Manual game, with, according to dope, only a slight advantage, but when the smoke had cleared away Kirkpatrick's charges were on top of a 6-0 score. Our old rivals, without question, got all the breaks but sheer pluck and a great defense won for L. A.

Manual kicked off over L. A.'s goal line and our fellows were at such a high pitch that a back fumbled on the second play. Here was Manual's chance but they found a stonewall defense confronting them and were forced to punt. Fumbles kept L. A. from getting started until late in the first quarter; with it L. A.'s ball on the Manual 43-yard line, a pass, Almada to Melton, and an eleven yard gain by Theophilis Smith put the Blue and White within scoring distance. A fumble on the fourth down with a yard to go cost L. A. a score. Manual used everything they had in an effort to score in the first half, including two place kicks by Stevers and a shower of passes. Our line braced at crucial moments and the fellows in the back-field knocked down the passes.

At the end of the rest period our team went back to open up and win. L. A. got the ball on Manual's 40-yard line; Smith made two first downs in a row and then Cushing gave the ball to Don Moses, who, with half the Toiler team trying to bring him down crashed his way eighteen yards through the middle of the line. Then Almada managed to buck over the last two yards for a touchdown. Moses was so worn out he failed to convert. L. A. continued to fight Manual to a standstill and frustrated all their attempts to score. Too much honor cannot be given to the fellows in our line who time after time repulsed the charges of the heavy Toiler backs. Butte, Pendergast, Rasor, and O'Brien were always breaking up Manual's plays. Little Walt Cushing played a stellar brand of football and in the last quarter stopped Hanford when it looked as if he was loose. Score: L. A. 6-Manual 0.

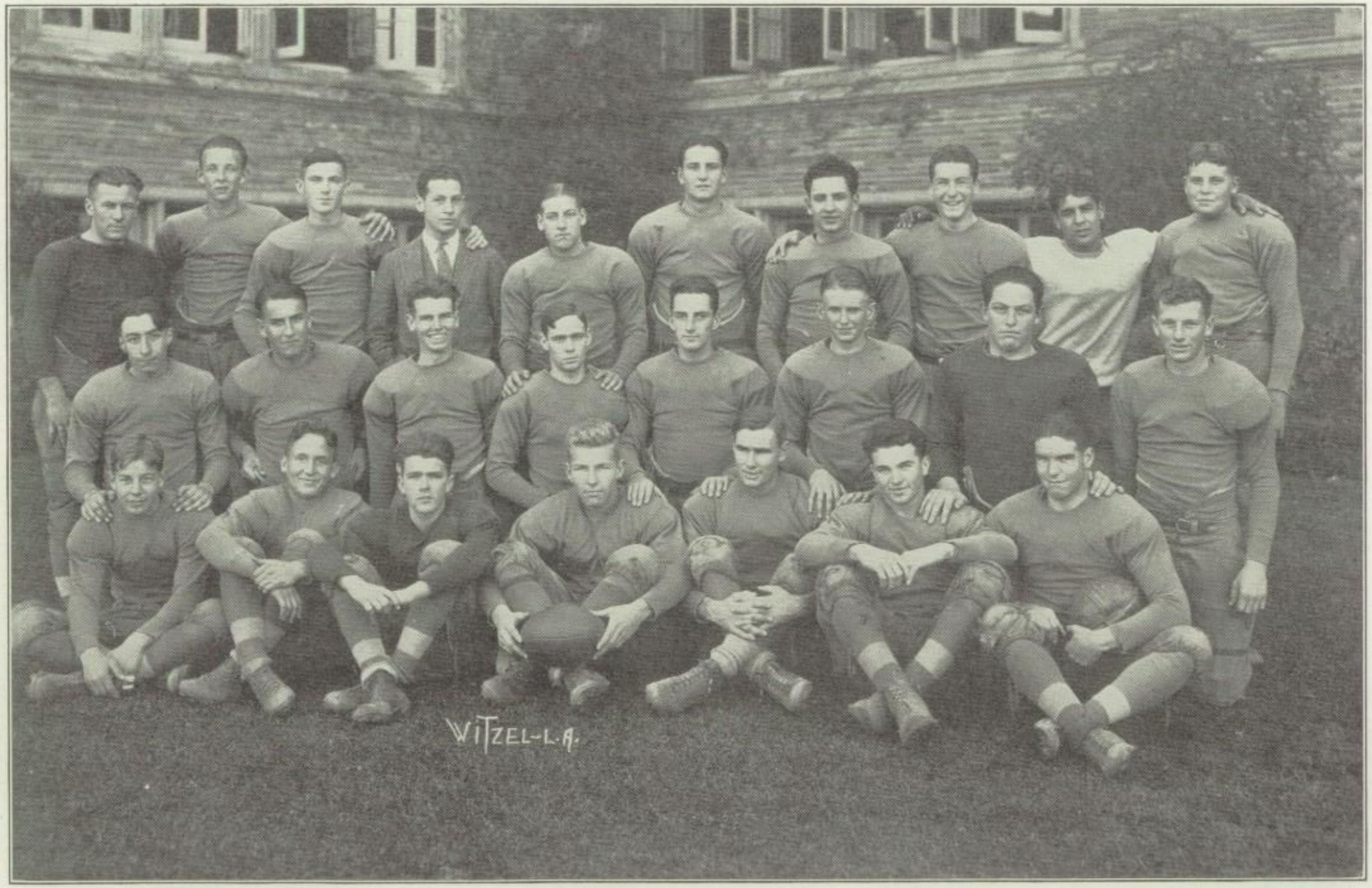


L. A. VS POLYTECHNIC. 7-7.

Before the largest crowd ever assembled to witness a high school football game, our undefeated Roman warriors met Poly on Turkey Day. For over three quarters of the battle it appeared as if L. A. was destined to be undisputed champion, and then Fate, in the form of a completed pass by our opponents, stepped in and the Blue and White was tied for top honors with the Blue and Gold.

In the first half our old rivals found out one thing, this was, that they could not score through our line. Twice the heavy Poly backs pushed their way to within the shadow of our goal posts and twice our line stiffened and held. Melton, who played a bang-up game, repeatedly got off fifty yard punts that kept Poly at a safe distance. Time and again O'Brien, Pendergast, and Winter with the other fellows in the line stopped Poly's backfield in their tracks when a yard or two meant a touchdown. Poly tried a place kick, which was unsuccessful as the half ended.

In the last half the fireworks commenced. L. A. got the ball on their own 30-yard line, when Moses recovered a Poly fumble, and Middleton and Moses by alternate dashes around the ends packed the ball to midfield where Tommy fumbled. Poly recovered and by terrific pounding carried the ball to our 8-yard line. Three off-tackle smashes failed to advance the ball and Poly tried a pass. Capt. Phil Kerr, who had been a bulwark throughout in our defense, gatherd the ball in, and, aided by wonderful interference by Cushing and Middleton, raced eigthy-five yards before being brought down on Poly's 9-yard line. Cushing called on Kerr again and he responded with a four yard gain, and then Tommy Middleton smashed his way over left tackle for a touchdown. The trusty toe of Don Moses added the extra point. L. A. kept right on pushing Poly and put the ball on the two yard line where a penalty cost us a touchdown and victory. When L. A. failed to score again Poly rallied and by a series of passes put the ball on our 34-yard line. A Poly end got clear on the next play and by a beautifully completed pass, scored on the Blue and White. Then while L. A.'s supporters prayed for a blocked kick, Poly converted. The ball was put in play again but the gun sounded and ended the bitterest and hardest fought game of the year. Score: L. A. 7-Poly 7.



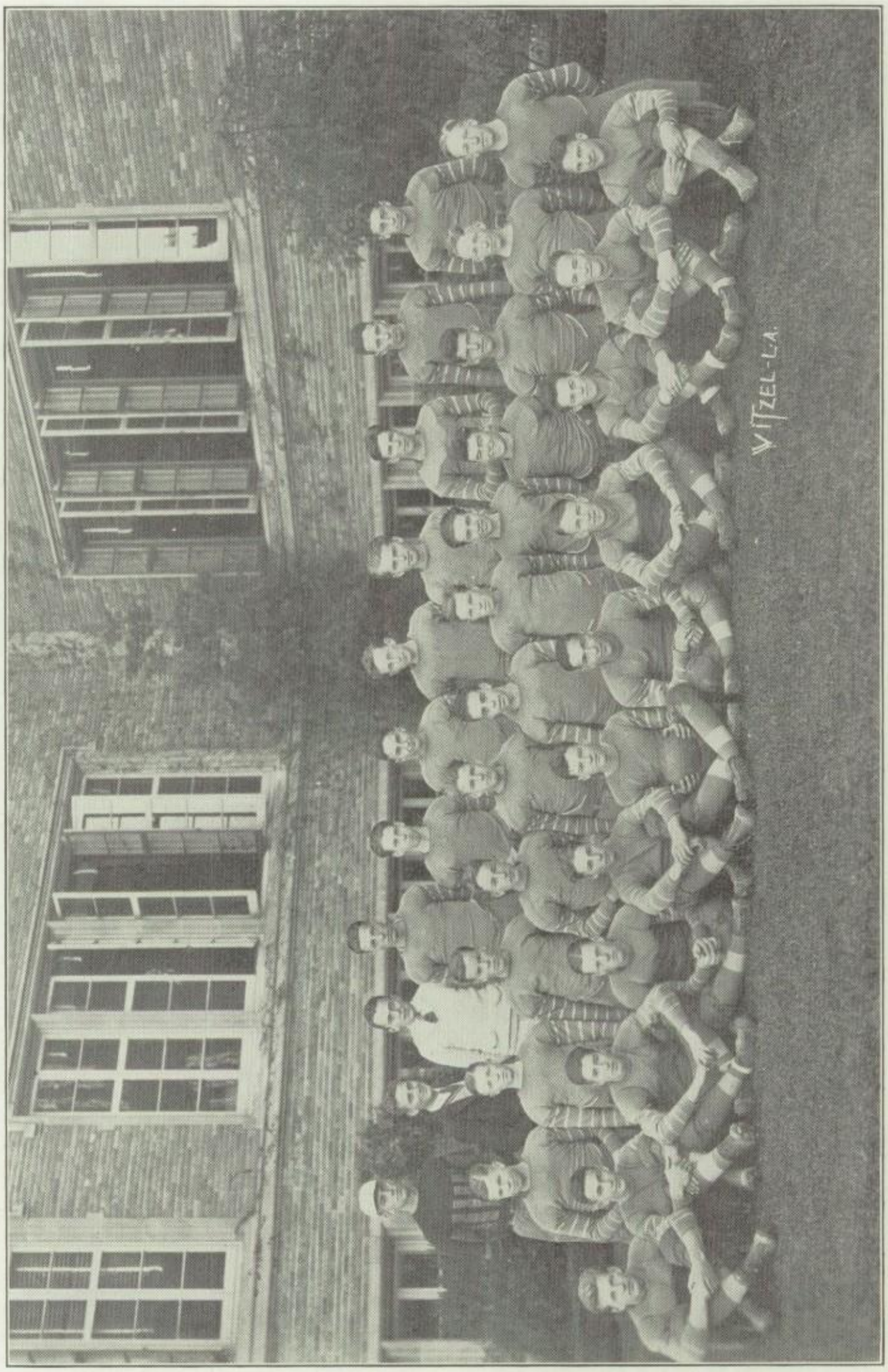
WINTER '25

SECOND TEAM

The second team was made up of a scrappy bunch of fellows and although they played no regular schedule of games they were out every night working hard. These fellows deserve much credit for "staying out" and scrimmaging with the first squad, and certainly helped in making our first team what it was.

Ths squad was coached by Al Kwasigroch, a last year varsity man, and he arranged games with Monrovia, Montebello, and the S. B. U. C. second team Frosh.

The fellows in the team were: Ed. Arnold, R. Aguayo, G. Burmeister, Ed Baill (Capt.), P. DiGiorgio, Ed Fitch, H. Gordon, S. Kemlley, H. Richmond, E. Schmidt, Ed Waddleton, H. Posey, A. Percy, C. Galloway, Medley, D. McKey, K. Fletcher, W. Hopkins, W. Post, C. Fay, M. Zimmerman, S. McOmber and Clutterbuck.


VITZEL-L.A.

LIGHTWEIGHTS

Our 130 lb. squad was indeed of championship calibre and only Old Sol and a stubborn defense by Poly kept them from the title. Their record was very creditable, including three wins, a tie, and one game lost.

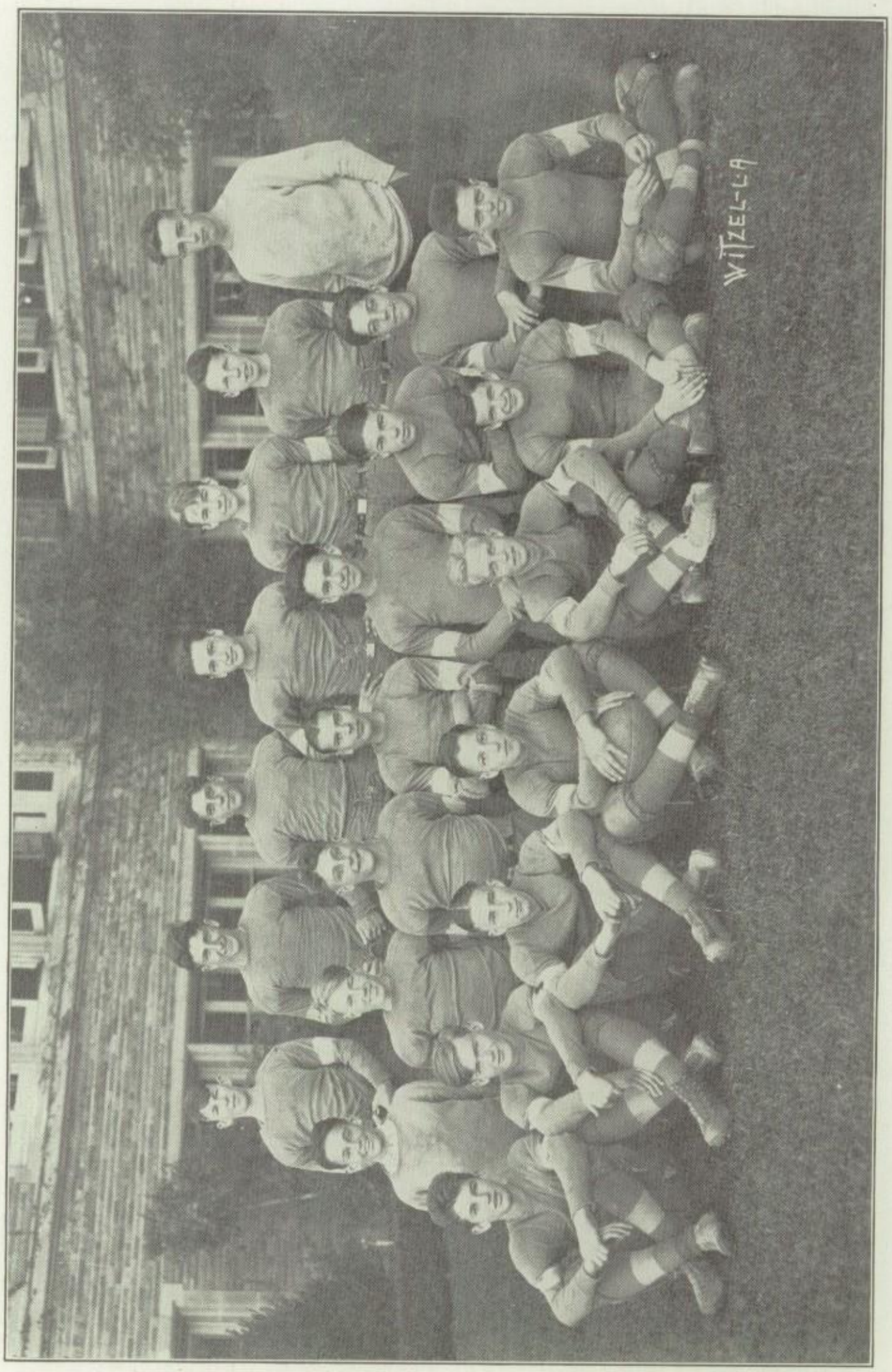
With but one letterman as a nucleus to build a team around Coach Rich had indeed a difficult task but his success is shown by the team's record.

Capt. Moffat at right half was the outstanding player in the backfield while Milt Cohen at center, Cunningham at end and Lardon at guard divided line honors. Jerry Stuart, Dyer, and Foster were speedy ends, and Thompson and Mullard played a hard game at the tackle position. Phelps, Sweney, and Zieglof played consistently in the line also. Zolly Cohen ran the team well at quarter and Alexander and Grossman were consistent ground gainers. Eddie Owen and Hargen were flashy backs and Rothert kicked well at all times. The "Drake twins" were used very effectively on trick plays and played consistently.

The games and their scores were as follows:

L. A. 3—Franklin 0.
L. A. 13—Hollywood 0.
L. A. 18—Whittier State 0.
L. A. 6—Manual Arts 12.
L. A. 0—Polytechnic 0.

WINTER '25



110 POUND TEAM

The "midgets" certainly did make a fine showing this year. Under the capable leadership of Ed. Morris and instruction of Coach Hewett they developed into a smart set of packet-size pigskinners and stepped out and grabbed the city championship.

Munoz, Stern, Amerdale and Maddox, held down the backfield position very creditably. Stern and Munoz starred throughout the season. Church, Mc-Caraghy, Van Jay and Oram played good ball at ends and tackles, respectively, while Joe Herman and Morris played guard and Jones and Smith center.

The result of games was as follows:

L. A. 12—Loyola 0.
L. A. 7—Manual 0.
L. A. 6—Fremont 0.

BASKETBALL

L. A.'s chance in basketball this year is a very hard thing to foretell, but Coach Munsey in charge of the varsity and Coach Hemsath handling the lightweights a good showing is certainly to be expected.

Due to the new ruling, whereby none of the football lettermen may play basketball, many experienced fellows are lost to the first team squad, Middleton and Almada among them. Much is expected from the 130's as there are three letterman returning.

Capt. Al Cramer is leading the varsity while Jimmy Morford will captain the lights. A 110 lb. team is being started under Student Coach Bower's direction and is captained by Tom Wilde.

COACH MUNSEY

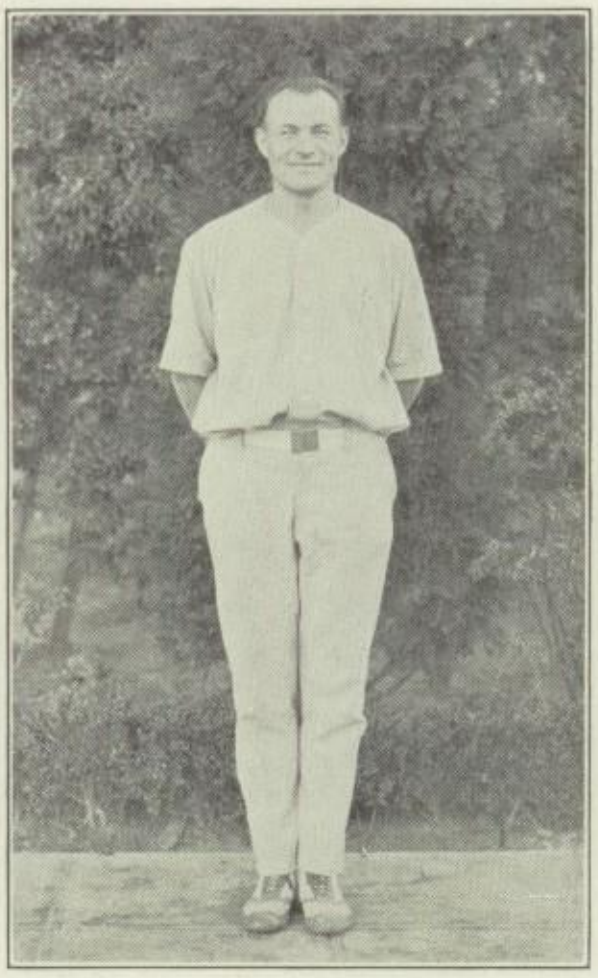
Coach Munsey is coaching the varsity squad this year and L. A. is assured a good representative squad. Last year he turned out a crack lightweight team and his ability has certainly been shown.

Mr. Munsey also coaches the tennis team and his last year's squad ranked high in league standing.

COACH HEMSATH

Mr. Hemsath is taking the lightweights in hand and with the abundance of experienced fellows back we can certainly look for a world-beater 130 lb. squad. This is Coach Hemsath's first attempt at coaching an L. A. basket ball squad and much is expected from him.

Mr. Hemsath also looks after our fellows on the Gym Team and by their showing at auds he certainly has proved his ability.



WITZEL
L.I.R.

BASKETBALL

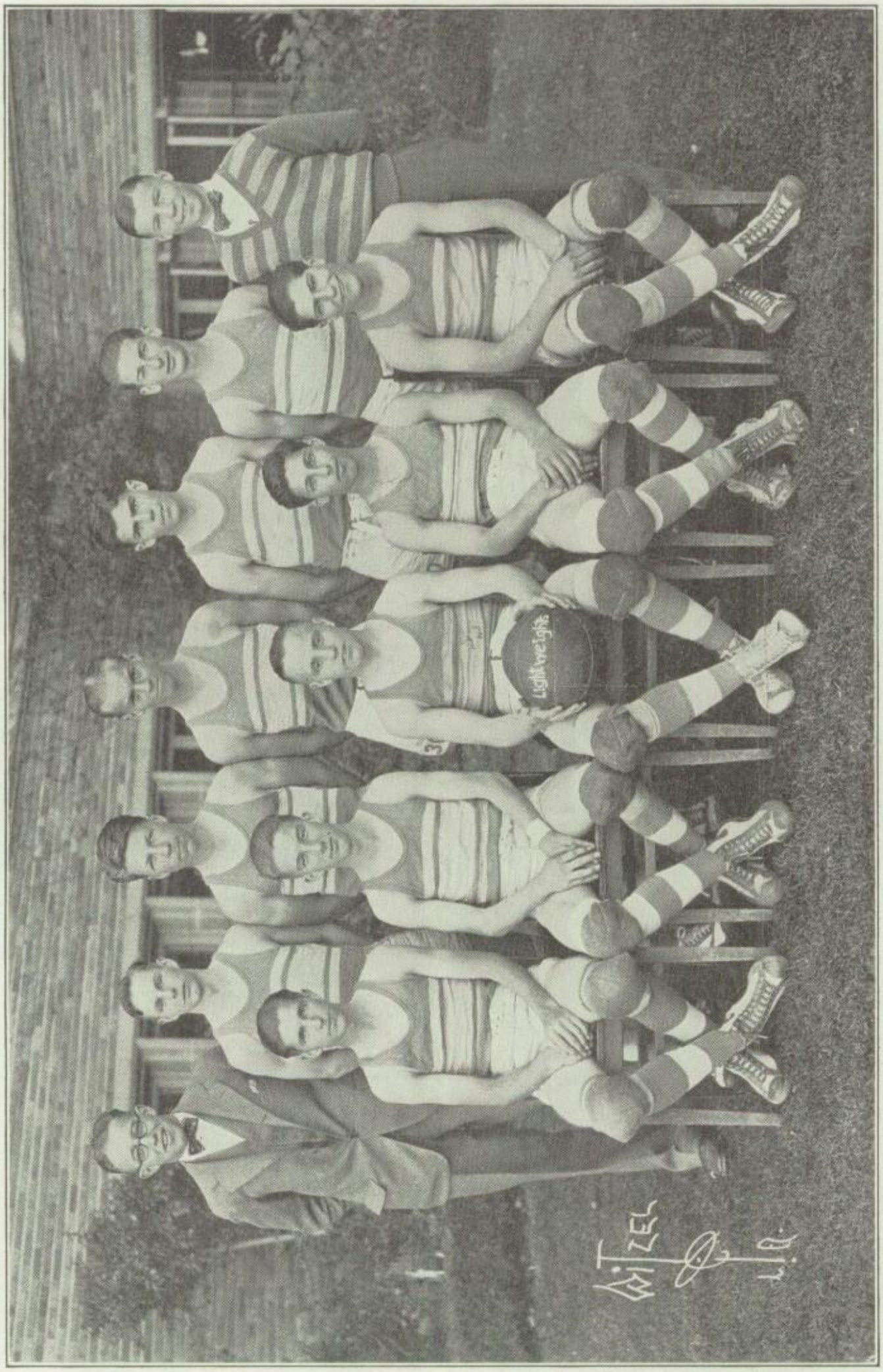
FIRST TEAM

Although they dropped their first league game to Poly, Coach Munsey's fighting quintet proved itself a fighting aggregation and bid well to come back strong in their next games.

Captain Al Cramer, a lightweight player of last year, plays a dependable game at standing guard.

Eber Jaques proved himself a classy running guard by his speedy floor work and defense, in the pre-season tilts, and Al Bonner is a reliable man at the same position.

Robinson, although inexperienced, may grab off a center position with Art Kussman also working at the pivot station.


Lightweights

LIGHTWEIGHTS

This year's 130lb basketball squad certainly appears to be the "goods." Three men are back from last year's squad and Coach Hemsath's outlok for a championship team is rosy indeed.

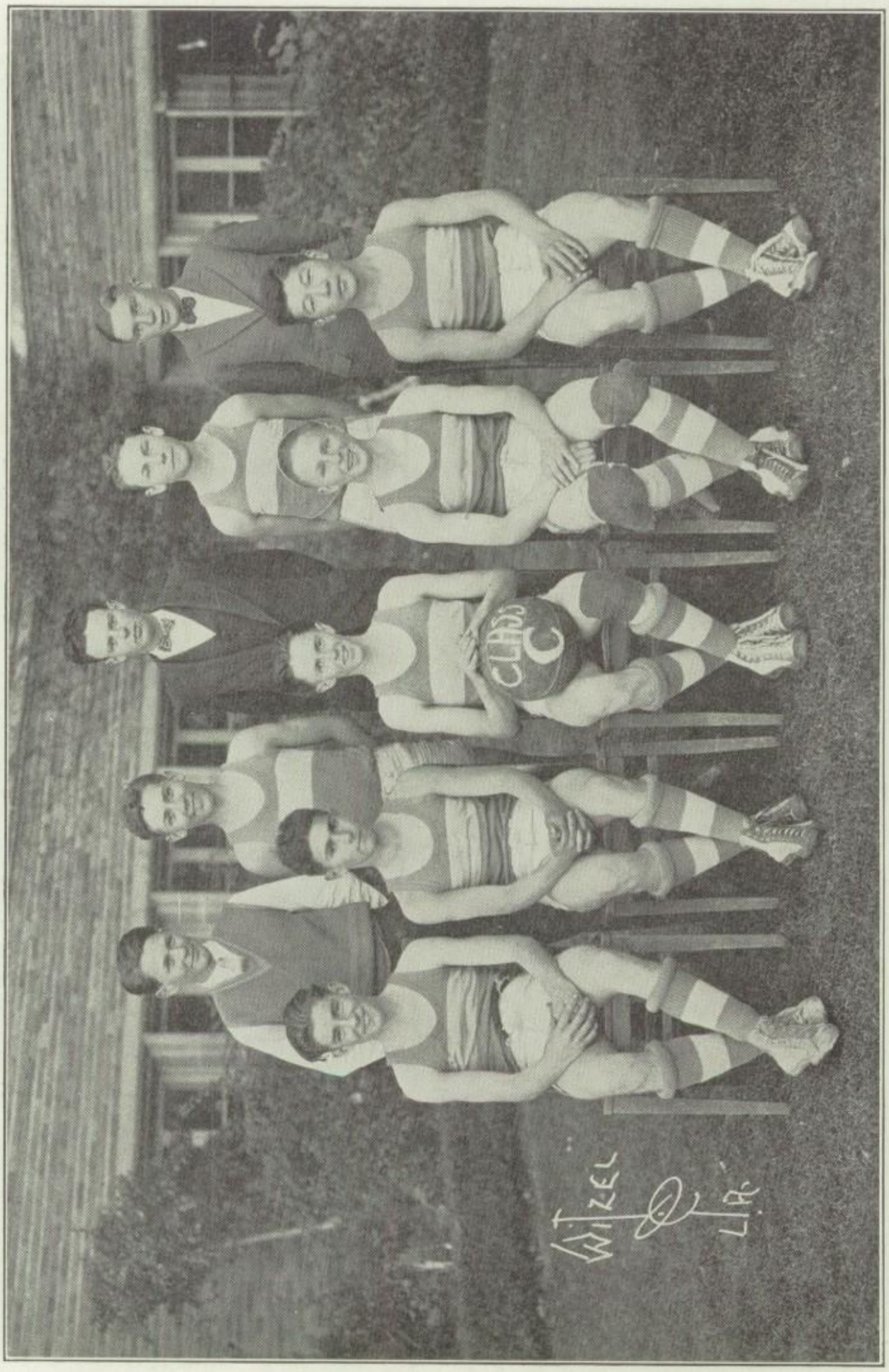
Captain Jimmy Morford is a whirlwind forward and "Morty" Livermore seems to be able to ring them from any angle.

Kuplan, a new man, plays a snappy game at center and seems to have the position cinched.

Walt Jilson, who made his letter last year, cavorts at running guard and along with Orloff, who plays a goal game at standing guard, make up a crack defense.

Coach Hemsath has a group of dependable subs in: Bixler, Haynes, Boyer, McCormick, Vincent, and Smith.

WINTER '25

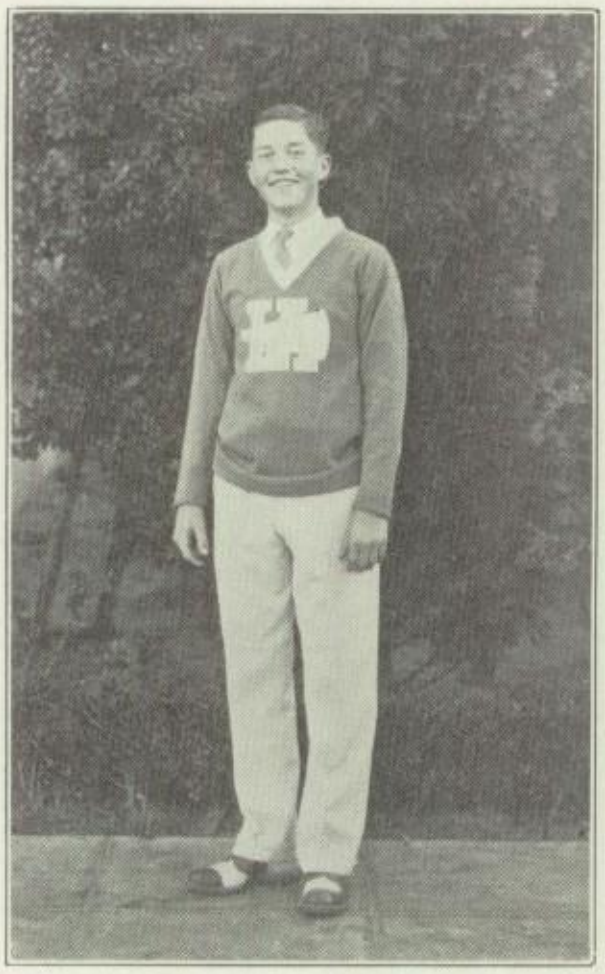


FLYWEIGHTS

"Prepardness" is a big thing and in our having a 110lb basketball squad each year we certainly prepare fellows for the heavier teams later on.

This year's squad is being looked after by Student Coach Bowers and although not many games have been played a strong outfit is expected from the fellows out.

The fellows on the team are: Capt. Tom Wilde, J. Kelly, R. Sagal, G. Reed, W. Johnson, T. Lee, A. Bennett, R. Demus, Wm. Berg, G. Kelly, and F. Smith.



Charles Crail

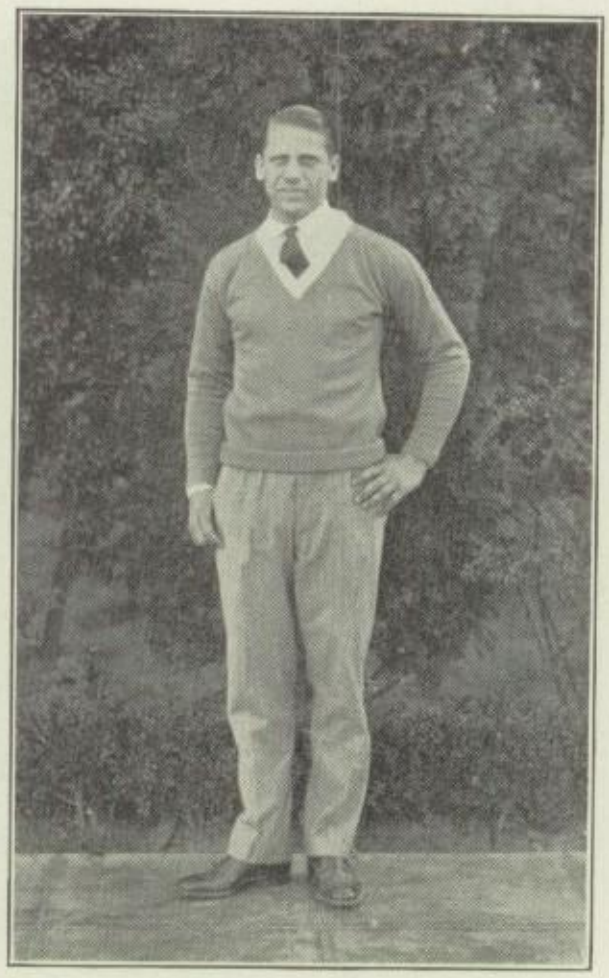
YELL LEADERS

This year L. A. played two of her games in the Coliseum and due to the snap and pep of our yell leaders we had rooting sections that rivaled those of colleges.

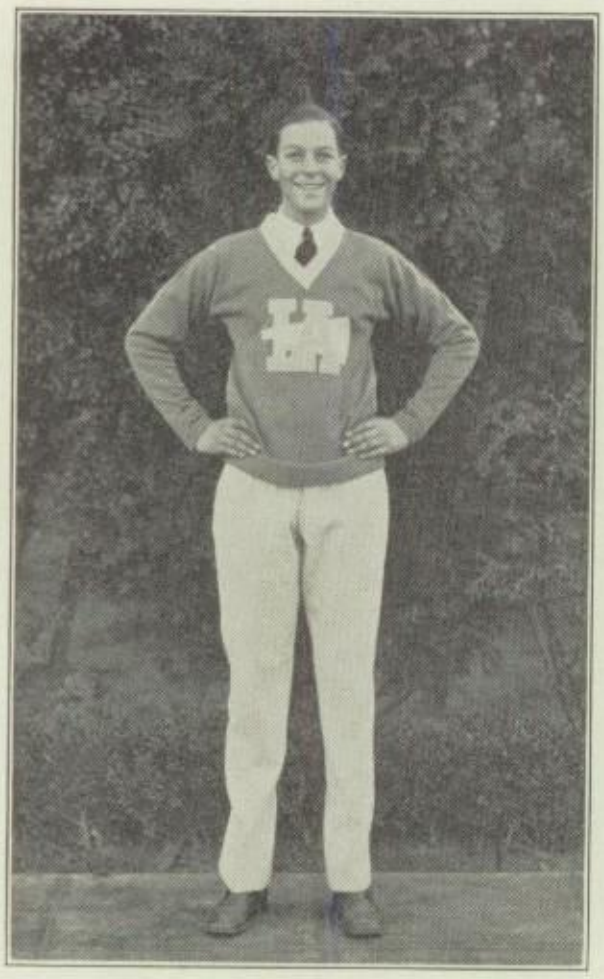
"Tod" Crail put all he had into the job of head yell leader and the size of our rooting section speaks loudly of his success. Thanks to Beeler Gerstenkorn the lightweight squad had more support than usual as he went to all their games and led yells.

We had four other snappy yell leaders besides "Tod," they were: Kenneth Wingo, Vic Gotschalk, Beeler Gerstenkorn, and Lewis Phillsbury.

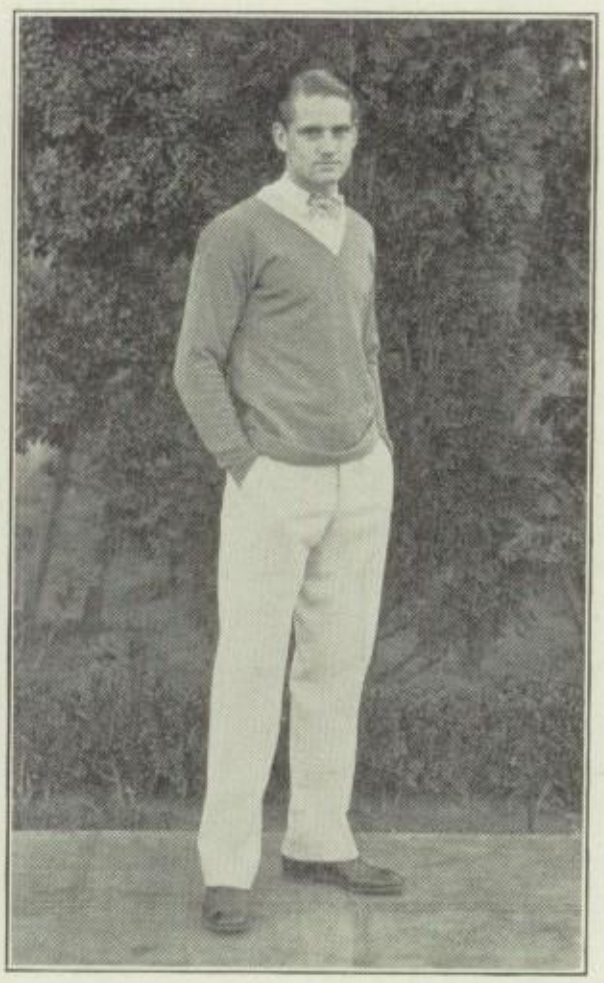
Kenneth Wingo



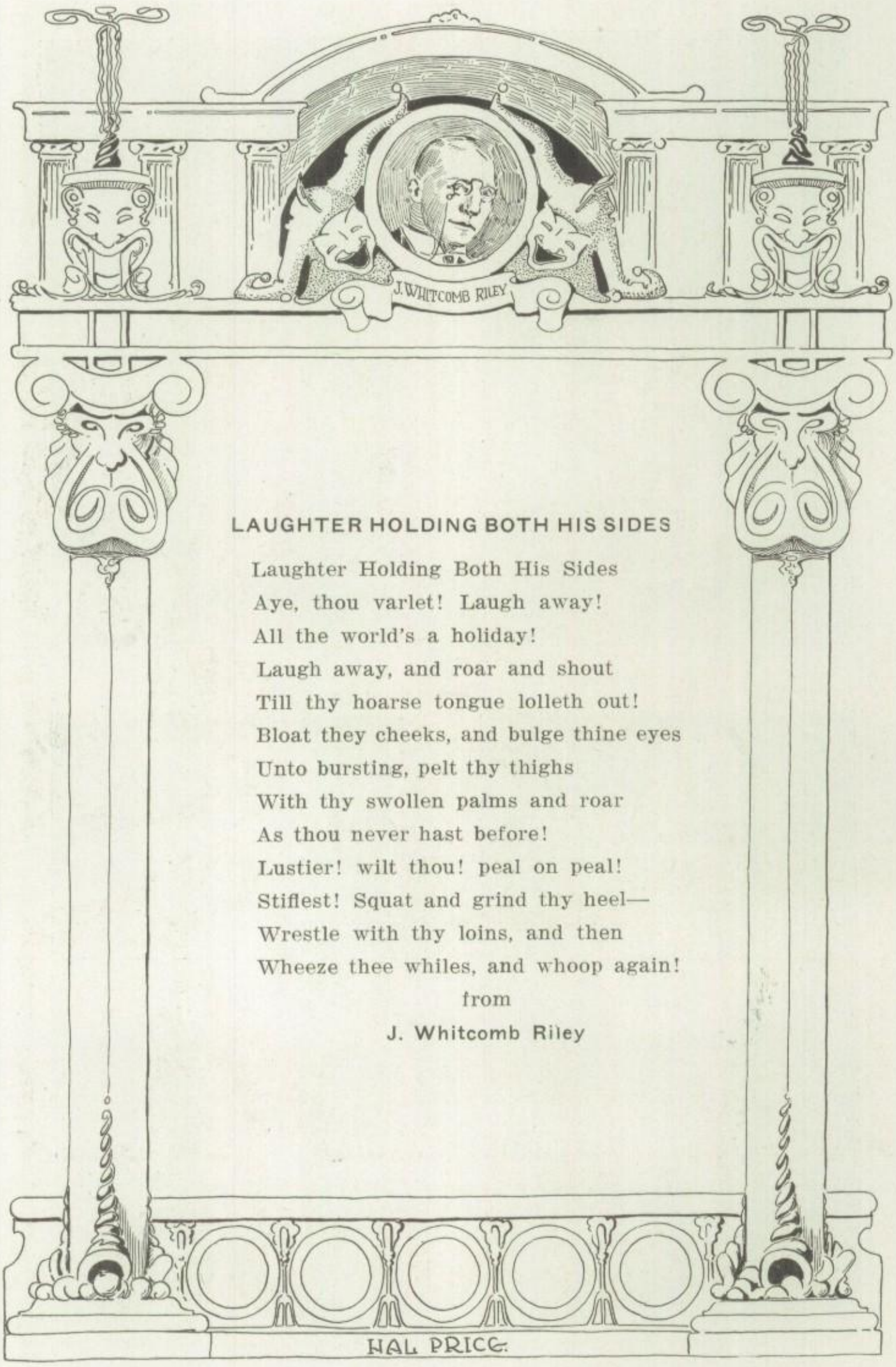
Victor Gotschalk



Beeler Gerstenkorn



Lewis Pillsbury



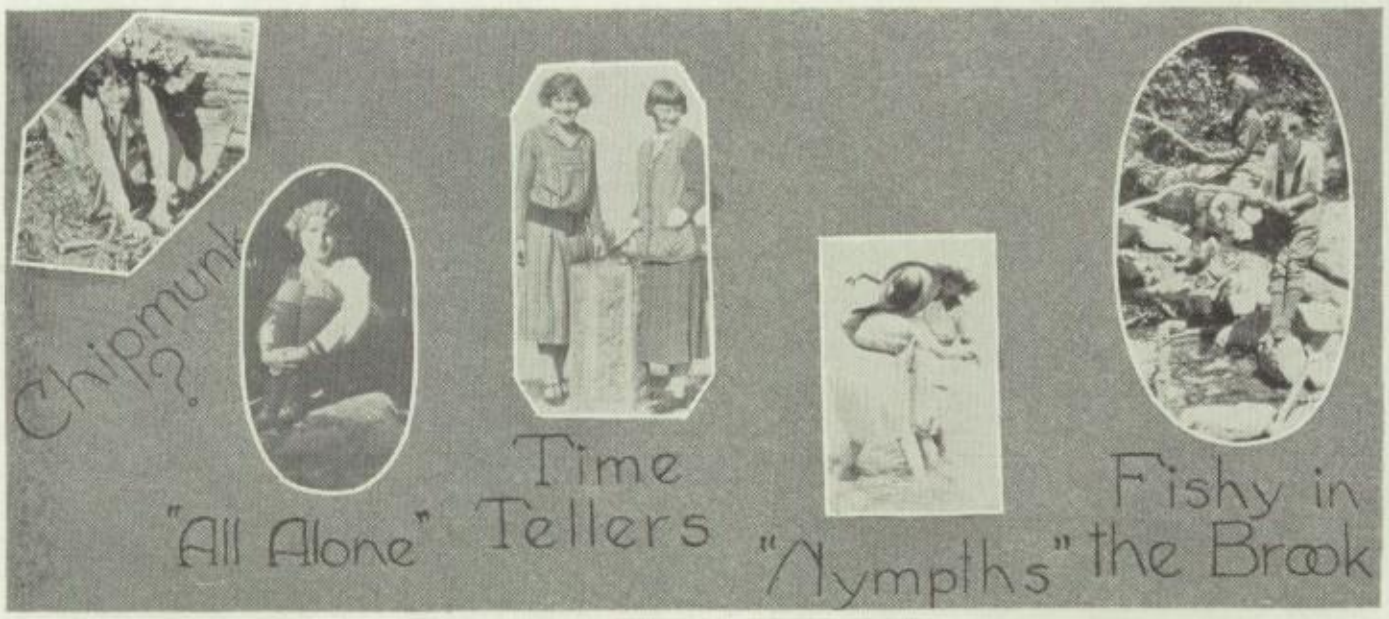
LAUGHTER HOLDING BOTH HIS SIDES

Laughter Holding Both His Sides
Aye, thou varlet! Laugh away!
All the world's a holiday!
Laugh away, and roar and shout
Till thy hoarse tongue lolleth out!
Bloat they cheeks, and bulge thine eyes
Unto bursting, pelt thy thighs
With thy swollen palms and roar
As thou never hast before!
Lustier! wilt thou! peal on peal!
Stiflest! Squat and grind thy heel—
Wrestle with thy loins, and then
Wheeze thee whiles, and whoop again!

from

J. Whitcomb Riley

HUMOR



Tenth Grader: One of the girls ran a fast quarter of a mile last night.

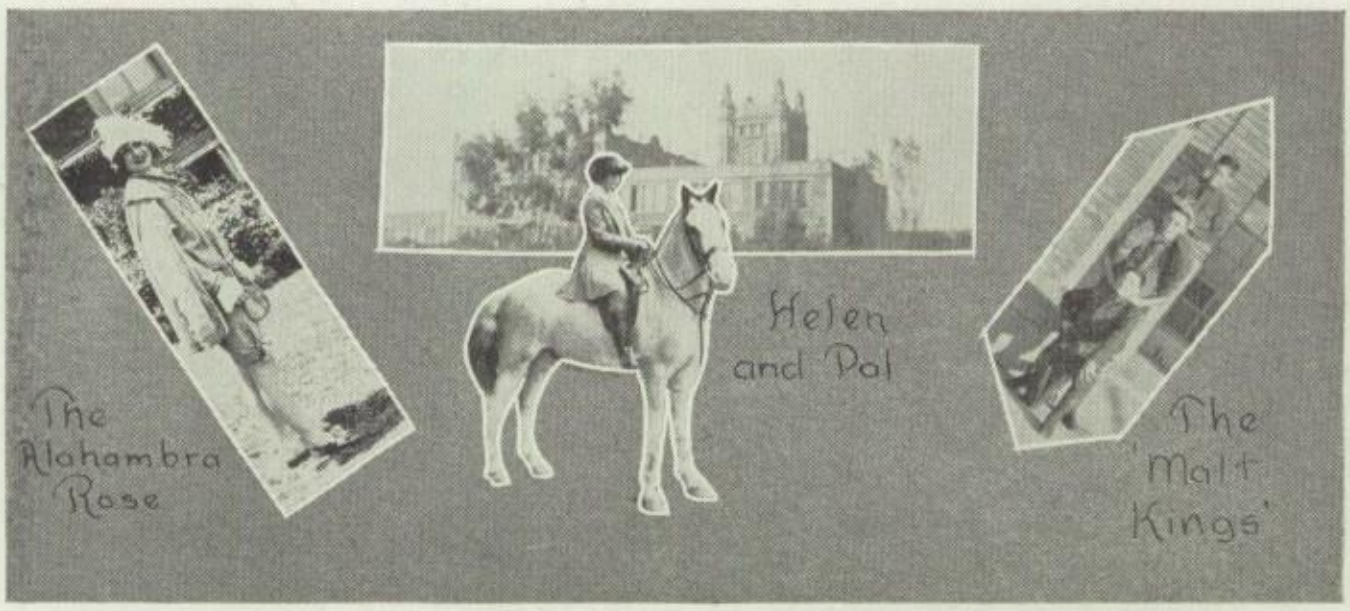
Track man: What did she do it in?

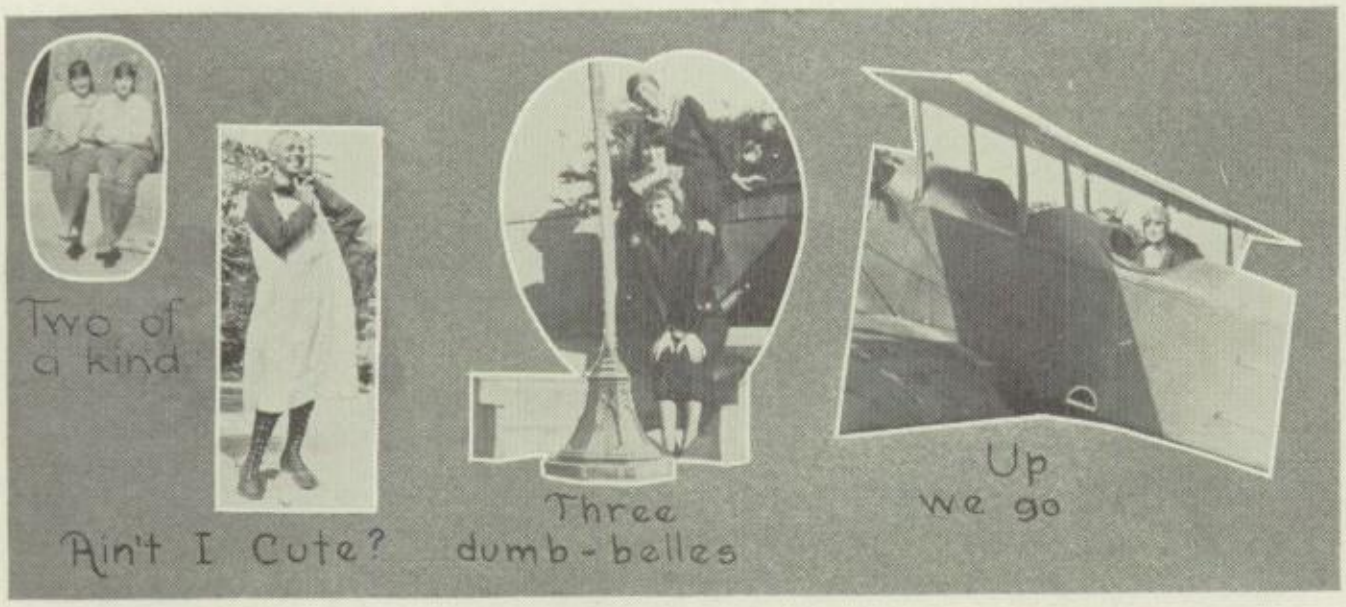
Tenth Grader: Bloomers, I guess they call them.

Al: I hear you were arrested for voting three times.
Alice: Yes, and I don't see why, either. I was only changing my mind.

Church was out early last night, wasn't it?
Yes.
What was the trouble?
Someone blew an auto horn outside and the male quartet was all that was left.

Mr. Stingy: Are you the bootblack who shined my shoes last?
Bootblack (disgustedly): No, I've only been here a year.





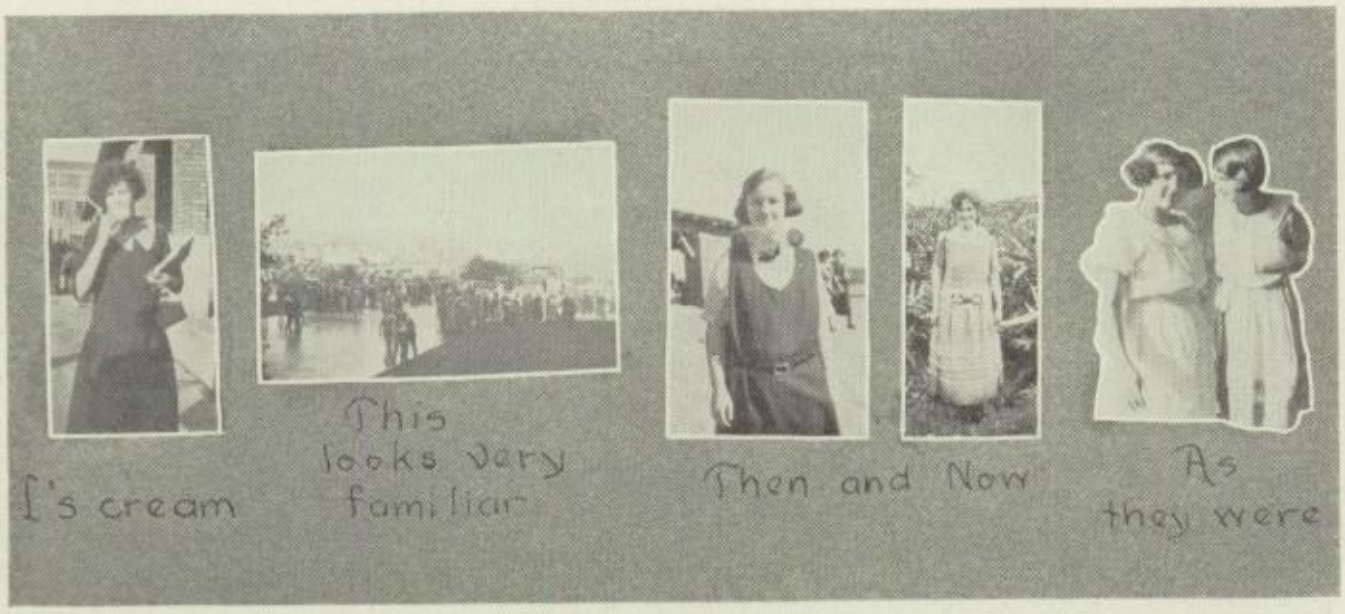
Corpse (which has come to life): Undertaker, let me go home!
Undertaker: C'mon, be a good scout, and swallow this embalming fluid.

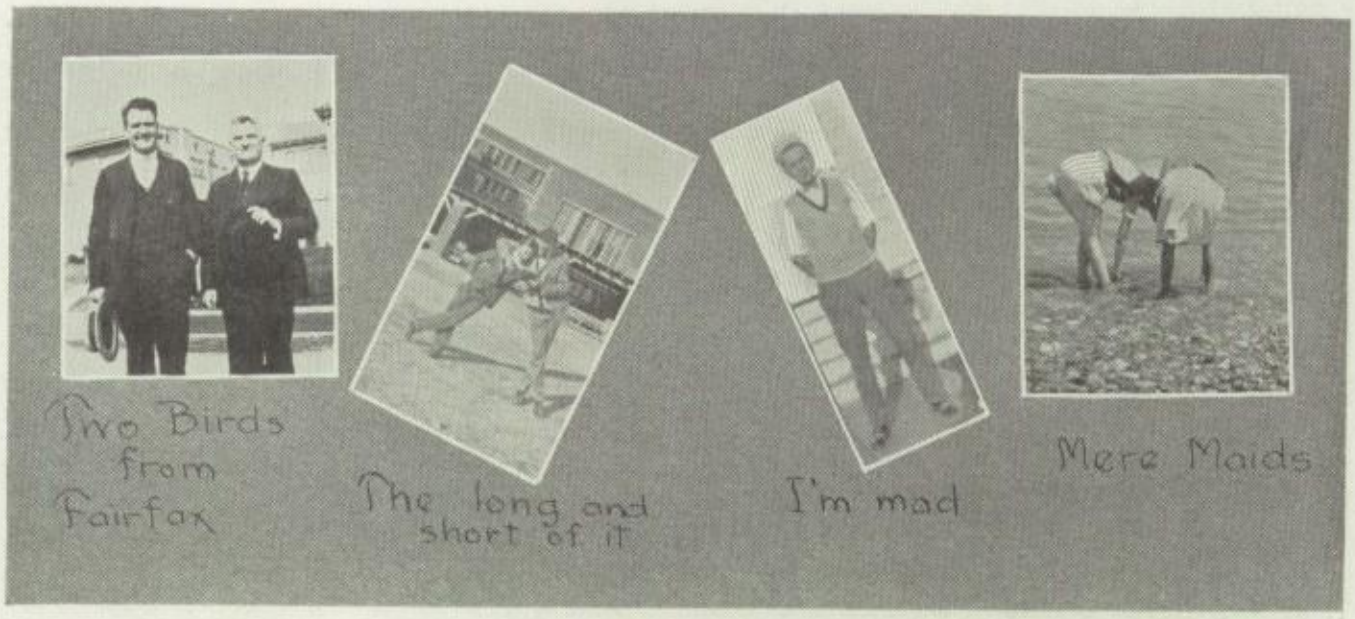
Astudent at U. C. sent the following message home to his parents: S. O. S., B. V. D., P. D. Q.

Little grains of powder,
Little drops of paint,
Make a girls' freckles,
Look like they ain't.

Evans Briegleb (walking between two girls): Well here I am between wit and beauty.

One of the girls: Yes, and possessing neither.



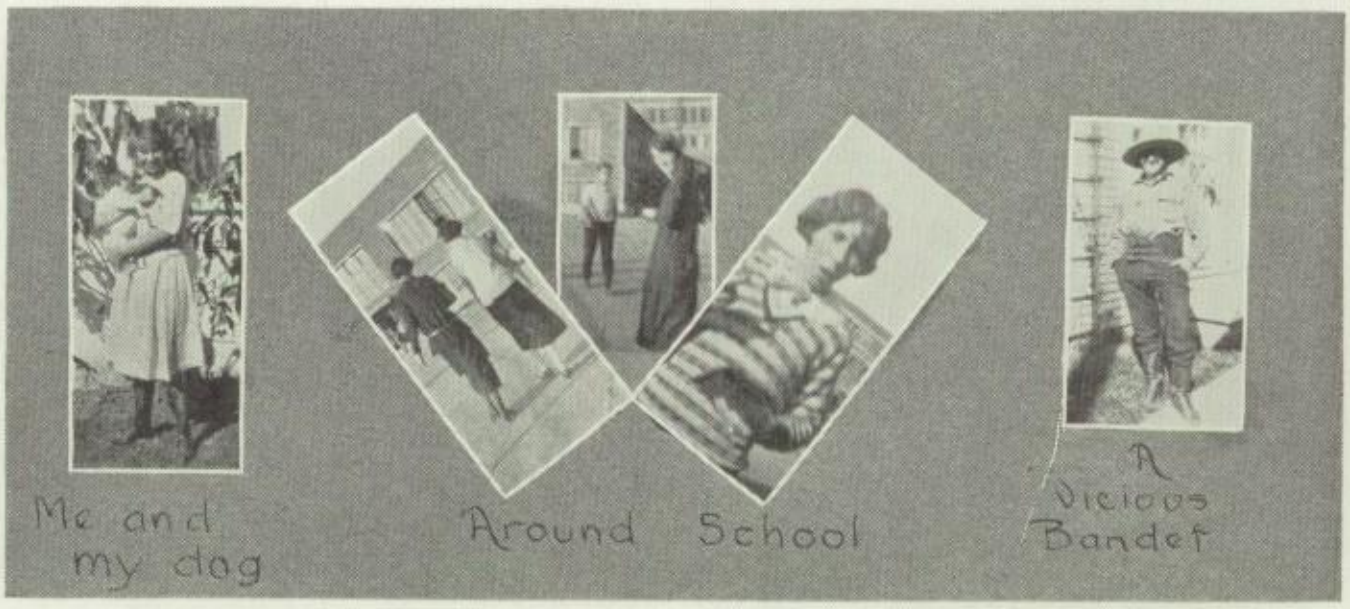


Worshiper (after church): I have nothing but praise for the new minister.
Deacon: So I noticed as the plate went around.

Senior Board (to boy caught smoking): Smoking, hey?
Unlucky kid: No, sir, tobacco.

I rose to give the dame a seat,
I could not see her stand.
She made me think of mother,
With the strap held in her hand.

Mrs. Nichols: Fred, what's the difference between diseased and deceased?"
Fred Kraft: A matter of time.



"All tight back there!" thundered the guard as the door closed. Suddenly from the submerged depths a sweet, quivering voice arose.

"Oh, please wait, I must get my clothes on."

Necks twisted, thyroid glands stretched, eyes popped.

A girl entered with a basket of laundry.

Those ruins are 2000 years old.
G'wan, it's only 1924 now.

Two L. A. students visited the town of Glendora the other day and the following conversation took place.

"What's the flag at half mast for?"

"Town's dead, I guess."

A man named Sullivan was a friend of everyone in town. He was a taxi driver and would do anything for his friends. One Sunday morning he drove up to take a party to church. He waited for his order.

"St. Patrick's Church," said one man.

"St. Joseph's Church," said the second.

"St. Agnes' Church," said the third.

"St. John's Church, please," said the last.

The vehicle moved up the street and stopped at a large stone edifice.

"What church is this? Which one leaves here?"

"All of yez," said Sullivan. "This is 'All Saints' Church'."

Mr. Sterrett: Now I want the class to draw a horse and wagon.
Hal Price (after a few minutes of labor): Here it is, Mr. Sterrett.
Mr. Sterrett: Why, you've only got the horse there. Where's the wagon?
Hal: Well, let the horse draw that.

She: The only men I kiss are my brothers.
He: What lodge do you belong to?

Louise Miller: It's only six o'clock and I told you to come after supper.

Bill Gilbert: That's what I came after.

William in a fit insane,
Laid his head beneath a train.
You would be surprised to find,
How it broadened William's mind.

He: I could go on dancing like this forever.
She: Oh, no, you couldn't. You're bound to improve.

MY GOODNESS

We stand back of every bed we sell.
Shoes shined on the inside.
Shoes for sale—they won't last long.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
-ffl½]– Æ!⅝‖ £⅛[¶] ‡Ib ?Œ⅞ £¶ ⅞ ?Œ¶†¾¶!
As he stubbed his toe against the bed.

Mrs. Sambo: Sambo! Sambo! Wake up.
Sambo: I can't.
Mrs. Sambo: Why can't you?
Sambo: I ain't asleep.

Bernard Bierlick: Did you know I scored our only touchdown in the Poly game?
Laura Belle Mateer: Why, I didn't know you played football.
B. B: I don't, but I run the scoreboard.

Chester Loomis: Why do you carry the cane, Jimmy?
Jimmy Camplin: Because it can't walk.

Mr: Mills: Phil, what makes a balloon go up?
Phil Kerr: Hot air.
Mr. Mills: What keeps you down?
Phil Kerr: My feet.

Hello, Lester. Where've you been?
To see my people.
Really, and how did you find them?
Quite easily. I knew where they lived.

Dad: Son, I'm not at all pleased with this card.
Son: I told teacher that, but she wouldn't change it.

High and mighty Senior: It's all over school.
Tenth Grader: What is?
Senior: The roof is, little one.

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Photographer: Did you want a large or small photograph?
B. Wienberger: Small.
Photographer: Then please close your mouth.

Mother uses cold cream,
Father uses lather,
My girl uses powder
At least that's what I gather.

Al Gonzalez: What should I do for a man who has his nose broken in two places?
Teacher: Tell him to keep out of those places.

A Toast to the Class of W'25.
May you live as long as you want to and want to as long as you live.

Tenth Grader: Why do they call us the "flower of the school"?
Hal Price: Because you're such blooming idiots.

Don Moses: I know a fellow who looks so much like you that one can hardly tell you apart.
John O'Brien: You haven't paid him the two-bits I lent you a couple of weeks ago, have you?

The Green Lantern

"The Haven of the Hungry"

WHERE WESTERN MEETS SIXTH

LOS ANGELES

THE BEST PLACE TO EAT

AFTER EVERY PARTY

YOU'LL MEET THE GANG HERE

OPERATED BY AN L. A. ALUMNUS

I rode through some water at 60 miles an hour last night and I didn't skid.

"Kelly Springfields?"

"No, motorboat."

Father (sternly to daughter): I see that you and your young man have gotten so far as sitting on the sofa together.

Daughter: Yes, sofa so good.

Little boy: Pa, did Edison invent the first talking machine?

Dad: No, son. The Good Lord did, but Edison invented the first one you could stop.

Jack Armstrong: Lately I have fallen into the habit of talking to myself.

Jimmy Melton: I wondered why you looked so bored.

Minneapolis and St. Paul are still at it. Something must be done about those two towns. This one comes from St. Paul.

A Mineapolis man drifted into the sister city, looked supersciliously at a fruiter's display, picked up a big watermelon and asked with a sneer:

"Is this the largest apple you have in St. Paul?"

"Hey!" bellowed the proprietor, "Put that grape down!"

No. 3915 West 10th St. EM 8867
American Way Tailors

Has the right idea of clothcraft. That idea is to give men "Style," at a price consistant with quality. Quality makes the style endure.

Done by a tailor who knows how.

Perhaps you too have asked this question. Why do clothes look better cleaned and pressed by the American Way Cleaner?

No. 3915 West 10th St. EM 8867
American Way Cleaners

Tenth Grader (after S. A.—S. B. contest): You say your legs were all shot up in the war!

Tommy Middleton: Yes.

Tenth Grader: How did you get home?

Tommy: Why the shrieks of the wounded made my flesh creep so that I got home in a short time.

Myers Butte: Somebody told me I looked like you.

Julius May: Where is he? I'll ruin him.

Myers: Never mind. I killed him.

Here lies my wife, and for the best.
Because it gives us both a rest.

A woman got on a street car and finding that she had no change, handed the conductor a ten dollar bill.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I haven't a nickel."

"Don't worry lady," said the conductor, "you'll have 199 of them in a minute."

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TO THE WINTER CLASS
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1925

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Once there was a freshie who was very very green,
He met a big cow that was very very lean,
The cow looked at freshie and freshie looked at cow,
Bossie opened up her mouth and Chow-Chow-Chow.

A lecturer was speaking on forest conservation and asked the audience, "What have you ever done toward this?"

A voice in the back of hte room: "I killed a woodpecker once."

Clerk: These handkerchiefs are $7.50 a dozen.

Leon Levi: Too much money to blow in.

A hungry Irishman went into a restaurant on Friday and said to the waiter:
"Have yez any whale?"
"No."
"Have yez any shark?"
"No."
"Have yez any swordfish?"
"No."
"Have yez any jelly fish?"
"No."
"All right," said the Irishman. "Then bring me ham and eggs and a beefsteak smothered with onions. The Lord knows I asked for fish."

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Worried Senior to retoucher from Witzel's studio: Can't you fix my nose? And those lines! And my chin looks queer!

Man from Witzel's: What you need isn't retouching, it's plastic surgery.

A colored agent was summoned before the Insurance Commissioner.

"Don't you know," said the commissioner, "that you can't sell life insurance without a state license?"

"Boss," said the darkey, "you shuah said a mouthful. I knowed I couldn't sell it, but I didn't know the reason."

"Does your food contain many vitamines?" the kind lady asked the hungry gob.

"Well, there's bound to be a few insects in the best chow, but you get used to it after a while."

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& BLUETT
Clothiers to Young Men

Clothes
Count!

Lady: Tobe, I'm sorry to hear your wife got a divorce.

Tobe: Yesum, she done gone back to Alabama.

Lady: Whom will I get to do my washing now?

Tobe: Well, mum, I'se co'tin again and I co'ts rapid.

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—38 branch banks—

Rastus: Dat baby of yours am de perfect image of his daddy.
Rasta: Hesure am a regular carbon copy.

Did you hear the ocean moaning
Gently moaning soft and low?
'Twas because a fat old bather
Stepped upon its undertow.

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John Ray: There's one thing that the prohibitionists haven't prevented yet.
Jake Griffith: What's that.
John: The street car's getting full.

WRONG PLACE

Irishman (to patient in hospital): What's wrong with you?
Patient: I have tonsilitis and I have to have my tonsils taken out.
Irishman (to another patient): What's wrong with you?
Patient: I have blood poisoning in my arm and they're going to cut it off.
"Begorra," said Pat, "this is no placef or me; I have a cold in my head."

Ida Hill: The doctor says my illness is due to overwork.
Dorothy Heitkamp: Yes, I heard him ask to see your tongue.

Once there was a little girl,
Who always got a D,
But everywhere you saw that girl,
The boys were sure to be.

Mr. Bergman (to George Hansen): Would you please stop chewing that gum in that rythmic fashion, because I can't talk in that tempo.

Max Winter: That girl reminds me of a leaky roof.
"Mickey" O'Haver: Howzat?
Max: She needs a shingle.

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Factory and Salesroom: 1018W. 16th Street

Miss Hall: Why are you late to class?
Lester Gibson: Class started before I got here.

Miss Huntington (just before aud call): Before you pass to the aud you may take your seat.
Paul Edwards: Won't it make it too crowded with those they have there already?

Girl (in tears): Why come to the game drunk?
Brute: 'S economical. See two games for one ticket.

The boys stood in the lower hall,
He did not hear the bell.
When he got to his Spanish class,
The teaher gave him—extra work.

Hallene Hill: Why don't you step on that spider and prove yourself a hero?
Fred steps on spider.
Hallene: Oh, oh, oh! Is he dead?
Sylva Weaver: No, only unconscious.

She: How dare you address me, sir? I don't know you from Adam.
He: That's funny. I'm dressed differently.

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"Bud" O'Donnell: If I stood on my head, the blood would rush to it, wouldn't it? Now when I stand on my feet, why doesn't it rush to my feet?

"Mickey" O'Haver: Because your feet ain't empty.

Jack Armstrong: What shall I do if they ask me to sing in the aud?

Eldred McGreal: Do? Why sing of course; it will be their own fault.

THE WEATHER

"Roasting!" says the turkey.
"Chili!" says the sauce.
"Freezing!" moans the ice cream.
"Mild!" says the cheese across.
"Frosting!" the cake declares it.
"Clear!" vows the jelly bright.
"Pouring!" the coffee gurgles.
Now tell which is right.

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The Steinway House
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An Irishman applied at a farm house for a job and was hired. Next morning at four o'clock the farmer called him and said, "We've got to get the oats in."

Irishman: What are they, wild oats, that you have to sneak up on them in the dark?

"You never can tell." said the robber, as he shot the only witness to his crime.

Fresh: Who is the smallest man in history?
Soph: I give up.
Fresh: Why the Roman soldier who slept on his watch.

All things come to those who wait—or order hash.

Student: I supose you hatch all these chickens yourself?
Farmer: Nope. We've got hens here to do that.

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Fred Sturdy (correctly translating Latin): And the Rhine could be crossed in some places by fords.

Dr. Edwards: So you see, class, it is a universal car.

"The Lord helps those who help themselves." However he doesn't help those who get caught helping themselves.

When strawberries grow in the tall elm trees,
When the sands of the Sahara grow muddy,
When tractors drift in the brisk ocean breeze,
That's the time I like to study.

AXridge 5609 Phones AXridge 5607

DEATS SASH AND DOOR COMPANY

911-27 East 59th Street
Office and Factory
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Barber: You look talented.

Schild Lufkin: That's why I want my hair cut.

Miss Lavayea: Walter, I take great pleasure in giving you a B.
Walter Funk: Then make it an A and thoroughly enjoy yourself.

Annabelle Wagner: Is the editor particular?
Helen Henderson: Yes. She raves if she finds a period upside down.

School girls were created before mirrors and have been before them ever since.

Mr. Ault. Do you mean to tell me that you ditched school all day yesterday?
Dick Spencer: No, I didn't mean to tell you but you found it out anyway.

Davies Quality Shop

At 3913 West 10th St.—Near Fifth Ave.

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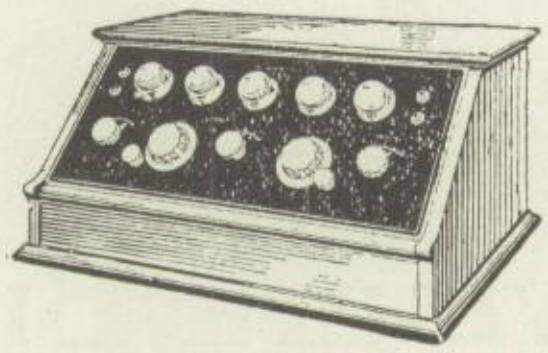
Wonderful little creations in gift Handkerchiefs - Hosiery for the particular - Lingerie - Infants' Layettes - Table Favors - Cards and other Gift Novelties.



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SPECIAL
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FOOD
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M. A. NEWMARK & CO.
LOS ANGELES

Ted Mathews: They say Bob is a regular lady killer.

Homer Smith: No wonder. He talks them to death.

"You are the apple of my eye"
Cried Adam in the grapple;
Eve broke away, and cried with scorn,
"I'll be no Adams apple."

Miss McCray: I just rolled down the map for the other class.

M. Rogers: Please do it for us, Miss McCray.

Plumber: I've come to fix that old tub in the kitchen.

Young Hopeful: Oh mama! Here's the doctor to see the cook.

A ship without a rudder;
An oyster without a pearl;
But the strangest thing I ever saw
Was Schurmer without a girl.

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A zealous, but untrained reformer had secured permission to speak at the state prison.

"Brothers," he pleaded with them, lose no time in turning to the pathway of righteousness. Remember, we are here today and gone tomorrow."

"Don't kid yourself," came a gloomy voice from the rear, "I got eighteen years here yet."

Teacher: Take your seat, Mr. Butler. I can't see the people who are absent.

Preacher: Dat's a fine goose as I ever see, Bruddah Williams. Whar did yo' git such a fine goose?

Bruddah Williams: Well, now, pahson, when you preach a speshul sermon, I never asks you wha' yo' gits it. I hope yo' will show me the same consideration.

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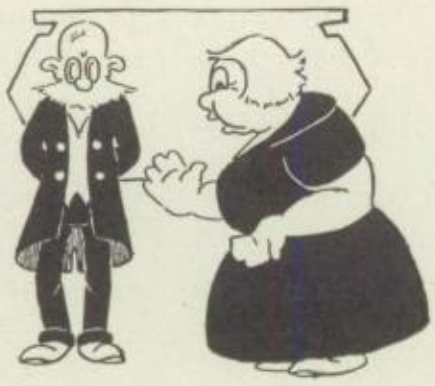

Can't any one of you tell me what makes the Tower of Pisa lean?

Corpulent One: I don't know or I'd take some myself.

Staff Photographer: I've caught a snapshot of the fleeting gambler.

City editor: Goody, now take a time exposure of the police in pursuit.

Son: Where is the paint remover?
Mother: Why, what do you want it for?
Son: Sister wants something to wash her face with.

JOHN B. HOLTZCLAW COMPANY

DECORATIONS AND FURNISHINGS

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LOS ANGELES

DUnkirk 2410

There's a fruit grower up near Rialto who put his two children in summer school at San Barnadino. Just a few days after their names had been listed a book agent called on him and said:

"Now that your children are going to school you ought to buy them an encyclopedia."

"Encyclopedia? Be darned if I do! Let 'em walk like I did," was his retort."

He (presenting ring): My love is like this ring; it has no end.

She: My love for you is like the ring; it has no beginning.

Mistress (to new maid): And remember we breakfast every morining at seven.

Maid: All right, mum, but if I ain't down you needn't wait on me.

Miss Galpin: Someone has said that to enjoy a thing properly, one must share it with another?

Francis Berman: What do you say to a tramp in the woods?

Alice Johnstone: I never speak to them.

Mr. Carpenter (enrollong a new class): And on this paper I want your names—not your signatures.

Art Park: I heard that the Board of Education does not want Mr. Carpenter any longer.

Bill Warren: Why so?

Art: Well, he's too long now.

Plates in this Annual made by

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Lost 10 dollar bill—valuable to owner.

Said the cosmopolitian tooth paste to the metropolitian tooth brush, "Squeeze me a little and I'll meet you outside the tube."

Charles Kerlee: What did you give for that phonograph?
Bill Mabee: Fifty bones.
Charles: Good gosh, man! Why Adam only gave one for a wife.

Florence Carter: Say, Sue hasn't any respect for old age.
Joke Editor: Why?
Florence Carter: Why, I just saw her laughing at one of your jokes.

Mr. Doebler: Wayne, what are you doing back there? Are you learning anything.
Wayne West: Oh no, just listening to you.

Olive: How do you find this tea?
Branch: Say, this tea is so weak that I'm leaving it on the table to rest up a bit.

A certain student at L. A. attends church so seldom that last Sunday when they passed the collection plate he said, "No more, thank you."

Max Winters: Iheard a story the other night that gave me a start.
Artemie Alsop (bored): I wish I knew it.

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THE LETTER E

Someone has advanced the opinion that the letter "E" is the most unfortunate character in the English alphabet, because it is always out of cash, forever in debt, never out of danger and in hell all the time.

But we can call his attention to the fact, that "E" is never in war, always in peace. It is the beginning of existance, the comencement of ease and the end of trouble. Without it there could be no meat, no life and no heaven. It is the center of honesty, makes love perfect and without it there would be no editors, devils, or news.

Co-ed: I want a pair of bloomers I can wear around my gymnasium.
Clerk: Certainly, madam, what size is your gymnasium?

Prof: Which is correct: a herd of camels or a drove of camels?
Stude: I always thought they came in packs.

Lady: Can you let me have two first class rooms?
Hotel Clerk: Yes. Suite One.
Lady: Sir!

Annabel Wagner: I have one of Caesar's coins.
Margaret Bunn: That's nothing. I have some of Adam's chewing gum.

Father: Why is it that you are always at the bottom of the class?
Tommy: It doesn't make any difference, daddy; they teach the same things at both ends

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He: I'm going to kiss you when I go.
She (snubbingly): Leave this house at once.

Charles Major: Where are you going?
Ralph Brown: To the chapter house.
Major: I didn't know you were a fraternity man.
Brown: I'm not. I'm going to the library.

Agnes Bexten: Why does it rain?
Sue Duncan: To make the flowers grow.
Agnes: Then why does it rain on the sidewalk?

Dorothy Webb: What's the most nervous thing next to a girl?
Myers Butte (shyly): Me.

Mr. Reilly: Now have you any questions you want answered on any subject?

Steve Newmark: Yes. Where does the snake begin when he wants to wag his tail?

Mr. Bergman: I wish you would pay a little attention.
Ed. Johnson: I am paying as little as I can.

A prominent student after waiting in a confectionary for about ten minutes grew grossly impatient at the lack of service.

Finally she rapped sharply on the counter.

"Here young lady," she called, 'who waits on the nuts?"

Operator (to boy who has just deposited a nickel in telephone): Number please.

Country boy: Number heck, you'd bette. give me my gum.

Wobbly one: Give me an order of prunes.

Waiter: Stewed sir?

Wobbly one: N-none of your business.

Puns